ATLANTIC READERS : BOOK ONE

THE UNDERSTANDING PRINCE

RANDALL J. CONDON

THE UNDERSTANDING PRINCE

ATLANTIC READERS. BOOK ONE

"LET ME CARRY IT FOR YOU," SAID THE PRINCE, AND HE TOOK THE BASKET OF FEATHERS. IMMEDIATELY THE CHIP FLEW OFF HIS SHOULDER (*Page 4*)

THE ATLANTIC READERS

BOOK ONE
Grade IV

THE UNDERSTANDING PRINCE

EDITED BY

RANDALL J. CONDON
Superintendent of the Cincinnati Schools

"Character is higher than intellect." — EMERSON

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To the Children of Understanding Land
This Book is Dedicated

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To all who have helped to make these books the editor expresses deep appreciation.

First, to my mother, who taught her children the deep things of life: duty, honor, truth; courage, faith, hope; love of home and of country; reverence for God, for each other, and for all His lowly creatures; obedience and devotion; sincerity and simplicity; patience and perseverance; self-denial and self-reliance; kindness and helpfulness; contentment while striving to attain joy in service, and satisfaction in work well done. With a culture not learned in school, — for her island home afforded but little in the way of schools, — but with that richer culture that comes from companionship with a few great books, from communion with God and nature, and from a life well lived, its difficulties faced and its problems solved with an unconquered and an unconquerable spirit, she taught us, by what she did, to do; and inspired us, by what she was, to become. The lessons of life and service, of beauty and truth, that my mother taught will be found within these pages.

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RANDALL J. CONDON

FOREWORD

THERE was never a time when the schools needed more than now to reëxamine what they are teaching and the way they are teaching, to the end that emphasis may be placed where it belongs, upon life and the things that make for useful and worthy living. Formal, static routine, mechanical processes and material, do not produce an education that will function in terms of life. Life can be learned only through living, and the more abundant life comes from the things of the spirit. Since "character is higher than intellect," we need to turn our thoughts to a consideration of character as the supreme end of education, to set ourselves the task of devising ways and means for the development of personal character and for its expression in terms of social and civic service. But character cannot be taught, nor right habits of action formed, by any didactic process. Character grows out of life, is connected with life, expresses itself in terms of life, and must be established through living experiences and through the formation of right habits of action inspired by and conducted according to the highest ideals.

The Atlantic Readers grew out of a profound conviction that there is need of fine and fresh material dealing with moral problems — of books that will deepen the sense of moral truth and inspire to noble action.

As an immediate guide to the preparation and selection of the material, ten thousand representative teachers throughout the country were asked through their superintendents to send statements as to what they were using, what plans they had followed, what had been found of greatest value, and what more they needed to help them in the work of character edu-

cation. These replies, which afford a composite view of what is now being done by the best teachers in the most representative schools of America, have served as the basis for the plan of these books. If the Readers are different, this is due, not only to our own conviction that they should be, but to the demand of teachers and superintendents everywhere for reading of this character. They are designed to be books, not of information, but of inspiration. Yet they contain material of real informational value, and the utmost care has been taken to verify scientific, historic, and other factual statements. Something of fancy, imagination, and dramatic interest may have at times been sacrificed in the interest of truth, but anything lost in this respect has been more than offset by the gain in accuracy.

In addition to the many teachers, hundreds of men and women in other professions and occupations, representing a great cross-section of American life at its best, were consulted about their own early reading and its influence on their lives, and were asked for suggestions from their later reading which might best help the young people of this day and generation. Most valuable material came from this source.

No selection has been included that does not deal with some phase of life or service; that does not deepen reverence, inspire faith, hope, or courage, teach kindness and helpfulness, magnify duty, obedience, and love of home and country, or foster some other virtue. Nor does the teaching end with inculcating respect and love for our own nation, for, while this is placed first, world fellowship, sympathetic understanding, good will, and coöperation are duly emphasized.

In the books for the upper grades, where these characteristics are emphasized, neither a "narrow nationalism" nor a vague "internationalism" is taught, but a strong, self-reliant nationalism that would seek and find opportunity for expression in terms of world helpfulness, peace, and fellowship. In this,

as in all other matters, a conscious attempt has been made to teach tolerance, kindness, and open-mindedness in order that the child may learn to see and respect another's point of view upon questions about which there is an honest difference of opinion, to appreciate the settling of controversies by reason instead of by force, and to apply the Golden Rule in all personal, business, social, national, and international relations, so that he may be ready at all times to stand for right and justice no matter what the cost. In the later books especially we have turned back to the times that tried men's souls, giving something of the atmosphere of the days of old, thus helping the children to visualize the stirring times in which our fathers lived and fought for freedom. "Fought for freedom" — that is the only kind of war that we have recognized as worthy of a place in these books of character. And we have not hesitated to tell the story of the service which men and women have given in war as well as in peace, in order that liberty and justice might prevail. These books teach peace founded on justice, but they teach also the beauty of a willingness to die if need be for the sake of truth and honor, for freedom of conscience and of country.

No selection has been included that would tend to create a feeling of intolerance or controversy in social, religious, racial, or political matters. Many otherwise desirable selections have been discarded because they were found to contain a single paragraph or even a sentence that seemed to violate this standard. Far and near, selections have been sought that would help to deepen a sense of good will and fellowship and kindly consideration for others by emphasizing the fine qualities in all mankind. We have endeavored to teach that our pledge to the flag, "one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all," means a national unity of spirit that cannot be divided into groups or sects or races, — into rich and poor, into weak and strong, into those who work on farms, in factories, forests,

and mines, and those who do not have to toil, — this one nation to include all, with liberty of conscience and conduct for each; and that full justice must be done to all if America is to realize the great dream that our fathers dreamed, of social amity, with religious and racial equality for all the people.

The story form was early decided upon for the major portion of each book, since strong narrative and fine biography are the best means of conveying the truths and giving the inspiration desired. To these have been added description, essays, letters, and truly distinctive poetry. Only such selections have been accepted as would help to cultivate some fundamental quality of character. These qualities are presented, however, with no touch of didacticism or self-consciousness, but always in such a natural way as to make them seem altogether desirable and worthy of imitation, thus teaching by the subtle influence of example and suggestion.

In the nature selections, both prose and verse, there might seem to be an exception to the consistent plan of presenting well-defined ideals. But this type of material has been chosen deliberately and with the utmost care, in the belief that what Nature teaches makes for the right and best development of character, and that those who in early life come to love the great out-of-doors and to commune with Nature in her intimate forms will be drawn nearer to God and to man and will build their characters on a foundation that cannot be shaken. Like all the rest, the nature selections have been chosen to give inspiration and, by creating a love of nature, to supply the soul with food to nourish it in later life.

A number of selections, in themselves entirely worthy for the purpose, have been omitted because they may be found in other schoolbooks, and we set ourselves the task of assembling the largest possible amount of material not otherwise available. A few invaluable standard selections from both prose and

poetry have inevitably been included. In certain instances we have presented what might appear to be familiar material, but with so fresh a treatment as to render it virtually new. Much of the verse is new so far as its use in schoolbooks is concerned. We have met with a generous response from a great number of publishers and authors, and in more than one case permission has been given for the use of valuable material for which the privilege of reprinting had never before been granted.

There are two other ideas which have been kept clearly in mind in making these books.

First, realizing that children learn to read during the first two or three years in school, we believe that thereafter they should have material to read from which they may learn. In these books, the material is intended to teach the great lessons of life without which all the rest of their learning is of little avail. The question will be asked: Are these books intended as "basal texts"? By all means, for they deal with the most fundamental things in life: character, courage, service. Here is no need of a mechanical vocabulary. There are, it is true, some unusual words, but these come in naturally in order that children may have the satisfaction of adding them to their vocabulary as they go along. The simpler selections, as to both language and content, have been placed in Books I and II, the more difficult in Books III, IV, and V. In general, Book I should be used in the fourth year in school; Book V in the eighth year (in elementary school or junior high school); Books II, III, and IV in the intervening grades. Nevertheless it is our hope and expectation that pupils in the eighth grade will enjoy reading many of the selections in Books I and II, as well as in III and IV, and that pupils in the fifth and sixth grades will appreciate many of the selections in both earlier and later books.

The second idea is this. Children in school ought to have beautiful books made like those they would enjoy reading out of school. Consequently, in style and binding, printing, and general make-up, the attempt has been made to create books that in themselves will give enjoyment — books that a child would like to hold in his hands, that look and feel like those he would read in the library or at home. A great deal of thought has been given to this phase of the subject — the preparation of books, not for schools, but for children. The Readers have been planned to offer the largest possible amount of value for the price that Boards of Education could reasonably be expected to pay for schoolbooks. They have been made for the profit, not of publishers, but of children. This thought has determined the nature of the binding, the size of the book, the ease with which it lies open for reading, the margins, type, paper, and all such matters as go to the making of beautiful volumes. For beautiful schoolhouses and beautiful schoolbooks are inherently inspirational.

Each volume has an individual name and a word of dedication, to make it like any fine book that may be found outside of school; and we hope the Readers may be used not only in the schoolroom but in the library and at home, where parents and children may enjoy them together.

We have followed the advice of many teachers who asked us not to classify or group the selections by topics, but to place them in a natural and somewhat informal order, adding to the variety of interest and allowing teachers and pupils to use them for reading and class discussion in any order they might prefer. We have also deliberately kept from "cluttering up" the books with suggestions as to how the material should be used. All such "helps" are quite as likely to become hindrances. The Readers are for children and young people, who should not be told how the text is to be presented by the teacher. What we have done is to follow the majority of the

selections with Notes which will stimulate both teacher and child to further original discovery. In each volume there is also a brief pronouncing and defining vocabulary of the most unusual words.

We have tried to make living books, filled with living material, presented in a form to stir the emotions and to inspire youth to noble action. Here the teacher will find many opportunities to apply essential lessons to life. For it is action that forms as well as reveals character, and in the daily school, community, and home lives of the children must be found the incentives for the emulation of humble and heroic virtues.

Whether the material shall be used for oral or for silent reading must be determined by the purpose that the individual teacher has in mind. Many of the selections, because of their stirring action or because of the beauty of the language itself, should be used for oral reading, where the sound of the voice may interpret the deeper meanings or may add to the rhythm and melody of the language. Such reading affords opportunity for discussion, comparison, interpretation, and appreciation. Many others and perhaps most of the longer selections will be used to the best advantage if read silently, either as group or as individual assignments, or as the children themselves may wish to read them, preparatory to class consideration of the full ethical meaning. As to this, a single word of warning — do not attempt to force too many lessons or to draw obvious or hidden truths from all the selections read. If left alone, the material will convey its own truth and teach its own moral, and so leave a more lasting impression. The effect is likely to be weakened by too much discussion. Beauty interprets itself, whether seen in nature, in a fine painting or building or statue, or in conduct. By a few skillful questions or suggestions that help to reveal the message, we can bring the children under the spell of the beautiful, and then leave them alone to dream their dreams.

It is our confident expectation that some of the more difficult selections, read but not fully comprehended now, will afford a reservoir from which deep drafts will be drawn in after years to bring strength and comfort as the meaning becomes clear in the light of later experience and the thought turns back in memory to the time when the selections were read in school and only dimly understood. It is a great mistake to give children only what can be fully comprehended. They need something more.

No selection has been written down to the children; we respect them too much for that. We expect them to rise to noble thoughts, expressed in fine language. They always do, unless teachers or parents deal with them on such a low plane that there is nothing to lift them up.

And now the books are printed. They have been made for the children and their teachers. May their use help to create a reverence for God, an appreciation of nature, a greater respect for parents and older people, kindness and helpfulness one to another; and may these books help to fashion citizens worthy of the institutions received from our fathers, and ready to live — or die, if need be — in protection of the flag and the ideals for which it stands.

A NOTE ON SILENT READING

THE purpose of any book must be the determining factor in its presentation to children. As these Atlantic books are planned for children over nine years of age, they presuppose in the reader a fair degree of technique in both silent and oral reading. Here we find our first hint as to the method of handling this material.

Our next hint lies in the character of the selections made by the compiler, who explains in his Foreword that reading is simply a means to a worth-while end.

The third hint comes from the children in whose hands we place the books.

Try for the moment the experiment of substituting a "treasure chest" for the book. Treasure always arouses curiosity. Curiosity prompts exploration. Instantly hands become the keys needed to open the box, and the child is well launched on his road to discovery. Absorbed in his own search, he has no interest at first in other children, who may also have treasure chests. This is an individual quest and will so remain until the initial wonder, at least, has been satisfied. After the contents have been brought to view — in some cases dumped, as it were, out of the chest; in others, carefully examined — the child may spare the time to glance at the treasure of another, and even to compare notes, to explain, to borrow, to loan, and probably to exchange. Then for the first time the discoverer sees detail, and again and again he goes back to the thing that appeals to him particularly. Who would be so thoughtless as to take away this joy of discovery? Who would force the child to take a red package when he wants the one wrapped in silver? Who would have him save the other treasures until another time?

Following this natural cue, the technique for presenting and handling these books becomes clear and appealingly simple. Each book is a treasure chest and should be put into the hands of the child as such. Surely no one would deaden the spirit of inquiry by saying, "All turn to page one." The teacher's first aim is to

arouse curiosity, for curiosity is there in every child, just waiting to be stirred. The second is to foster curiosity until it prompts exploration. The third, and most difficult, is to allow the child to make his own discoveries.

While the child is lost in his exploration, the teacher will have time to remind herself that the opening of a treasure book is as much an individual exercise as is the opening of a treasure chest, and that, if she interferes, she will defeat her own purpose. She must tell herself that the keys in the hands of the child are his ability and desire to read for his personal enjoyment, and that only in this way can the real feeling of discovery come to him. For this, plenty of time should be given to the child and, wherever needed, much encouragement. Sometimes it happens that days elapse before he is ready to share what he has found, or to listen to the discovery of another, but this by no means signifies that the golden opportunity has been lost.

Joy in discovery through reading must be the fundamental thought in the use of books of this type. Where there is real joy, sharing it with another is a perfectly natural step. The teacher must be ready for this opportunity and must see its full possibilities. These include retelling, discussion, oral reading of beautiful selections, and following the varied and alluring hints found in the Notes and new avenues of investigation suggested by the children, which would in their natural course lead to the use of other books and the sharing of real experiences.

When material is presented in this way, silent reading is necessitated by the initial mood of curiosity, which has been deliberately aroused. It becomes the wingèd horse that, by its very swiftness, carries the reader happily to the desired end. Oral reading, on the other hand, by the slowness of its pace deadens the spirit of curiosity and often defeats the very object that it seeks.

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THE UNDERSTANDING PRINCE

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THERE was once a Prince of a fat and prosperous country. He was a very clever Prince and had read every book that had ever been written in that country. He knew more about newfangled notions than the old, old lady who kept the Queen's wardrobe knew; and more about breeding prize poultry than the commander in chief of the King's armies; and more about mathematics than the palace tapestry weaver ever thought of — so he was a very knowing young Prince indeed, as knowing goes. But somehow he never did seem to get along very well with the old, old lady who kept the Queen's wardrobe, and the commander in chief of the King's armies, and the palace tapestry weaver. And sometimes he had a chip on his shoulder.

One day he was walking in the fine air, carrying his chip like a hod of bricks, saying to himself, "Now let me see what else there is for me to study, and I'll show them," when someone at his side answered: —

"You should study the neighbor."

Then he saw an old, weather-beaten woman, with a basket of feathers on her arm.

"I am your fairy godmother," said she. "You have never seen me before, because you screamed so loudly at the christening that your breath quite blew me out of the window. But now look! Your feet are stuck in a quagmire" (and indeed they were), "and I have grown quite old, and the sun and the rain have streamed down on me, and I have learned a thing or two — but only a thing or two, at that. For instance, this basket used to contain my grievances; it still contains my grievances."

"Let me carry it for you," said the Prince, and he took the basket of feathers.

Immediately the chip flew off his shoulder.

"That's fine," said the old woman. "Now for that I shall let you study the neighbor."

And she made him small as a gnat, so that he could get under the skin of the old, old lady who kept the Queen's wardrobe, and of the commander in chief of the King's armies, and of the palace tapestry weaver, and see everything that went on with their eyes instead of his own.

And the old, old lady who kept the Queen's wardrobe said: "There's that silly Prince, with his talk about newfangled notions! I wish he would take a notion to keep his feet off the Queen's train and save my poor old eyes from mending, mending, mending."

And the commander in chief of the King's

armies said: "If I once got that young jackanapes in the army, he would n't tell me about poultry-raising, but he'd march — one, two; one, two."

And the palace tapestry weaver said: "Ah, me! With his mathematics so much above my poor head he has made me lose count of my stitches and spoil my beautiful design, and now the tears blind me so I cannot see the strands."

And the Prince said: "Oh, I am sorry — what a dunce I am!"

"That's fine," said his fairy godmother, changing him back to his own form. "Now I shall make you a real Prince of dunces. For we are all dunces more or less, and that means you will be a very good Prince indeed."

And she released him from the quagmire.

"How fine it is to be free again!" said the Prince. "I shall never more complain about small discomforts. I have been a gnat, and I have been stuck in a quagmire like a fly in fly paper. Why, someone might take a notion to move me from one star to another, and that would take my breath away! The world and the universe are certainly too big for me to fool with."

"That is a proper, humble spirit," said the fairy. And she transported him to the camp of the commander in chief of the King's armies, who was saying his prayers on the eve of battle.

"Let me be a foot soldier in your army," said

the Prince. "I will obey your orders and give my life if need be."

And he joined the ranks of the foot soldiers, and they vanquished the enemy, slaying many and putting many to rout. And when the battle was over, the commander in chief of the King's armies commended him, and the Prince was gratified.

"Look!" said the fairy.

And he saw that all of the enemies that he had overcome were in his own heart. And the commander in chief of the King's armies smiled, and the Prince knew him for a friend.

"I am grateful," said the Prince to the fairy. "How can I ever thank you?" And he bethought him of the old, old lady who kept the Queen's wardrobe. "She needs a vacation," said he.

And the next time he stepped on the Queen's train, he lifted the old, old lady on to the end he had torn off, and it became a wishing carpet. And they sailed away for a wonderful ride to the house in the country where the old, old lady was born, and she talked all the way about everything she wanted to, with never a word of newfangled notions. And when they came back, lo and behold, all the Queen's gowns were neatly mended and in perfect order. And the old, old lady said, "What a boy you are!" and laughed and patted the Prince's cheek, so that he felt quite happy and foolish. (Now this was a very kind thing for the

Prince to have done, because it all happened at a palace party, where he had very much wanted to stay and enjoy himself.)

Well, so the Prince was feeling quite happy and foolish, even if he had given up the party, and he felt so comfortable that he did n't even care if some people did n't know a thing about mathematics — the palace tapestry weaver, for instance.

"Why, everybody cannot think the same way," said the Prince, "or act the same way, either, for that matter. We must all make allowances for each other. That little tapestry weaver does n't need to bother her head about figures, when she can make such beautiful designs."

"Behold!" said the fairy. "Now you are truly a good Prince: you are brave and considerate and grateful and generous and humble in spirit, and above all, charitable in your thoughts."

And the fairy touched the palace tapestry weaver with her wand, and she became the most lovely Princess that ever was seen, all shining like light, with fingers like sunbeams, weaving dream tapestries that showed marvelous events in the long future reign of the Prince. And in the tapestry it showed how the Prince and the Princess were married and lived happily ever after.

And all the people knew him as the great, good King with the understanding heart.

META KNOX HANNAY

A CHILD'S SONG

A WATER LILY is a star
Fallen where the fishes are.
By day they chat about its stem,
At night it is a lamp for them;
And would it not be sad if some
Poor little fish came wandering home
And could not see his lily shine? —
I do not wish one lily mine!

ROBERT FINCH

THE GANDER[1]

ONE fine April day, in the time of Fru Raklitz, all the Mårbacka geese had been let out in the farmyard. Suddenly some wild geese came flying high above them, honking and shrieking as usual. The tame geese flapped their wings and squawked back — the way they do every spring.

As flock after flock of wild geese flew over, the tame geese grew more and more restless, and before anyone knew what was up, a big gander darted into the air and joined the flight.

Everyone expected that he would soon turn back; but indeed he did nothing of the sort. When he was not there by the next morning, they

[1] Translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard.

thought they'd never lay eyes on him again. He must have fallen prey to the fox or the eagle, they said, if he had not actually become winded and dropped dead from exhaustion. It was inconceivable that a tame goose could fly with wild geese to the far North.

Nothing was seen or heard of the gander the whole summer. But when autumn came, and the wild geese flew southward, shrieking and calling as always, the tame geese again lifted their wings and answered them.

Fru Raklitz, seeing how excited the geese were and being more wary this time than the last, told her stepdaughter, Lisa Maja, to run out and drive the geese into the barn.

Lisa Maja had no sooner stepped into the barnyard than she heard a loud rustling noise just over her head, and almost before she had time to think, a flock of wild geese alighted on the ground right in front of her. A big, fine, white gander was the leader; behind him walked a gray mother goose, trailed by nine speckled goslings. The girl hardly dared move lest she frighten them away. Very cautiously she opened the barn door and concealed herself behind it.

The goosey-gander made straight for the barn, his family following him. When they were all inside, Lisa Maja stole softly after to see where they had gone. Well — the big goosey-gander had

walked right into the goose pen, and was calling and coaxing till those with him went in, too. Then he led them up to the trough, and fell to feeding.

THE GOOSEY-GANDER MADE STRAIGHT FOR THE BARN, HIS FAMILY FOLLOWING HIM

"See, this is what I'm used to," he seemed to be saying to his family. "This is how I have always lived. No food worries — only to step up to a full trough."

Lisa Maja quietly slipped out, shutting the door after her, and hurried back to Fru Raklitz.

"Mother dear, do come see!" she said. "The gander who flew away in the spring has come back with a wild goose and nine little goslings."

SELMA LAGERLÖF

NOTE. — This is like generosity. The thing we give away — a present, a thought, good work, forgiveness — returns to us ninefold and more.

"The Gander" is a story out of Selma Lagerlöf's own life. Mårbacka was her birthplace. *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils* is another story written by Miss Lagerlöf.

NATURE'S FRIEND

SAY what you like,
All things love me!
I pick no flowers —
That wins the Bee.

The Summer's Moths
Think my hand one —
To touch their wings —
With Wind and Sun.

The garden Mouse
  Comes near to play;
Indeed, he turns
  His eyes away.

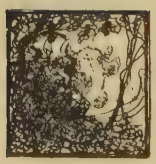
The Wren knows well
  I rob no nest;
When I look in,
  She still will rest.

The hedge stops Cows,
  Or they would come
After my voice
  Right to my home.

The Horse can tell,
  Straight from my lip,
My hand could not
  Hold any whip.

Say what you like,
  All things love me!
Horse, Cow, and Mouse,
  Bird, Moth, and Bee.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES



THE MINSTREL'S SONG [1]

ONCE, long, long ago, there lived in a country over the sea a king called René, who married a lovely princess whose name was Imogen.

Imogen came across the seas to the King's beautiful country, and all his people welcomed her with great joy because the King loved her.

"What can I do to please thee to-day?" the King asked her every morning. And one day the Queen answered that she would like to hear all the minstrels in the King's country, for they were said to be the finest in the world.

As soon as the King heard this, he called his heralds and sent them everywhere through his land to sound their trumpets and call aloud: —

"Hear, ye minstrels! King René, our gracious lord, bids ye come to play at his court on May Day, for love of the Queen Imogen."

The minstrels were men who sang beautiful songs and played on harps; and long ago they went about from place to place, from castle to castle, from palace to cot, and were always sure of a welcome wherever they roamed.

They could sing of the brave deeds that knights had done, and of wars and battles, and could tell of the mighty hunters who hunted in the great

[1] From *Mother Stories* by Maud Lindsay; Milton Bradley Company. Reprinted by special arrangement with the publishers.

forests, and of fairies and goblins, better than a storybook. And because there were no storybooks in those days, everybody, from little children to the King, was glad to see them come.

So when the minstrels heard the King's message, they made haste to the palace on May Day; and it so happened that some of them met on the way and decided to travel together.

One of these minstrels was a young man named Harmonius; and while the others talked of the songs they would sing, he gathered the wild flowers that grew by the roadside.

"I can sing of the drums and of battles," said the oldest minstrel, whose hair was white and whose step was slow.

"I can sing of the ladies and their fair faces," said the youngest minstrel.

Harmonius whispered: "Listen! Listen!"

"Oh, we hear nothing but the wind in the tree tops," said the others. "We have no time to stop and listen."

Then they hurried on and left Harmonius; and he stood under the trees and listened, for he heard something very sweet. At last he knew it was the wind, singing of its travels through the wide world, telling how it raced over the blue sea, tossing the waves and rocking the white ships, and hurried on to the hills, where the trees made harps of their branches, and then how it blew down

HARMONIUS STOOD UNDER THE TREES AND LISTENED,
FOR HE HEARD SOMETHING VERY SWEET

into the valleys, where all the flowers danced gayly in time to the tune.

Harmonius could understand every word: —

"Nobody follows me where I go,
Over the mountains or valleys below;
Nobody sees where the wild winds blow;
Only the Father in Heaven can know."

That was the chorus of the wind's song. Harmonius listened until he knew the whole song from beginning to end; and then he ran on and soon reached his friends, who were still talking of the grand sights that they were to see.

"We shall see the King and speak to him," said the oldest minstrel.

"And his golden crown, and the Queen's jewels," added the youngest. And Harmonius had no chance to tell of the wind's song, although he thought about it time and again.

Now their path led them through the wood; and as they talked, Harmonius said: "Hush! Listen!"

But the others answered: —

"Oh, that is only the sound of the brook trickling over the stones. Let us make haste to the King's court."

But Harmonius stayed to hear the song that the brook was singing, of journeying through mosses and ferns and shady ways, and of tumbling over the rocks in shining waterfalls on its way to the sea.

"Rippling and bubbling through shade and sun,
On to the beautiful sea I run,
Singing forever, though none be near,
For God in Heaven can always hear,"

sang the little brook. Harmonius listened until he knew every word of the song, and then he hurried on.

When he reached the others, he found them still talking of the King and Queen, so he could not tell them of the brook. As they talked, he heard something again that was wonderfully sweet, and he cried: "Listen! Listen!"

"Oh, that is only a bird," the others replied. "Let us make haste to the King's court!"

But Harmonius would not go, for the bird sang so joyfully that Harmonius laughed aloud when he heard the song. It was singing a song of green trees, and in every tree a nest, and in every nest, eggs. Oh, the bird was so gay as it sang: —

"Merrily, merrily, listen to me,
Flitting and flying from tree to tree;
Nothing fear I, by land or sea,
For God in Heaven is watching me."

"Thank you, little bird," said Harmonius; "you have taught me a song." And he made haste to join his comrades, for by this time they were near the palace.

When they had gone in, they received a hearty

welcome, and were feasted in the great hall. Then they came before the King.

The King and Queen sat on their throne together. The King thought of the Queen and the minstrels; but the Queen thought of her old home, and of the butterflies she had chased when she was a little child.

One by one the minstrels played before them.

The oldest minstrel sang of battles and drums, just as he had said he would do; and the youngest minstrel sang of ladies and their fair faces, which pleased the court ladies very much.

Then came Harmonius. And when he touched his harp and sang, the song sounded like the wind blowing, the sea roaring, and the trees creaking. Then it grew very soft, and sounded like a trickling brook, dripping on stones and running over little pebbles. And while the King and Queen and all the court listened in surprise, Harmonius's song grew sweeter, sweeter, sweeter. It was as if you heard all the birds in spring. And then the song was ended.

The Queen clapped her hands, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the King came down from his throne to ask Harmonius if he came from fairyland with such a wonderful song. But Harmonius answered: —

"Three singers sang along our way,
And I learned the song from them to-day."

Now all the other minstrels looked up in surprise when Harmonius said this; and the oldest minstrel said to the King: "Harmonius is dreaming! We heard no music on our way to-day."

And the youngest minstrel said: "Harmonius is surely mad! We met nobody on our way."

But the Queen said: "That is an old, old song. I heard it when I was a little child; and I can name the singers three." And so she did. Can you?

MAUD LINDSAY

NOTE. — There was a great musician who heard these singers three, and his name was Beethoven. He listened to the wind, the birds, and the brooks, and when his ears were sealed with deafness, songs of the singers three would spring up through his lonely silences, to sing again in music that he wrote.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

WHO has seen the wind?
  Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
  The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
  Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads,
  The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

A TRAP FOR LIVING INSECTS

Tommy Tit the Chickadee had stopped in the dear Old Briar-patch for a brief call on Peter Rabbit. Tommy knew all about Peter's interest in flowers. "I suppose," said he, "that you know that the insect eaters are in bloom." His eyes twinkled with mischief.

"Insect eaters in bloom? What are you talking about, Tommy Tit?" Peter wrinkled his brows in a funny, puzzled way.

"I'm talking about the plant that catches and eats insects," replied Tommy Tit.

"There is n't such a thing," declared Peter. "How can a plant catch insects? What nonsense!"

Tommy's eyes twinkled more than ever. "There is no nonsense about it," he declared. "There is a plant that catches insects for food, and if you had half used your eyes in the past, you would know the plant I mean."

Now Peter had never known Tommy Tit to tell him a thing that was n't so. Still Peter could n't quite believe this. He thought Tommy must be joking, and said so.

"No," replied Tommy Tit, "I'm not joking. You think you have found out a lot about plants, Peter, but what you have found out is nothing to

what you have yet to learn. There are several kinds of plants that catch insects and use them for food, just as we birds do. But I don't ask you to take my word for it. Just run over to the edge of the swamp and see for yourself. I hope the next time I make you a call you will not be so impolite as to doubt my word. Good-bye, Peter."

"Wait a minute, Tommy Tit! Wait a minute!" Peter cried. But Tommy was already on his way to the Old Orchard and did n't turn back.

Of course Peter fairly ached with curiosity. He waited only long enough to make sure that the way was clear. Then he started for the swamp as fast as his legs could take him, lipperty-lipperty-lip. "I don't believe it, because I can't believe it," said he to himself. "But if it is so, I am going to find out, though how I am going to do it I don't know. Tommy Tit might have told what kind of plant to look for. As it is, I have n't the least idea. Anyway, if I don't find it I shan't be disappointed, because I don't believe there is such a plant."

Just on the edge of the swamp the ground was boggy, and great masses of a certain kind of moss grew. Peter hesitated. He did n't want to get his feet wet. Then out in the middle of that boggy place he saw something which for the moment put all thought of what he had come for out of his head. He no longer thought about wet feet, but hurried over to it. It was a flower. There was no

doubt about it. But it was a flower wholly unlike any Peter had yet found.

It nodded from the top of a long, smooth, light-green stalk, and was as high above the ground as the top of Peter's head when he sat up. It was a large flower, quite two inches across. There were five sepals, which were purplish red on the outside and light green on the inside. There were five petals, and these were also a purplish red. They were odd in shape, for they narrowed in the middle and then rounded out broadly, and these ends folded over a big round part which was really a part of the pistil, though Peter had never seen anything like it before. It was like a little umbrella spread over the case which later would hold the seeds.

But odd as was this flower, the leaves of the plant were even more odd. They grew out in a circle around the base of the flower stalk, and each leaf was like a little purple-and-green pitcher with a little hood at the top. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that each leaf was like the curved horn of a cow with the narrow part at the bottom, and with a thin, broad wing on the side which curved in.

Just out of curiosity Peter peeped into one of these hollow leaves. It was half filled with water. He peeped into another and found this partly filled with water. It was the same way with every

one of the leaves of that plant, for Peter looked into every one to find out.

But it was n't the water that surprised him most. No, sir, it was n't that at all. It was the fact that in every one of those leaves were many drowned flies and other insects. Peter hardly gave the matter a thought when he saw them in the first leaf into which he looked. But as he looked into leaf after leaf and found that the same thing had happened in each, he began to wonder. At first he thought these little flies and insects had been accidentally drowned. Then he began to wonder how they had happened to go into those leaves.

And then quite suddenly he remembered what Tommy Tit had said. Could this be the plant that made a business of catching insects for food? Peter backed off a step or two and stared at that plant as if he were just a little bit afraid of it. Of course he was n't really afraid, but the idea that he might be looking at a plant that lived in part on insects, just as so many of his feathered friends did, gave him a queer feeling.

As he sat there, staring, he saw a little Fly alight on the edge of one of those leafy cups or pitchers. Peter leaned forward to watch. It was plain there was something just inside that pitcher, which was very tempting to the little Fly. Peter could tell that by the way the Fly acted. It crept inside — then suddenly slipped and fell!

Of course it fell in the water. But it fell at one side and not in the middle; thus it was able to start to climb up without getting very wet. But it could n't climb up very far. It had climbed only a little way when again it slipped and fell. This led Peter to look into that cup more closely, and he found that there were tiny hairs on the sides, pointing down. These were what prevented the little Fly from climbing up. Then the little Fly tried to fly straight up, but hairs at the top prevented its escape, and down it fell again. Each time it got a little wetter, and each time it had less strength. Finally it could do nothing but struggle helplessly on the surface of the water, and after a little these struggles ceased. The little Fly had been drowned.

Then Peter understood. These pitcher-like leaves, half filled with water, were traps. The unlucky insect, tempted to enter by a sweet juice just below the edge, was almost certain to fall, and once in, it had very little chance of getting out. It was quite clear that the queer shape of these leaves was well adapted for catching insects, and of course that meant that the plant gathered part of its food from them instead of getting all of it from the ground through the roots, as most plants do. It was hard to believe, but Peter could not doubt his own eyes. He sat there for a long time and saw the same thing happen over and over again.

This strange plant is called the Pitcher Plant, the Huntsman's-cup and the Indian Dipper. But the first name is the most common one. It belongs to a family of its own.

Late that afternoon Jenny Wren happened over to the dear Old Briar-patch, and at once Peter started to tell her about what he had seen that morning. "Tut, tut, tut, tut, Peter! I know all about it," said she. "Way down South, where I go in winter, are several other members of the family, one of which has leaves that, instead of being curved, grow straight up and are like a trumpet with the small end springing from the ground. Over the top is a flap something like the flap that Jack-in-the-pulpit has over his head. I have peeped into one of those leaves and seen it nearly filled with dead insects."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Peter. "I can't make it seem right that a plant should get part of its living in the same way that Old Mr. Toad and most of the birds do."

"Right or wrong, the Pitcher Plants do it, and there are a number of other plants that do it, too. And why should n't they? Insects are very good eating — very good eating," replied Jenny Wren.

THORNTON W. BURGESS

NOTE. — The *calyx* is the outer bud covering, which breaks open into *sepals*. The *corolla*, which

means a "little crown," is the whole circle of *petals;* and you know what flower petals are. Next inside come the *stamens* that bear the yellow pollen, and lastly the *pistil*, which leads down to the centre where the little seed grows.

Flowers belong to different families, according to the way they grow. Not all are as curious as the pitcher plant, which belongs to a family all by itself. Two of the biggest families are the Lily and the Rose, and this is a way to tell them: —

Flowers of the Rose family have five sepals and five petals. The leaves are veined in a delicate network, and grow alternately on the stem — sometimes "feathered" into leaflets. Apple and pear and peach and cherry belong to the Rose family; also strawberry, and the little golden five-finger that grows so very freely. They all have a flower shaped like the wild rose. Cultivated roses are double, and if they are left untrained they will go back to wild growth with many stamens and five petals. Wild cherry is of the Rose family, too; examine one of the tiny flowers and you will see. Meadowsweet belongs to the Rose family; see the tiny roses?

Flower parts of the Lily family grow in threes and sixes. The leaf-veins are parallel — not branching, but running the full length of the leaf. In the lily the calyx and corolla are combined, and they are called the *perianth.*

FOR ALL LITTLE BIRDS

God who lovest all things,
Folks and flocks and herds,
Lend an ear to this my prayer
For the little birds.
Bless them flying, feeding, resting;
Bless them singing, playing, nesting;
Keep them well in every weather,
Safe and warm in shine or storm,
Glad and gay, day by day,
All the birds together!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

NOTE. — To think that a little bird, with a wing no longer than your hand, can fly so far when he goes South, and then find his Northern home again!

The fox sparrows fly from South America to Labrador, alighting in our gardens for brief singing visits on the way. The little warblers — many, many different ones that gladden our hearts from the Atlantic to the Pacific — make varied journeys according to their kind. The Florida yellowthroats cross back and forth between Cuba and the Gulf States. The blackpoll warblers spend the winter in South America and then on tiny wings make the long, long flight to their Alaskan nesting place.

Many birds cross the Gulf of Mexico within a single night, landing at dawn, and resting and feeding before taking up their more leisurely course. They follow regular routes, starting in certain broad pathways along the north coast of the Gulf, and separating into narrower lines as they near the region of their Northern homes.

The ducks and geese seem to know when the rivers and ponds are free from ice, just as the warblers and flycatchers know when flowers are in bloom and insects numerous. They come as regularly as the springtime buds.

Bird migration has been studied since ancient times, and no one has yet unraveled all its mysteries. The bee makes a straight line to her hive. The cat will find her way to the old home. And so it is thought that birds are guided by a fine sense of direction not known to human beings.

THE BROWNIES

TROUT'S LUCK

"BAIRNS are a burden," said the Tailor, as he sat at work. He lived in a village on one of the glorious moors of the north of England; and by bairns he meant children, as every Northman knows.

"Bairns are a blessing," said the Tailor's old mother who sat by the window. Her hands trembled with age, but all day she knit hearthrugs out of the bits and scraps of cloth that were shred in the tailoring.

"Bairns are a blessing! It is the family motto."

"*Are they?*" said the Tailor. "Look at Tommy. If I send him on an errand, he loiters; I'd better have gone myself. Since their mother died, what with what they want and I have to get, and what they take out to play with and lose, and what they bring in to play with and leave about, bairns give some trouble, Mother."

"There's Johnny," murmured the old lady. "He has a face like an apple."

His brother led him in. They were a handsome pair, this lazy couple. They had each an armful of moss, which they dropped on the floor as they came in.

"Is there any supper, Father?" asked Tommy.

"No, my bairn, only a little bread for breakfast to-morrow."

"O Granny, we are so hungry," said Tommy. "Please tell us a tale to make us forget about that little bread for breakfast."

GRANNY SIGHED. "TROUT'S LUCK IS GONE; IT WENT WITH THE BROWNIE, I BELIEVE"

Granny sighed. "Trout's luck is gone; it went with the Brownie, I believe."

"What was he like, Granny?"

"Like a little man, they say, my dear."

"What did he do?"

"He came in before the family was up, and swept up the hearth, and lighted the fire, and set out the breakfast, and tidied the room. He never would be seen, and was off before they could catch

him. But they could hear him laughing and playing about the house sometimes."

"Did they give him any wages, Granny?"

"No, my dear. He did it for love. They set a pan of clear water for him overnight, and now and then a bowl of bread and milk — or cream. He liked that, for he was very dainty. Sometimes he left a bit of money in the water. And sometimes he weeded the garden, or threshed the corn."

"O Granny! Why did he go?"

"The maids caught sight of him one night, and his coat was so ragged that they got a new suit and a linen shirt for him, and laid them beside the bread-and-milk bowl. But when Brownie saw the things, he put them on, and dancing round the kitchen, he sang: —

'What have we here? Hemten, hamten!
Here will I never more tread nor stampen,'

and so danced through the door — and never came back again."

"O Grandmother! But why not? Did n't he like the new clothes?"

"The Old Owl knows, my dear; I don't."

"Oh, I wish our Brownie would come back!" cried both the boys. "Would you mind our setting a pan of water, Father? There's no bread and milk."

"You may set what you like, my lad," said the

Tailor; "and I wish there were bread and milk for your sakes, bairns. You should have it, had I got it. But go to bed now."

The boys dragged out a pan of water; then up the ladder they went to the old malt loft where they slept on a bed of cut heather. Johnny was soon in the land of dreams, but not so Tommy, who wondered where the Brownie had gone, and how he might be led to come back.

"There's an owl living in the old shed by the mere," he thought. "It might be the Old Owl herself, and she knows, Granny says. When the moon rises, I'll go and ask her."

THE OLD OWL

The moon rose like gold, and went up into the heavens like silver, flooding the moors with a pale ghostly light, taking the color out of the heather and painting black shadows under the stone walls.

Tommy crept softly down the ladder, through the kitchen, and out on to the moor. Everything but the wind and the little boy seemed asleep. The stones, the walls, the gleaming lanes, were still. And it seemed to Tommy as if the very moors had drawn white sheets over them and lay sleeping also.

"Hoot! Hoot!" said a voice from the firs behind him.

"It's the Old Owl," said Tommy, as she sailed

into the shed by the mere and sat on a beam, blinking her yellow eyes.

"Come up! Come up!" said the Old Owl hoarsely. And Tommy climbed up and sat on the beam beside her.

"Now what do you want?" said the Owl.

"Please," said Tommy, "can you tell me where to find the Brownies, and how to get one to come and live with us?"

"Oohoo!" said the Owl. "That's it, is it? You must go to the north side of the mere when the moon is shining, and turn yourself round three times, saying this charm: —

'Twist me, and turn me, and show me the Elf!
I looked in the water, and saw —'

When you have got so far, look into the water, and at the same moment you will see the Brownie, and think of a word that will rhyme with the first line and complete the charm."

"Well, the moon is shining, so I shall go," said Tommy. "Good-bye, and thank you, Ma'am"; and he jumped down and went.

The moon shone very brightly on the centre of the mere. Tommy went to the north side, and turning himself three times, as the Old Owl had told him, he repeated the charm: —

"Twist me, and turn me, and show me the Elf!
I looked in the water, and saw —

Why, there's no one but myself!" said Tommy. "What can it mean? The Old Owl knows, so I shall go back and ask her."

And back he went. There sat the Old Owl as before.

"I'm not a Brownie," said Tommy.

"All children are Brownies," said the Owl.

"But I could n't do work like a Brownie," said Tommy.

"Why not?" inquired the Owl. "Could n't you sweep the floor, light the fire, spread the table, tidy the room, fetch the turf, and sort your grandmother's scraps? Listen to me, Tommy," said the Old Owl, her eyes shooting rays of fire in the dark corner where she sat. "The Brownies, or, as they are sometimes called, the Small Folk, the Little People, or the Good People, are a race of tiny beings who live in a house of which some grown-up human being pays the rent and taxes. The Small Folk can run and jump, and roll and tumble. They have no trade and know nothing of care. They love dainties, play, and mischief, and are apt to be greatly beloved. When they are idle and mischievous, they are called Boggarts, and then they are a curse to the house they live in. When they are useful and considerate, they are Brownies and are a much-desired blessing."

"How nice!" said Tommy.

"Very nice," said the Old Owl. "But what —"

and she shook herself fiercely, and glared so that Tommy expected nothing less than that her eyes would set fire to her feathers and she would be burned alive — "but what must I say of the Boggarts, those idle urchins who eat the bread and milk, and will not work; who untidy instead of tidying; cause work instead of doing it; and leave little cares to heap on big cares, till the old people who support them are worn out altogether?"

"THAT'S RIGHT," NODDED THE OLD OWL. "AND REMEMBER THAT THE BROWNIES NEVER ARE SEEN AT THEIR WORK"

"Don't!" said Tommy. "I can't bear it!"

"I hope when Boggarts grow into men," said the Old Owl, "that their children will be Boggarts too, and then they'll know what it is!"

"Don't!" roared Tommy. "I won't be a Boggart. I'll be a Brownie."

"That's right," nodded the Old Owl. "And remember that the Brownies never are seen at their work. They get up before the household, and

get away before anyone can see them. I can't tell you why; I don't think my grandmother's great-grandmother knew. Perhaps because all good deeds are better done in secret. Now I think I had better take you home," continued the Owl. "Lean against me."

Tommy laid his head against the Old Owl's feathers and shut his eyes, and when he opened them again, he found that he was sitting among the heather in the malt loft, with Johnny sleeping by his side.

"BAIRNS ARE A BLESSING"

"GET up, Johnny," said his brother. "I've got a story to tell you."

And while Johnny sat up, and rubbed his eyes open, Tommy related his adventures on the moor.

"I won't be a Boggart," said Johnny, "it's horrid. But I don't see how we can be Brownies, for I'm afraid we can't do the things. I wish I were bigger!"

"I can do them well enough," said Tommy, "and you can help."

The Brownies crept softly down the ladder and into the kitchen. There was the empty hearth, the dusty floor, and all the odds and ends lying about, looking cheerless enough in the dim light.

"Look at that doorstep, Johnny," said Tommy.

"What a mess you made of it! If you had lifted the moss carefully, instead of stamping and struggling with it, it would have saved us ten minutes' work this morning. What are you grubbing at that rat hole for?"

Johnny raised his head. "What do you think

THE FIRE WAS VERY SUCCESSFUL

I have found?" said he. "Father's measure, that has been lost for a week!"

"Hurrah!" said Tommy. "Put it by his bench. That's just the sort of thing for a Brownie to have done. What will he say?"

The fire was very successful. Tommy cleaned

the doorstep, swept the room, dusted the chairs and the old chest, and set out the table, while Johnny picked up the litter. When the Tailor's footsteps were heard, they scrambled up the ladder, and dashed straight into the heather.

The Tailor came in, looked round, and rubbed his eyes. He looked round again, and rubbed them harder. Then he went up to the fire and held out his hand. He stared at the open door and window, the swept floor, and the sunshine pouring in.

"Mother! Mother!" he shouted. "Trout's luck has come again."

He went to the foot of the ladder, and cried, "Boys! Boys! The Brownie has come! And if he has n't found my measure! This is as good as a day's work to me."

There was great excitement in the small household all day, and that night the Tailor himself set bread and milk for the Brownie.

"The Old Owl was right," said Tommy, when both the boys were in bed, "and we must stick to it. But I wish Father knew that we were the Brownies."

"So do I," said Johnny; and he sighed.

"I tell you what," said Tommy. "We'll keep quiet for a bit, for fear we should leave off; but when we've gone on a good while, I shall tell him."

Day after day went by, and still the Brownies did their work.

One day a message came to the Tailor to offer him two or three days' tailoring in a farmhouse some miles up the valley. The boys promised to set the Brownie's bowl, and to give as little trouble as possible; so the Tailor took his shears and went up the valley, where the green banks sloped into purple moor.

When his task was finished, the Farmer paid him, and the good dame added half a cheese and a bottle-green coat, to "cut up like new for one of the lads," as she said.

The Tailor thanked them and said farewell, and went down the valley home. As he came in at the gate he saw that the garden had been weeded, and was quite tidy. Tommy and Johnny had taken advantage of the Tailor's absence to do some Brownie's work in the daytime.

"It's that blessed Brownie!" said the Tailor. "I can never repay him for what he has done for me and mine. But the mistress up yonder has given me a bottle-green coat that will cut up as good as new; and as sure as there's a Brownie in this house, I'll make him a suit of it."

"You'll what?" shrieked the old lady. "Son Thomas, son Thomas, you're mad! Do what you please for the Brownies, but never make them clothes!"

"Well, I don't know," said her son. "The mistress up at the farm is clever enough. And

as she said to me, fancy anyone that likes a tidy room not liking a tidy coat! I'll measure the clothes by Tommy."

The following night the suit was finished, and laid by the bread and milk.

Next morning the Brownies came down as usual.

"Don't they look splendid!" said Tommy, feeling the cloth. "When we've tidied the place, I shall put them on."

But long before the place was tidy, he could wait no longer, and dressed up.

"Look at me!" he shouted, "bottle-green and brass buttons! I feel just like the Brownie. What was it Granny said he sang when he got his clothes? Oh, I know!

'What have we here? Hemten, hamten!
Here will I never more tread nor stampen.'"

It was laughter which roused the Tailor that morning. When he pushed open the door, he saw Tommy in the Brownie's bottle-green suit, brass buttons and all, capering and singing, while Johnny flourished a broom, in a great cloud of dust.

"What's this?" shouted the Tailor.

"It's the Brownies," sang the boys, as they danced. "We are the Brownies. And we are very sorry that we were Boggarts so long."

Before the Tailor went to work he settled the Grandmother down in the window with her knitting, and kissed her.

"What do you think of it all, Mother?" he inquired.

"Bairns are a blessing," said the old lady. "I told you so."

JULIANA HORATIA EWING (*abridged*)

NOTE. — It was Tommy Trout, you know, who pulled poor Pussy out. Tommy Green was a Boggart.

Moor. The waste land, covered with purple heather. The bushy twigs are springy. The heather blossoms are tiny, and there are millions of them. And the flowers have a fragrant smell.

Malt loft. Where the malt used to be kept — as in the House That Jack Built.

White sheets. As when you wake and see the moonlight, and think it looks like snow.

Mere. A lake or pool.

Fetch the turf. Where Tommy lived, the people burn turf from the peat bogs, instead of wood or coal.

My grandmother's great-grandmother. The older the owl, the wiser.

Bairns are a blessing. Grandmothers believe the very best thing about one. They help one out of difficulties. They have all manner of comforts and delights tucked away in hidden places for hurt knees or empty feelings. Perhaps even the Old Owl's grandmother once said of the little owls, "Bairns are a blessing."

TWIG, WHISTLE, OR SWING?

THE CLASS BROWNIE

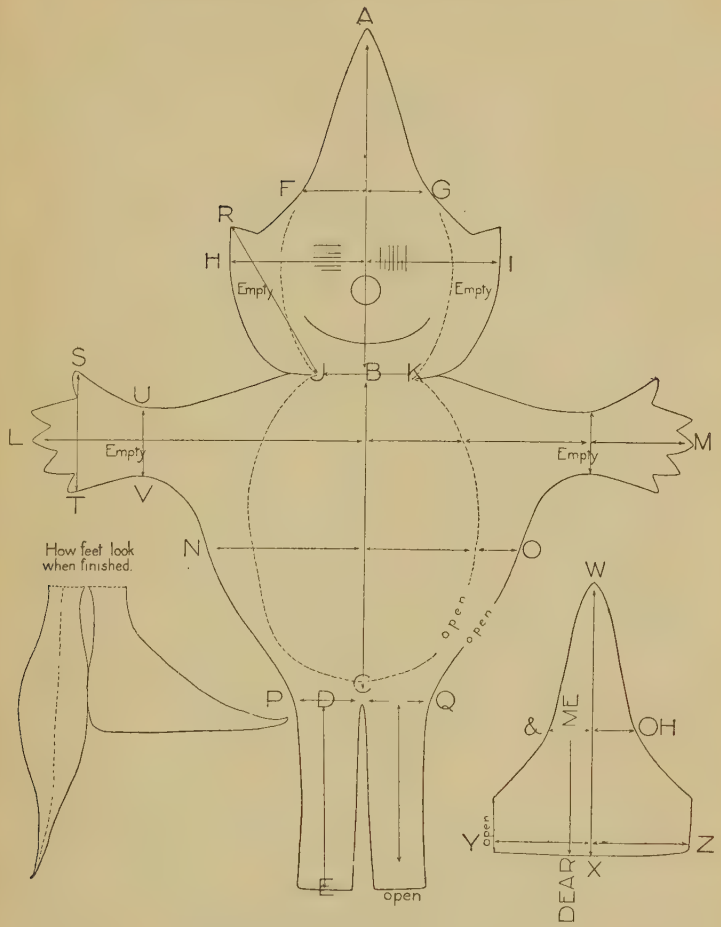
WHY not have a class Brownie to preside over everything that goes on round the edges, and to take part in all the lessons?

Your Brownie will be made of brown cambric, stuffed with cotton batting, according to the pattern. His feet are cut separately. After the back and front are sewed together and turned right side out,[1] his ears are sewed along the dotted lines, so that they shall be empty, and his arms sewed likewise in order that he may fly about. Stuff him through the side opening. Stuff him hard, beginning at the point of his head. When his head is filled, push up another little wad of cotton for a nose. Hold him then around the neck and squeeze his face into shape as if you were modeling him in wax. With black shoe thread, sew round and round his funny button nose, pulling the thread tight. This gives him wrinkles running out like the rays of the sun, and makes his face have character. Then sew and wind a thread about his neck, so that his head will keep the form he has chosen.

After this, give him a fat stomach, and punch

[1] Be sure his fingers are all turned out. He is particular about his fingers.

PATTERN FOR CLASS BROWNIE



How to enlarge the Brownie pattern

A–B 8″	L–M 15″	W–X $6\frac{1}{4}$″ (fold
B–C $7\frac{1}{2}$″	N–O 7″	here for sole
D–E $4\frac{3}{8}$″	P–Q $3\frac{1}{8}$″	of foot)
F–G 3″	R–J 4″	Y–Z $4\frac{1}{2}$″
H–I $6\frac{1}{8}$″	S–T $2\frac{3}{4}$″	&–Oh 2″
JBK 2″	U–V $1\frac{5}{8}$″	Dear–Me $2\frac{7}{8}$″

and mould this until it is exactly right, before you sew him up. His arms, being empty, will wave freely. His legs are straight and lightly stuffed, with no filling at all where they join on to his round body. Brownie likes to swing his legs violently, and to kick the back of his head.

His feet are stuffed very full and hard, and put on last. They are sewed on like shoes, at the very ends of his legs. This helps him to jump about and bend his ankles. Be sure that *the right foot goes straight ahead and the left one turns straight out.* This is the only proper and authentic way for a Brownie's feet to go.

His eyes are square, and are made of pale-blue sewing silk — a double thread. The first eye is made of seven or eight long stitches going up and down, with seven or eight long stitches on top of them going across — not woven like a basket, but straight across. This makes his eyes shimmer. The second eye is made just the other way — with the up-and-down stitches on top. This also is very important, and the only proper way to make a Brownie's eyes. It does not matter which eye is which, for by this variation do Brownies tell each other apart. (The first stitches of each eye are made at the upper inside corner, with a thread left long and a tiny stitch to hold it. When the eyes are done, these long threads are snipped off evenly, cautiously

dipped in the mucilage pot, and when dry, behold, they are eyelashes!) His mouth is red thread. Hiding the knot under his chin, run the needle to the first corner. Lay the thread along his face, just as his smile should look, and poke the needle in at the other corner and out again along the red line. At this point make a tiny stitch, and at two or three other points, to fasten the smile; then bring the needle out again under his chin, where the closing stitches will not show.

Brownie's collar is of any color and any material. He likes his collar to be bright — scarlet, green, yellow, purple. He has a leaning toward fine brocaded satin, though homespun is very handsome. But no matter how magnificent the material, the collar is quite narrow, for Brownie is modest. He likes quality. A notched sample is just the right size to use and, when folded, makes his neckband stiff, according to the right etiquette. Fasten tightly around his neck and sew at the back.

And at the fastening a loop of white tape sticks up, with Brownie's name on it. For Brownies have names. Some of them are Leaf-mould, Fern, Brake, Twig, Whistle, Moss-foot, Swing, Blow, and Scoot. Twig usually wears a red cravat, and the threads of his right eye are up-and-down on top.

When Brownie is ready, let him have a grand

swing of the legs, and give him a sprig of pine to hold in his arms until he feels at home. Then he belongs to the class, and will do all the class lessons, take part in the class organization, and receive marks for all the things that go to make this the finest class ever. When anyone does something to spoil the record, poor Brownie will have a black mark; but when someone does a nice thing, Brownie will have a good mark! Brownie's record should be the dearest one in all the class.

And if anybody gets to feeling very right and very puffed up, *Brownie will know*, and will come and put the print of his hand on some place where it will be seen by that too-good person.

Brownie's mark

This means, "Look for the hard thing"

He likes to sit in unexpected places, and change about often. He especially likes high places, so that he may see everything that is going on. He is very happy and very wise, and his smile comes from his heart.

META KNOX HANNAY

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the souls you can,
In every place you can,
At all the times you can,
With all the zeal you can,
As long as ever you can.

WESLEY

THE MOON-SHEEP[1]

THE moon seems like a docile sheep,
She pastures while all people sleep,
But sometimes, when she goes astray,
She wanders all alone by day.

Up in the clear blue morning air,
We are surprised to see her there,
Grazing in her woolly white,
Waiting the return of night.

When dusk lets down the meadow bars,
She greets again her lambs, the stars!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

NOTE. — Twilight is the loving time — when the lights begin to come in the streets, and the stars, one by one, in the sky, and the netted shadows on the wall, catching dreams and fancies.

Twilight is expecting time, when hurrying footsteps go along the sidewalks, and people carry packages (some are carrying plum cake) and enter happy doorways opened wide for them. And when a step comes to our door, one of us leaps to a greeting, and one of us lights up the lamps, and in the house the loving time comes out like a star.

[1] From *The Moon-Sheep and Other Poems*, by Christopher Morley, copyright 1917, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

THE TOUCH OF HAPPINESS

ONCE upon a time the Seven Gods of Happiness passed through the beautiful country of Japan, so it is said, leaving here and there something to be thankful for and to bring a smile of joy to the people; but it seemed as if they skipped the place where the owner of a certain bit of land lived. Nothing had gone well with his dwelling place. Never was there reason for him to smile, and so never did his lips take the cheerful curve of the little new moon, which you very well know is itself a smile in the sky.

One day, when his rice field in the valley again failed to pay him for all the faithful work he had spent upon it, he turned his back upon the field and began to see what could be done with his hill garden. But the soil was stony, and though he patiently toiled at digging out the stones, so that in time they made a hill of themselves where he cast them down to the valley, yet that labor too was in vain; for the soil was not the kind to give food to grain or vegetables.

"I cannot make my living from the rice field or from the garden," said he. "I will see what can be done with the few materials I have in my godown."[1]

[1] Pronounced gō̂-doun'.

The "godown" of a Japanese home is the storehouse for such articles of their household things as are not in use. The Japanese home is not decorated inside with all the vases, pictures, and things the owner possesses, as our homes are, but with only a few. The rest are kept in the godown, and make a pleasant change from time to time, when those from the house are brought out to the godown and a few different articles taken to the house to deck it anew.

So poor was the man that his godown held few things, but he found painting materials once used by his grandfather. These he carried into the house, and day after day he tried to paint simple sketches that he might sell. But, though he had artistic ideas, he had so little skill that he found the long journey to and from the distant town did not pay him when he took the sketches to show. He tried many days, but only three sales could he make, and the three persons who bought his pictures bought them out of pity.

He was working hard at a new sketch one day just the same, — since this was all he had to do, and he always hoped that he might paint something better than he yet had painted, — when, suddenly seeing a shadow move across his paper, he looked up, and there stood a stranger. Politely the man offered the traveler tea and a bit of rice,

POLITELY THE MAN OFFERED THE TRAVELER TEA
AND A BIT OF RICE

and the stranger, by questioning him, learned how badly things had been going.

"It seems that the Seven Gods of Happiness forgot this spot," said the man sadly, "so I am trying to see what can be done with the last material I have. My colors are giving out too, but perhaps I shall sell this last picture. I shall not give up hope."

"Let me tell you," said the stranger, "that the Seven Gods of Happiness always leave their mark, but some men are not quick to see it. Because of your patience you shall yet see the Touch of Happiness they gave here, for they left no spot forgotten."

The stranger went his way; and the man, wondering what the words meant, wandered down the path toward his poor rice field in the valley.

No sooner had he come to the edge of the wet field than he saw such a surprising bit of beauty that he caught his breath in delight. A lovely blue iris had taken root in his ruined field. The blossom was so beautiful that he said to himself that, if the field would not bring forth rice, it might be the home of the iris; and he searched by streams of the country about, and brought other roots of iris to his field. These grew so well that next season he had blossoms that brought people from the town for a sight of the masses of that wonderful flower.

These flower pilgrims became so delighted that they bought each a few blossoms to take home. His poor sketches sold. He was asked to paint more. As his paints were so few that the only colors he had were blues and purples, he painted likenesses of the iris, one blossom to a sketch, and these were eagerly bought. The pilgrims even paid to take away for luck a stone from the pile of waste stones that had spoiled his garden Every year came the pilgrims. And now he had many sketches of the iris blossoms ready ahead, for he could buy plenty of colors.

"This," said the pilgrims, "must be the spot the Seven Gods of Happiness chose to honor; nowhere have we seen the iris in such wealth."

And the man himself remembered the stranger's words, that the Seven Gods of Happiness forget no spot, though men are not always quick to find the Touch of Happiness that may be a blue iris at their very feet.

BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

NOTE. — Seven is a magic number the world over. There are seven days in the week. There are seven colors in the rainbow: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. And Iris is the goddess of the rainbow.

In his one beautiful iris blue the painter had all the colors of the earth and sea and sky. And to his one poor meal, shared with the stranger, came all the Gods of Happiness.

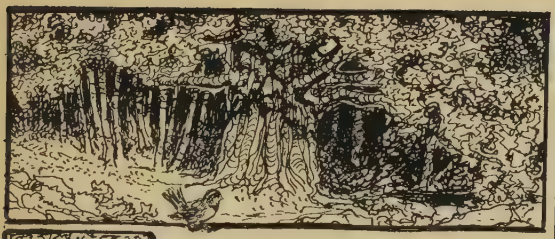
MORNING[1]

THERE is a brook I must hear
Before I go to sleep.
There is a birch tree I must visit
Every night of clearness.
I have to do some dreaming,
I have to listen a great deal,
Before light comes back
By a silver arrow of cloud,
And I rub my eyes and say
It must be morning on this hill!

HILDA CONKLING

NOTE. — The visits are like flights on a magic carpet, but oh, the listening is best. For then comes music more lovely than any ever known — more beautiful than lavender lilies, sprinkling dewdrops on the night. What a choir the brook turns into, to be sure!

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Poems by a Little Girl*, by Hilda Conkling, copyright 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

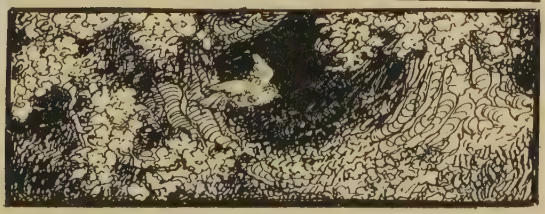


MY NEST

If I love the maple,
  Must I forget the pine?
Or may I choose a willow
  In the soft sunshine?

Where would I build my nest,
  If I were a bird?
An apple blossom called me,
  And I heard.

Frances Avery Faunce



LEMONADE SANDY

SANDY was yellow. His small ears hung down most of the time, but they stood up sharply when you spoke to him. His hair was stiff and wiry, and grew so thick round his face and eyes that it looked like whiskers. The first time Mr. Tolman saw him, he said, "He looks like a Scotchman. You should call him Sandy." So that is how he got his name.

No one knew where he came from. Don Furber found him on the doorstep one morning. When Don came out, the dog wagged his stumpy tail and looked up, as if to say, "Good morning! This is a fine day. What shall we do?" And all day long they played together — Don and the dog and the other children in the street.

At noon they gave him a bone with plenty of meat on it, and he ate it quietly and thankfully, like a gentleman. He followed Don home that night, but did not attempt to go into the house. Instead, he curled up under the lilac bush by the back door and went to sleep.

But the next morning, instead of being on Don's doorstep, he was on Lewis Norton's; and to Lewis, too, he seemed to say, "Good morning! This is a fine day. What shall we do?"

And that is how Sandy came to Kay Street.

Sometimes he stayed at one house, sometimes at another, but all day he played with the children. Someone always fed him, an honored guest, first at one house, then at another, until everybody on the street grew to know and like him.

And then one hot day a wagon came into the street, a wagon painted black, with iron bars across the back of it; and along the sidewalk went a man who carried a net at the end of a long pole. Sandy was sitting in front of Don Furber's house, and Don and some of the other children were playing under a tree in the yard. Before Sandy knew what the man with the net was going to do, he found the net over his head and the man's hand on his ear. He let out a frightened yelp that made the children look up, and then they all started on the run.

"What are you doing with Sandy?" they cried.

"I've got to take him away," the man said. "He has n't any collar on. Nobody has paid his license."

"How much is it?" asked Lewis, with round, frightened eyes.

"Two dollars," answered the man. "It ought to have been paid on the first of May, if you wanted to keep him. Is he your dog?"

"He is our dog," they all cried together. And then Susie Harris spoke up.

"Can we keep him if we pay?"

The man laughed. "Why, yes, I think so. Have you got the money?"

"No," said Susie, "but I know how we can get it. Will you wait till next week?"

The man stopped to think a moment. Then he said, "Yes, I'll wait a week, if you will promise to keep him tied up."

Of course they promised, and the man drove away on the black wagon, and Susie told of her plan — to make lemonade and sell it from a stand on the edge of the sidewalk.

An hour later there was a little table in the front yard of the Furber house, and on it a clean cloth and clean glasses and a big pail of lemonade. And Don was behind it, calling, as people passed on their way home from the railway station, "Ice-cold lemonade here, fresh made, five cents a glass!"

It was hot, hot weather, and as the people went by, mopping their faces and carrying their hats in their hands, the cold lemonade looked tempting. In a little while, too, they heard the story of Sandy.

The next day and the next it was the same; and before the end of the week the pasteboard box beside the lemonade pail had in it not only two dollars, but nearly four. And then, in a happy procession, with Sandy tugging at his rope, they marched to the town hall and paid the license

fee. After that they went to a hardware store and paid some more money to a man who said, Yes, he would have it done that day. And now, if you should see Sandy, you would find that instead of a rope round his neck there is a fine collar, with a shining brass plate on it that says: *Lemonade Sandy, Kay Street.*

EDWARD W. FRENTZ

NOTE. — It makes all the difference in the world whether your stand is pretty or not. Be sure that the cloth and glasses are clean, and that the stand is in the shade. A bouquet makes it all the better. There should be ice in the lemonade. If the lemonade is pink, three or four buttercup blossoms floating on top of the bowl look well and will do no harm. Plain lemonade is good with thin slices of lemon floating, and leaves of mint.

A CANADIAN FOLK SONG[1]

THE doors are shut, the windows fast;
Outside the gust is driving past,
Outside the shivering ivy clings,
While on the hob the kettle sings.
"Margery, Margery, make the tea,"
Singeth the kettle merrily.

[1] From the *Poetical Works* of Wilfred Campbell; published by arrangement with The Musson Book Company Ltd., Toronto.

The streams are hushed up where they flowed,
The ponds are frozen along the road,
The cattle are housed in shed and byre,
While singeth the kettle on the fire.
"Margery, Margery, make the tea,"
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The fisherman on the bay in his boat
Shivers and buttons up his coat;
The traveler stops at the tavern door,
And the kettle answers the chimney's roar.
"Margery, Margery, make the tea,"
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The firelight dances upon the wall,
Footsteps are heard in the outer hall;
A kiss and a welcome that fill the room,
And the kettle sings in the glimmer and gloom.
"Margery, Margery, make the tea,"
Singeth the kettle merrily.

WILFRED CAMPBELL

THE COMING OF THE KING

SOME children were at play in their playground one day, when a herald rode through the town, blowing a trumpet, and crying aloud, "The King! The King passes by this road to-day. Make ready for the King!"

The children stopped their play, and looked at one another.

"Did you hear that?" they said. "The King is coming. He may look over the wall and see our playground; who knows? We must put it in order."

The playground was sadly dirty, and in the corners were scraps of paper and broken toys, for these were careless children. But now one brought a hoe, and another a rake, and a third ran to fetch the wheelbarrow from behind the garden gate. They labored hard, till at length all was clean and tidy.

"Now it is clean," they said; "but we must make it pretty, too, for kings are used to fine things; maybe he would not notice mere cleanness, for he may have it all the time."

Then one brought sweet rushes and strewed them on the ground; and others made garlands of oak leaves and pine tassels and hung them on the walls. And the littlest one pulled marigold buds

and threw them all about the playground — "to look like gold," he said.

When all was done, the playground was so beautiful that the children stood and looked at it, and clapped their hands with pleasure.

"Let us keep it always like this!" said the littlest one; and the others cried, "Yes! Yes! That is what we will do."

They waited all day for the coming of the King, but he never came. Only, toward sunset a man with travel-worn clothes and a kind, tired face passed along the road, and stopped to look over the wall.

"What a pleasant place!" said the man. "May I come in and rest, dear children?"

The children brought him in gladly, and set him on the seat that they had made out of an old cask. They had covered it with a red cloak to make it look like a throne, and it made a very good one.

"It is our playground," they said. "We made it pretty for the King, but he did not come, and now we mean to keep it so for ourselves."

"That is good!" said the man.

"Because we think pretty and clean is nicer than ugly and dirty," said another.

"That is better!" said the man.

"And for tired people to rest in," said the littlest one.

"WHAT A PLEASANT PLACE!" SAID THE MAN. "MAY I COME IN AND REST?"

"That is best of all!" said the man.

He sat, and rested, and looked at the children with such kind eyes that they came about him and told him all they knew: about the five puppies in the barn, and the thrush's nest with four blue eggs, and the shore where the gold shells grew. And the man nodded, and understood all about it.

By and by he asked for a cup of water, and they brought it to him in the best cup, with the gold sprigs on it. Then he thanked the children, and rose and went on his way; but before he went, he laid his hand on their heads for a moment, and the touch went warm to their hearts.

The children stood by the wall and watched the man as he went slowly along. The sun was setting, and the light fell in long slanting rays across the road.

"He looks so tired!" said one of the children.

"But he was so kind!" said another.

"See!" said the littlest one. "How the sun shines on his hair! It looks like a crown of gold."

LAURA E. RICHARDS

NOTE. — "Sweet rushes" make baskets and mats. Tall ones in the hand make wands for kings and queens, and in the hair make Indian maids and chiefs. Marigolds make dolls with fine hoop skirts. And a cup of cold water is colder and more delicious if it is "the best cup."

To-day

Our Father, we Thy children come before Thee this morning with humble hearts. We thank Thee for Thy mercies, and we pray that Thou wilt so help us that those about us to-day may be a little happier and a little better for our influence. We ask Thy guidance in all the duties and the pleasures of the day, and Thy blessing when the day is done.

THE SINGING BROOK

THE little brook was blithe and gay;
It skipped through light and shadow,
And scampered like a child at play
Across the summer meadow.
But Winter marched upon the land
And many a prisoner took;
With icy chain and iron band
He bound the little brook.
That merry, cheery, laughing thing
In sad captivity!
We could not bear remembering
The way it used to be,
The way it used to twist and turn
With twirly gay refrains —
And now to come to such a doom,
A little brook in chains!

One day, when not a bird would dare
And flowers were still asleep,
We wandered to the meadow where
The frozen snow lay deep,
And stood a while and listened — then,
Though scarce believing, heard
A chiming, tinkling tune again,
A brightsome, lightsome word.
It trilled and turned; to give us proof

It set a grace note winging —
Far down beneath its prison roof
The little brook was singing!
Undaunted in its dungeon there,
Content, alone, apart,
So sure of Spring, it could but sing
With all its happy heart!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

NOTE. — In your head you can make the little brook's tune. If you let it, this will sing to you wherever you may be. When you are not quite happy, call up the little tune and let it sing to you, alone.

MY INDIAN CHILDHOOD

[DR. EASTMAN, the author of this story, is a real Indian of the Dakotas — the same tribe whence came the lovely Minnehaha, bride of Hiawatha. The Sioux called themselves Dakotas, meaning "allies."]

THE EMBROIDERED CRADLE

WHAT boy would not be an Indian for a while, when he thinks of the freest life in the world? This life was mine. Every day there was a real hunt. There was real game.

No people have a better use of their five senses than the children of the wilderness. We could

smell as well as hear and see. We could feel and taste as well as we could see and hear.

Of course I myself do not remember when I first saw the day, but my brothers have often recalled the event with much mirth; for it was a custom of the Sioux that when a boy was born his brother must plunge into the water, or roll in the snow naked if it was winter time. If he was not big enough to do either of these himself, water was thrown on him. If the newborn had a sister, she must be immersed. The idea was that a warrior had come to camp, and the other children must display some act of hardihood.

I was so unfortunate as to be the youngest of five children who, soon after I was born, were left motherless. I had to bear the name "Hakā-dah," meaning "the pitiful last," until I should earn a better name. I was regarded as little more than a plaything by the rest of the children.

The babe was done up as usual in a movable cradle, made from an oak board two and a half feet long and one and a half feet wide. On one side of it was nailed with brass-headed tacks the richly embroidered sack, which was open in front and laced up and down with buckskin strings. Over the arms of the infant was a wooden bow, the ends of which were firmly attached to the board, so that if the cradle should fall the

child's head and face would be protected. On this bow were hung curious playthings — strings of carved bones and hoofs of deer, which rattled when the little hands moved them.

In this upright cradle I lived, played, and slept the greater part of the time during the first few months of my life. Whether I was made to lean against a lodge pole or was suspended from a bough of a tree, while my grandmother cut wood, or whether I was carried on her back, or balanced by another child in a similar cradle hung on the opposite side of a pony, I was still in my oaken bed.

Every little attention that is due to a loved child my grandmother performed with much skill and devotion. She made all my scanty garments and my tiny moccasins with a great deal of taste.

Uncheedah (grandmother) was a great singer. Sometimes, when Hakādah wakened too early in the morning, she would sing to him something like the following lullaby: —

"Sleep, sleep, my boy, the Chippewas
Are far away — are far away.
Sleep, sleep, my boy; prepare to meet
The foe by day — the foe by day!
The cowards will not dare to fight
Till morning break — till morning break.
Sleep, sleep, my child, while still 't is night;
Then bravely wake — then bravely wake!"

The Dakota women cut and brought their fuel from the woods and performed most of the drudgery of the camp. This fell to their lot because the men must follow the game during the day. Very often my grandmother carried me with her, and while she worked it was her habit to suspend me from a wild grapevine or a springy bough, so that the least breeze would swing the cradle to and fro.

Once I fell asleep in my cradle, suspended five or six feet from the ground, while Uncheedah was some distance away, gathering birch bark for a canoe. A squirrel had found it convenient to come upon the bow of my cradle and nibble his hickory nut, until he awoke me by dropping the crumbs of his meal. It was a common thing for birds to alight on my cradle in the woods.

After I left my cradle, I almost walked away from it, Uncheedah told me. She then began calling my attention to natural objects. Whenever I heard the song of a bird, she would tell me what bird it came from, something after this fashion:

"Hakādah, listen to Shechoka (the robin) calling his mate. He says he has just found something good to eat." Or "Listen to Oopehanska (the thrush); he is singing for his little wife. He will sing his best." When in the evening the whippoorwill started his song with vim, no farther

than a stone's throw from our tent in the woods, she would say to me: —

"Hush! It may be an Ojibway scout!"

IT WAS A COMMON THING FOR BIRDS TO ALIGHT ON MY CRADLE IN THE WOODS

Again, when I waked at midnight, she would say:

"Do not cry! Hinakaga (the owl) is watching you from the tree top."

Indian children were trained so that they hardly ever cried much in the night. This was very necessary in their exposed life. In my

infancy it was my grandmother's custom to put me to sleep, as she said, with the birds, and to waken me with them, until it became a habit.

As a little child, it was instilled into me to be silent and reticent. This was one of the most important traits to form in the character of the Indian. As a hunter and warrior it was necessary to him, and was thought to lay the foundations of patience and self-control.

THE BAG, THE DOG TRAVOIS, AND THE WHITE MAN'S WAGON

One of my earliest recollections is the ride I had on a pony's side. A little girl cousin of mine was put in a bag and hung from the horn of an Indian saddle; but her weight must be balanced or the saddle would not remain on the animal's back. Accordingly, I was put into another sack and made to keep the saddle and the girl in position! I did not object, for I had a very pleasant game of peekaboo with the little girl, until we came to a big snowdrift, where the poor beast was stuck fast and began to lie down. Then it was not so nice!

As a boy, I enjoyed the dog travois ride as much as any. The travois consisted of a set of rawhide strips securely lashed to the tent poles,

which were harnessed to the sides of the animal as if he stood between shafts, while the free ends were allowed to drag on the ground. Both ponies and large dogs were used as beasts of burden, and they carried in this way the smaller children as well as the baggage.

This mode of traveling for children was possible only in the summer, and as the dogs were sometimes unreliable, the little ones were exposed to a certain amount of danger. For instance, whenever a train of dogs had been traveling for a long time, almost perishing with the heat and their heavy loads, a glimpse of water would cause them to forget all their responsibilities. Some of them, in spite of the screams of the women, would swim with their burdens into the cooling stream, and I was thus, on more than one occasion, made to partake of an unwilling bath.

I was a little over four years old at the time of the "Sioux massacre" in Minnesota. In the general turmoil, we took flight into British Columbia, and the journey is still remembered by all our family. A yoke of oxen and a lumber wagon were brought home for our conveyance.

How delighted I was when I learned that we were to ride behind those wise-looking animals and in that gorgeously painted wagon! It seemed almost like a living creature to me, this new vehicle with four legs, and the more so when

we got out of axle grease and the wheels went along squealing like pigs!

The boys found a great deal of fun in jumping from the high wagon while the oxen were leisurely moving along. My elder brothers soon became

A DOG TRAVOIS WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME

experts. At last I mustered up courage enough to join them in this sport. I was sure they stepped on the wheel, so I cautiously placed my moccasined foot upon it. Alas, before I could realize what had happened, I was under the wheels, and had it not been for the neighbor immediately behind us, I might have been run over by the next team as well.

This was my first experience with a civilized vehicle. I cried out all possible reproaches on the white man's team, and concluded that a dog travois was good enough for me. I was really rejoiced that we were moving away from the people who made the wagon that had almost ended my life, and it did not occur to me that I alone was to blame. I could not be persuaded to ride in that wagon again and was glad when we finally left it beside the Missouri River.

THE FLIGHT

THE summer after the Minnesota massacre, General Sibley pursued our people across this river. Now the Missouri is considered one of the most treacherous rivers in the world. Even a good modern boat is not safe upon its uncertain current. We were forced to cross in buffalo-skin boats — as round as tubs!

The Washechu (white men) were coming in great numbers with their big guns, and while most of our men were fighting them to gain time, the women and the old men made boats, braced with ribs of willow. Some of these were towed by two or three women or men swimming in the water, and some by ponies. It was not an easy matter to keep them right side up, with their helpless freight of little children and such goods as we possessed.

In our flight, we little folks were strapped in the saddles or held in front of an older person, and in the long night marches to get away from the soldiers, we suffered from loss of sleep and insufficient food. Our meals were eaten hastily, and some-

IT WAS A PRAIRIE FIRE

times in the saddle. Water was not always to be found. The people carried it with them in bags formed of tripe or the dried pericardium of animals.

Now we were compelled to go through the country of hostile tribes and were harassed by them almost daily and nightly. Only the strictest watchfulness saved us.

One day we met with another enemy. It was a prairie fire. We were surrounded. Another fire was quickly made, which saved our lives.

The following winter a blizzard overtook us in our wanderings. Here and there, a family lay down in the snow, selecting a place where it was not likely to drift much. For a day and a night we lay under the snow. Uncle stuck a long pole beside us to tell us when the storm was over. We had plenty of buffalo robes and the snow kept us warm, but we found it heavy. After a time, it became packed and hollowed out around our bodies, so that we were as comfortable as one can be under those circumstances.

The next day the storm ceased, and we discovered a large herd of buffaloes almost upon us. We dug our way out, shot some of the buffaloes, made a fire and enjoyed a good dinner.

In savage life, the early spring is the most trying time and almost all the famines occurred at this period of the year. Then the adults often denied themselves in order to make the food last as long as possible for the children, who were not able to bear hunger as well as the old.

I once passed through one of these hard springs, when we had nothing to eat for several days. I well remember the six small birds which were the breakfast for six families one morning. What a relief that was to me — although I had only a

small wing of a small bird for my share! Soon after this, we came into a region where buffaloes were plenty, and hunger and scarcity were forgotten.

Such was the Indians' wild life. When game was to be had and the sun shone, they easily forgot the bitter experiences of the winter before. During the summer, when Nature is at her best, and provides abundantly for the savage, it seems to me that no life is happier than his!

CHARLES A. EASTMAN (*abridged*)

NOTE. — Hakādah did come to have a better name, after he had earned it. His name became Ohiyesa, the Winner, and that still remains his Indian name. He was separated from his father, Many Lightnings, and when they again met, his father had been baptized under the name of Jacob Eastman. Ohiyesa also took a new name, Charles Alexander Eastman.

He was sent to school, and to his surprise — for he remembered the white man's wagon, and mistrusted the white man's customs — he liked it. His teachers were pleased with his progress, and he went farther east to a better school. In the long summer vacations he worked on farms, in shops and offices. And in winter he studied. He played football and all the other games boys play. In the course of time he found himself the graduate of a famous college and a great university. He had become a doubly educated man — educated in the lore of the wilderness as well as in some of the deepest secrets of civilization.

ABOUT TOOLS

I LIKE a knife that makes a good
Clean shaving when you whittle wood.
However sharp a knife may be,
It's not a bit too sharp for me.
And if I cut myself somewhere,
I guess that is my own affair.

My Mother says I take real pride
To have a thumb or finger tied
Up with a rag and piece of string,
And am happy as a King.

I am *not* proud; but I would hate
For fear of pain to hesitate
At any job I had to do,
Although I cut myself in two.

The kind of tools they make for boys
Are nothing in the world but toys.
The kind of tools they make for men —
Of course they cut you now and then.

RALPH BERGENGREN

NOTE. — Sharp knives, pointed pencils, a hot oven, well-oiled roller skates, are things to start wonders with.

THE STORY OF ANDROCLES AND THE LION

APION told wonderful stories. The young men of Athens loved to gather about him on one of the marble benches of the Agora of an evening, as the sun's last golden rays were shining on the columns of the temples of the Acropolis above them.

Apion told them stories of Rome, the powerful, modern city to the west of them. It was much as if a Frenchman or an Englishman in our own time should sit in Paris or London and tell his friends stories about wonderful happenings he had seen in the enormous, new city of New York across the sea. Apion's friends did not always believe his stories, but they always liked to hear them.

"I saw the greatest hunting contest that ever took place in a circus," said Apion one evening. "It was in the Circus Maximus, below the Emperor's palace on the Palatine Hill. There were animals — such huge, ferocious animals you never saw in Athens — captured by Caligula's soldiers in Egypt, and brought to Rome to entertain the populace. The Emperor had plenty of criminals and other wretches to throw into the arena for the animals to kill, and the animals were ready for them. They were ready and howling for them!"

The old man's eyes flashed as he looked around

him. The Athenian young men paused to listen, and some of them sat down on the marble steps at Apion's feet, turning their faces toward him in the evening light.

"Tell us about it, Apion," they said.

"There was one lion — " Apion went on, "one lion bigger and fiercer than all the rest. We had heard him roaring in his great cage as the soldiers dragged him through the streets to his den. He sprang into the arena, brandishing his mane and tail, roaring ferociously, his eyes flashing fire as he stalked down the open space.

"Now, that very day the managers had thrown into the arena a man named Androcles, a slave owned by one of the consular agents of the Emperor. The man fell to the ground in terror, groveling in the dust, and the Roman people sent up a great shout, for the Romans are a cruel, heartless people; they love to see their fellow creatures tortured and made to die a miserable death. My blood ran cold as I watched poor Androcles writhe in the dirt. I wished I were back here in Athens, away from all the cruelty and splendor of Rome.

"The lion rushed toward Androcles lying there, springing as a cat springs toward a mouse. And then, suddenly, he stopped. He looked at the man. He walked toward him, moving his tail slowly, like a cat. He came up to Androcles lying there half dead with terror, and put his head down,

and licked the man's arms and legs gently, as if he were caressing the poor prisoner.

"Androcles lay there a minute. Then, cautiously, he turned his head and looked out of the corner of one eye up at the beast. Suddenly he sat up and seized the lion's paw in both his hands, shaking it violently, smiling all over his face, and

SUDDENLY HE SAT UP AND SEIZED THE LION'S PAW IN BOTH HIS HANDS

speaking to the lion in Greek. He patted him and caressed him, and buried his mud-streaked face in the lion's mane.

"Then he got up and walked from the arena, and the lion skipped after him, wagging his tail like a tame dog. How the Roman people did yell! They rose to their feet with one accord, and shouted that the man should be set free who could so tame lions. The people in the Circus Maximus were wild that afternoon, exclaiming and chattering,

after the manner of Latins, about what they had seen."

"But Apion," said one of the Athenian youths, "how did it happen? How could Androcles do such a thing? And why did the lion understand Greek?"

"Ah," said Apion, nodding his wise old head, "that is just what the Emperor wondered. So he sent for Androcles as soon as he had been let out of the arena. 'Androcles,' said the Emperor, 'why is it that this lion, the fiercest of all my fine lions, has spared you in this miraculous fashion?'

"And Androcles told the Emperor his story: 'It was this way, Your Majesty,' said Androcles. 'I was a slave of one of the proconsuls in Africa. He treated me with such cruelty that I ran away from him. To make sure that he would never be able to find me, I went out into the most solitary part of the desert, and I made up my mind that, if I could not get food enough, I would find some method of killing myself. There are things a man cannot stand.'

"'Yes, yes — go on! Go on!' said the Emperor.

"'When the sun was most violent and scorching at midday,' said Androcles, 'I hunted till I found a remote and secret cave, and in this cave I hid.

"'Pretty soon I heard groans and most piteous complaints, and I looked up and saw a lion limping into the cave, walking on three legs and holding up

one of his paws. I was terrified, and crawled behind a piece of rock in the back of the cave. But the lion saw me and came toward me. He held out his paw to me, as if asking for help. I looked at his foot, and saw a great thorn sticking in it. I pulled out the thorn; I cleaned the wound. The lion laid his paw between my hands and dropped off to sleep.

"'From that day on, for three years, I lived in the cave with that lion. He always brought me home the choicest bits of the beasts he killed while out hunting. But finally I got sick of that savage life; so one day, while the lion was out hunting, I just slipped out of the den, and sped back to civilization.

"'The soldiers caught me again. I might have known better than to go back! They returned me to my master, who brought me here to Rome. He was angry with me for escaping his former tortures, and condemned me to death — to be thrown to the wild beasts in the Circus Maximus. The lion also, it seems, must have been captured after I left; for there he is, Your Majesty! That is my lion! He has shown his gratitude for his cure.'

"The Emperor," continued Apion, "had this story written on a tablet and circulated among the audience, so that in a few minutes we all knew about the lion and Androcles. 'Let him loose!' yelled the Roman people. 'Let him and his lion

go free! Let 'em go free. Let 'em go free!' They stamped, and shouted, the way the Roman people do.

"Caligula listened to the people, and he gave Androcles his freedom. He gave him his lion too. Androcles tied a little string round the lion's

ANDROCLES USED TO LEAD HIM ABOUT ROME LIKE A PET DOG

neck, and he used to lead him about Rome like a pet dog."

A smile passed across the faces of the young Athenians as they sat there in the dusk. Their white teeth shone, white as their tunics, against the bronze tan of their faces. Old Apion looked at them and laughed.

"You don't believe me?" he asked. "True, by Athena! I saw it with my own eyes. Yes, and many a time I've seen old Androcles strolling into

the taverns in Rome with the lion by his side. People made much of him. Rich Romans gave him money, and the lion always was covered with flowers; the Roman maidens used to tie them on him as he went by. Everybody knew him. When they met him, they'd say: 'This is the lion who was the man's friend! This is the man who was the lion's physician!' Good old Androcles! Yes, the Roman people made much of him before he died. That's a place where things happen — Rome."

The Athenian youths, shivering a little, stretched themselves and went their way, as the moon shone silver, and the purple shadows deepened in the cave of Pan above them on the Acropolis.

MARY LEE

NOTE. — Many famous stories are very ancient. The story of Androcles was told in Latin, years ago.

We count our years from the birth of Christ. The year 1926 means 1926 A.D. The letters stand for *Anno Domini*, which is Latin for "In the year of our Lord." Dates before the first Christmas Day we count backward, calling them so many years B.C., or "Before Christ."

Measuring time is something like being in a lighted room at night. The years that we can count are like the friendly objects on which the lamplight falls. And the years beyond our counting are like the outdoors, reaching far away.

Courage has a crimson coat
Trimmed with trappings bold,
Knowledge dons a dress of note,
Fame's is cloth of gold.
Far they ride and fair they roam,
Much they do and dare.
Gray-gowned Patience sits at home,
And weaves the stuff they wear.

A LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER

[General Robert E. Lee was the leader of the Southern forces in the conflict known in the South as the "War between the States" and in the North as the "Civil War." "Civil War" means a war inside a country. The two armies were called the Gray and the Blue, from the colors of their uniforms. The Northern army was the Blue, led by General Ulysses S. Grant.

This letter from General Lee to his little daughter Mildred was written several years before the Civil War, when he was campaigning in Mexico and Texas, and the Comanche Indians were the terror of the borderland.

There is another soldier letter in this book. It is from a father fighting in the World War, to his little son, Davie Boy. Many years passed between the writing of these two letters, and many changes came about, but fathers and children are always very much the same, one to another, no matter what happens in the world.]

My dear little Daughter, —

I was much pleased to receive your letter. I did not know that you could write so well. I think in time, when you get more accustomed to spelling in writing, you will write beautiful letters and I shall have delightful times reading them. You

must continue, therefore, to try to take pains. It has been said that our letters are good representatives of our minds. If fair, correct, sensible, and clear, so may you expect to find the writers. They certainly present a good criterion for judging of the character of the individual. You must be careful that yours make a favorable impression of you, as I hope you will deserve.

I am very glad to hear of your interest and progress in music, and hope your proficiency will keep pace with your labor. You must be a great personage now — sixty pounds! Enormous! I wish I had you here in all your ponderosity. I want to see you so much. Cannot you and dear Mary Childe pack yourselves in a carpetbag and come out to the Comanche country? I wish you would.

I am very glad to hear that your hens are doing so well. You must have plenty of eggs, chickens, and ducks for Rob and the children when they come home this summer. You know your brother Fitzhugh has a magnificent appetite, and those girls from Staunton never see a chicken. I wish I had you here to take care of mine. I brought them many hundred miles in a coop behind the wagon, and every evening, at the end of the day's march, would let them out, and at night they would roost on top of the wagon. They laid several eggs on the road.

I have only seven hens and some days I get seven eggs. Having no planks, I have been obliged to make them a house of twigs. I planted four posts in the ground and bored holes in each, three feet from the ground, in which I inserted poles for the floor, and around which were woven the branches that formed it. There are so many reptiles in this country that you cannot keep fowls on the ground. The sides and tops were formed in the same way, and the whole is covered with branches with their leaves on, which makes a shady house but furnishes little protection against the rain. I converted the coop they came in into nests. They pick up so much corn among the horses that I do not have to feed them, and they seem quite domesticated.

Did I tell you "Jim Nooks," Mrs. Waite's cat, was dead? Died of apoplexy. I foretold his end. Coffee and cream for breakfast, pound cake for lunch, turtle and oysters for dinner, buttered toast for tea, and Mexican rats, taken raw, for his supper. Cat nature could not stand so much luxury. He grew enormously and ended in a spasm. His beauty could not save him. . . .

But I saw "cats as is cats" in Savannah. While the stage was changing mules, I stepped around to see Mr. and Mrs. Monod, a French couple with whom I had passed a night when I landed in Texas in 1846, to join General Wool's army.

Mr. Monod received me with all the shrugs and grimaces of his nation, and the entrance of Madame was foreshadowed by her stately cats, with visage grave and tails erect, who preceded, surrounded, and followed in her wake. Her present favorite Sodoiska, a large mottled gray, was a magnificent creature, and in her train she pointed out Aglai, her favorite eleven years ago when I first visited her. If I can persuade the mail stage to give a place to one of that distinguished family, I will take one to Camp Cooper, provided Madame can trust her pet into such a barbarous country and Indian society.

I left that wildcat on the Rio Grande. He was too savage. Had grown as large as a small-sized dog. Had to be caged, and would strike at everything that came within his reach. His cage had to be strong and consequently heavy, and I could not bring it. He would pounce upon a kid as Tomtita would on a mouse, and would whistle as a tiger does when you approach him.

I hope you will have a nice garden, and study hard, and learn your lessons well. Give much love to Mary Childe when she comes, and tell her I love her dearly. Be a good child, and think always of your devoted father,

R. E. Lee

A LITTLE PAGE'S SONG

(*Thirteenth Century*)

God's lark at morning I would be!
I'd set my heart within a tree
Close to His bed, and sing to Him
Right merrily
A sunrise hymn.

At night I'd be God's troubadour!
Beneath His starry walls I'd pour
Across the moat such roundelays
He'd love me sure —
And maybe praise!

William Alexander Percy

Note. — The thirteenth century was that spring-like time when knights and ladies lived in fairyland castles. Round each castle wall was a moat or deep ditch full of water, over which an ogre could not pass. And at the chief gate was a drawbridge. When the knights and their squires and their little pages were ready to ride forth from the castle, the drawbridge was let down; but at night, or when enemies were near, the bridge was drawn up out of place and the castle became an island.

This was the time when troubadours and minstrels went about singing their roundelays. *Troubadour* is really the same word as *trouvère*, which comes

from the French word *trouver* (pronounced *troo̅'-va̅*), meaning "to find." In France the minstrels were called *trouvères* (pronounced *troo̅'-vâr'*), because they found, or made up, songs. The troubadours who made up the songs were wandering knights. The *jongleurs* (pronounced *zhôn'-glûr'*), who played them, were like their squires. *Jongleur* means "player." Later on, when this beautiful time had gone by, the jongleurs came to do other things beside sing the songs of their troubadours; the word turned into *juggler*, and the player had balls and dancing bears. But in this Maytime of the world the little jongleur rode a pony, and carried his master's lute, with his master's songs in the wallet by his side.

FLORIZEL GOES ON A JOURNEY

Once on a time a boy by the name of Florizel found himself very unhappy. He did not know why, for he had a pleasant home, and his father and mother had provided him with many things for his amusement, and for his comfort as well.

"If I am unhappy at home," reasoned Florizel, "then I mean to go journeying to find where happiness does live."

So on a bright summer's day he put on his best suit — because he thought good clothes must have something to do with happiness. He filled every pocket with food, and over his shoulder he threw a small pack of things a boy might

need. As he fared down the road, Florizel whistled a little tune, softly, lest someone should halt him on his quest. And the little tune said in his heart, "Now when I am hungry, I shall sit on a log with nothing in the world to do but eat"; and he felt of his bulging pockets.

"Then," the tune in his heart went on, "when I become hot, I shall wade in a cool, singing brook. And should I feel tired, I have only to curl up in a shady place with my head on my pack, and fall into the happiest of dreams."

Just as the tune was singing these words, the Wind came running up the road.

"Why are you in such haste?" asked Florizel, holding out both arms to catch the swift runner.

"I am on an important errand far down the valley," answered the Wind.

"You poor thing!" exclaimed the boy.

"'Poor?'" queried the Wind. "How is that?"

"Because you have to work on so fine a morning."

"But I like to work! I am most unhappy on the days when I am not allowed to blow." And he hurried off with a whisk.

Florizel turned to watch the grasses wave as the Wind swept by, and every tree bowed a merry Good Morning.

"It seems very warm," sighed Florizel, opening his coat, as the Wind disappeared over the hill.

"Yes, it is warm," echoed a chorus of voices close at hand. "We mean it to be warm."

"But who are you?" questioned the boy, looking all about him.

"We? Why — we are the Sunbeams. We are sorry to inconvenience you, but really the vegetables and the fruit trees and the grain and the meadows need our warmth. And there are so many of us that we could n't help heating you, too, as you happened along."

"Where are you going now?" asked Florizel.

"We are ever so busy since yesterday's rain," they announced, "or we would stop to tell you."

"It must be very unpleasant to have to work so hard!" cried Florizel.

"'Unpleasant,' boy? We should be utterly lost without work. Cloudy days are the most miserable things you can imagine."

Florizel lingered to watch the Sunbeams chase a cloud shadow from a neighboring field. Then he turned into a winding footpath, which led to a rustic bridge overhanging a little brook. Seating himself on a mossy stone, he slowly took off both shoes and dangled his warm feet lightly in the fresh water.

"Please don't hinder me," requested a rippling voice. "I am in very much of a hurry since the rain of yesterday, and if you will excuse me for saying so, you are quite in the way."

"In whose way?" asked Florizel.

"In my way — the Brook's way," came the answer.

The lad lifted his feet until they barely grazed the surface of the water.

"Thank you; that is better," said the Brook.

"But why are you slipping by these shady willow trees?" puzzled Florizel.

"Because I have been called to water some dry fields near the bank several miles below here. And besides," argued the Brook, "there are more willows farther along that need me sadly."

"But don't you hate to hurry so?" asked the boy.

"I should far rather keep busy," replied the Brook. "I am always contented, if only I can find plenty of work to do." And the Brook went humming along.

Florizel stepped across the little bridge and started to dry his feet in a patch of sunshine. The least twittering near by made him search sharply to see who might be at hand for a friendly chat.

"Why do you walk down the tree trunk head-first?" was his swift inquiry, as he caught sight of a gray-and-buff Nuthatch vigorously hunting for insects.

"I can do my work better that way," chirped the bird.

"AND DO YOU TRULY *LIKE* TO WORK?" INQUIRED FLORIZEL

"And do you truly *like* to work?" inquired Florizel.

"It is dull indeed being idle," explained the Nuthatch. "I should prefer to be building a nest, or hunting for food for the little Nuthatches, or something of the kind, every minute of the day."

"Would you?" asked Florizel, drawing on his stockings. "Why, that is what they all say."

He took up his pack and started thoughtfully to retrace his steps.

"I believe I may as well go home for dinner," he said slowly to himself. Then, with an eager skip, "Father is at work in the garden this afternoon. My, but it would be fun to help him!"

Up and over the hill ran the lad, as swiftly as ever the wind could travel, until the chimneys of his own house were in sight. Then he caught a deep breath, and began whistling the happiest tune that any boy in all the world could have thought to whistle.

And if there had been words to the tune, they would have been a little about the wind and the sun, and a trifle about brooks and birds. But, for the most part, they would have been about the latch of a certain tall white garden-gate.

NOTE. — Everything works. Everything is moving, all the time. Even when things seem quiet, they

are seasoning, like wood and like iron. While iron is seasoning, men test it by listening through an instrument. They hear the movement of the tiniest particles, which turn over and over with a rushing, sandy sound. Each of the tiny particles has a north pole and a south pole, like our earth or a magnetic needle, and these poles are being constantly attracted and pushed away again by other north and south poles. Little magnets are all about us, and in some way things are changing always. The sun draws the moisture up into clouds, whence it falls again in rain. You grow. Your nails, your hair, your skin grows, like the leaves of the forest. And your beautiful spirit grows, too.

A BUTTERFLY

Sometimes a butterfly, to me,
Looks like a little ship at sea,
A ship with pretty sails all set,
Of white, or gold, or violet,
Soft sailing, sailing, fleet and fair,
The wide blue ocean of the air.

No freight it has, no pilot knows,
No chart can mark the way it goes.
The summer winds, by field and hill,
It rides like running waves, until
It lowers sail at twilight hour,
And anchors softly in a flower.

ROSA BONHEUR

It was a Paris street, named the rue Rumfort. It was a small room, six flights up, and the window looked out over other dwellings, and up at the blue sky above. At least, the birds in the window could look up at the sky and out at the high, sweet air. The whole opening was given over to the birds, with a piece of network to prevent their escape. Little by little they were allowed more space, so that, short of flying away altogether, they had as much liberty as possible.

On the other side of the bird cage a stall was arranged, where lived a sheep. And in the hollow leg of a plaster cast a squirrel made a nest and hid his nuts. Painting chests and tables stood against the wall. Here and there about the room sat five artists at their easels.

This was the studio of the Bonheurs — father, and sons, and daughters. There were the brothers Auguste and Isidore, the little sister Juliette, and Rosa — the first to be at her easel in the morning, singing from dawn until dark. Raymond Bonheur was the father, teacher, guide, and friend of the young people. They worked under his wing like a small flock of partridges — as happy as the birds who sang in the window, or the squirrel who peeped from his hiding place.

There was little to eat, and less to save, in this nook above the shining roofs. But the busy group was undaunted by misfortune. Rosa's pictures added a good share to the family purse, and often she labored far into the night, making designs for the next day's sale by the flickering lamplight.

All worked in this small room — artists and birds and squirrel and sheep. For the animals served as models. When the poor sheep had earned its daily recreation, Isidore would laughingly lift it upon his shoulder and carry it down the six flights of stairs. Then he would lead it to a near-by meadow to graze on the fresh grass.

The squirrel was allowed to frisk, until one day he nibbled the cord on a heavy picture so that it tumbled down on top of Raymond Bonheur's easel. Then the squirrel, as well as the birds, had to be caged, and the artists moved closer together to give the menagerie more room.

When Rosa needed other animals to study, she went to paint and model in the country. She had no money to ride, and therefore went on foot, her paint box in her hand. Often she carried several pounds of modeling clay as well, and returned worn out but happy.

To study the work of other artists, Rosa went to the Museum to paint. She was the first to arrive and the last to leave. When she wished to learn more about the animals she loved, she

thought of a strange school indeed. It was the great Paris slaughterhouse. Here the young girl would go, with a companion, to paint pictures of the cattle and sheep that were brought in. With a piece of bread in her pocket she would leave home in the morning to spend the day in this queer school. There she would become so completely absorbed in her work that she would not hear the noise going on all around her. And she would forget to eat even the meagre lunch she had carried.

It was while working in the slaughterhouse that Rosa Bonheur began to wear men's clothes. In these clothes she was not noticed, and could work with greater freedom. She also found them more comfortable, because she often had to climb about on high stools and ladders. Rosa lived in the days of crinolines and hoop skirts, when it was considered very, very curious that a young girl should want to paint great pictures of animals instead of flowers and dainty things, and still more odd that she should wear short hair and trousers. But neither of these things seemed strange at all to Rosa. She painted sheep and goats, rabbits and deer, cattle, horses, lions, dogs. Her works appeared in all the Paris exhibitions, and at last there came a day when Raymond Bonheur wrote to her in the country where she had gone with Juliette: —

"Yesterday evening we received a big envelope from the Director of the Museums. It was a *very* big envelope, with a large royal seal on it. It was brought by a tall attendant from the Louvre, who had an immense smiling face.

"ROSA BONHEUR HAS RECEIVED THE GOLD MEDAL!"

Sometimes — as when Rosa heard such happy news as this — she would run out and play. She loved to play ridiculous games, such as horse, with her brothers. She would be the driver and Isidore the horse, with a drawing pencil for a bit and long cords for reins. They would gallop over hill and dale, and come back dripping with perspiration — hot, dusty, red, and laughing. Then back they would go to work.

As time passed, the studio in the rue Rumfort was not large enough to hold the canvas for a great picture Rosa had in mind. She jokingly called this picture "My Parthenon Frieze." The Parthenon is a beautiful Greek temple, and the frieze is a famous sculpture of heroes and horses and chariots greater than life-size, and marvelous in beauty. But the painting that Rosa joked about came to be called in earnest her "Parthenon Frieze," for it was a masterwork. It was her "Horse Fair."

Word of this picture began to spread long before it was completed, and artists came to see it.

Raymond Bonheur was failing in health and had not been able to mount the stairs to the new studio, but when the painting was finished he made a supreme effort and visited the high room where it hung. Returning home, he said, "Now I can die content, for I have seen 'The Horse Fair.'" And two weeks later the father, teacher, and comrade died.

Rosa lived to be a great and honored master-artist. She was appointed director of an art school, and her works were known far and wide. In every painting is some beautiful expression. One picture is of a young shepherd guarding his flock on the mountain. Another is of a ewe surprised by the storm, and bleating for her lamb. Still another shows a watering place to which the thirsty oxen are going with heavy and majestic steps. Twilight and the half tints of evening make the picture like a poem.

As time went by, Rosa Bonheur bought for her home and studio a French château in a large park, and here she kept her animals — deer and sheep and goats, cattle and many horses. She had even some untamed American bronchos from our own far West, and a pair of lions. The lions she nursed through sickness, and when they grew old first one and then the other died in her arms.

In bird-nesting time Rosa would patrol her park with a gun, watching for marauding cats.

For she could shoot, and had served with the men in a guard of defense when war had come that way. But when a cat was discovered in the garden, all that the bird-loving artist could do was to say, "Scat!" And then she would watch the cat slink off, admiring its graceful movements.

When Rosa Bonheur's brown hair had grown gray, her eyes lit up with as merry a twinkle as ever. Over the hills and through the forests she would drive or ride, always accompanied by her dogs. In out-of-the-way places she would set up her easel and stool. And sometimes those who did not know her would wonder what little old man that was, sitting under a big umbrella and painting, painting away.

NOTE. — "The Horse Fair" now belongs to us in America. It hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

The poet Emerson said: "Raphael paints wisdom, Handel sings it, Phidias carves it, Shakespeare writes it, Wren builds it, Columbus sails it, Washington arms it, Watt mechanizes it."

Raphael was a great Italian painter; Handel was a musician. Phidias was a sculptor in the days of ancient Greece; Shakespeare was the famous dramatist. Christopher Wren was an architect, who designed graceful church spires; and James Watt invented the steam engine.

SKETCHING IN THE COUNTRY

DID you ever go to the country to sketch?

You start with your friend by the dusty road, where clouds roll up about your feet and yellow butterflies rise from the ruts as you approach. The sun is hot, and you have on the wide hat. It makes a shadow with a big head and short legs. You take a stride and jump, to see how the shadow looks and how the dust clouds puff, and barely save the water bottle from being dashed to piece when the paint box rattles against it. Your friend has been more careful.

You look about for a likely place to sit, with a good view to draw, and choose a daisied hillside above a flowing stream. Your friend would prefer to sit upon the bridge, but finally agrees with you, and together you climb the steep slope. Big and little stones scurry down among the daisies as you scramble up. The grass and flowers show a rippled track where each stone goes, down — down — out of sight.

You find a shady spot beneath a cedar tree, where you can settle down and brace your feet to keep from sliding, and there you spread out your materials. You fill the water cup and set it on a flat stone. You straighten up the little pans of paint that have shaken round in the paint box.

You begin to make a picture of a little girl going over a bridge. The little girl has a broad hat, and is square and stocky, like the shadow.

You get the brush pretty wet so that the sky

YOU CHOOSE A DAISIED HILLSIDE ABOVE A FLOWING STREAM AND THERE SPREAD OUT YOUR MATERIALS

runs into the water, and while you are waiting for the paper to dry and the bulge to go down, a bug comes along and walks across it, trailing his legs in the puddles. You watch the bug and think what a big puddle it is for him, and lift him out with the handle of your paintbrush,

which makes a streak on your paper. You intend to lay him on a blade of grass, where he was going anyway, but he does not understand the paintbrush, and becomes excited. He falls off on your lap, and you have to lift him up again.

You try a leaf instead of the brush, but each time you put it in front of him he turns round the other way. He does this six, seven, eight times, until he is running in circles. He does not know that what is happening is all for his best.

"Grab him!" says your friend.

"Be still!" say you. "I almost have him!"

You move the leaf quickly, to put him where he belongs, and he drops off right into the water cup, kicking with all his legs. You get him out, not so gently this time, and shake him off the leaf, to which his wet body sticks. He lands on his back in the grass and feebly waves his helpless legs in the air.

Very carefully you turn him over, and he rests, exhausted. You wonder if he is dead. But he revives. It was only a great adventure, a near-catastrophe. He will go home and tell his family all about it, and about the giant who came and sat down in his pasture, and nearly drowned him in a well. And he runs up a blade of grass to the very top, where he turns and waves two feet in the air. Then he goes down again on the other side, and tries another blade of grass.

Your paper is dry, but the blue looks rather pale, and there is an irregular spot where the bug struggle went on. You decide not to have it a picture of a little girl crossing a bridge, anyhow, but a night scene instead, with a star where the spot is — it *does* look like a star.

Your friend has made a picture of a lady in a pink silk dress overlaid with gauze. She has a bracelet on her arm. But your friend has drawn the bracelet like a complete circle on the outside of the lady's arm. You explain that one does not *see* both sides of the bracelet — only one side should be shown. But your friend answers that it *is* a circle. She will not change the bracelet and thinks it very beautiful — and so it is.

You look at your star. The night sky is a heavenly blue. It affects you deeply. Very carefully you take the picture home. You do not want your friend to speak of it — it has an almost holy meaning. She tries to see it, and it tears a little on the corner. You carry it on the off side as you walk, and from time to time you look at it, pretending that your papers slip. You are overcome with a feeling you do not understand. You hope no one will ask to see your picture. You will keep it in a certain place that nobody knows about but you. How mysterious is the world!

SHADOWS OF THE EVENING

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

SABINE BARING-GOULD

NOTE. — This is a song to sing in two parts. Do you know the harmony? It is a very old song, a crooning one, and lovely to sing at home. You should learn both the soprano and the alto, so that somebody else you know may take whichever part she chooses.

MONI AND HIS GOATS[1]

THE red morning clouds were still sweeping over the sky, and a fresh mountain wind rustled the hair about the ears of Moni, the goat boy, as he climbed up the mountain. That just suited him. For pure joy he yodeled[2] forth so lustily from the first peak down into the valley below, that many a sleeper in the hotel down there opened his eyes in surprise — but quickly closed them again, for he recognized the voice, and knew that he might still indulge in another hour's nap.

In the meantime, Moni climbed for an hour with his goats, higher and higher, up to the rocky ledges. As he climbed, the view became ever wider and more beautiful to Moni. From time to time he stopped and looked about him. Then, as he gazed into the clear sky, which was becoming bluer and bluer, with all his might he began to sing, and the higher he climbed, the more gleefully did he sing: —

"Up yonder in the fir trees
Sing the birds in a chorus,
And after it has rained,
Again the sun shines o'er us.

. . . . . .

[1] Translated from the German by Mary D. Hutchinson Hodgkins.
[2] Sang.

"The summer gives berries,
Fine weather will bring them.
Red ones and black ones,
I eat all from the stem.

"If nuts are in the hedges,
So also do I know
Why the goats like to browse
Where the tender herbs grow."

Now the height was reached where he usually stayed, and to-day he wished to remain there for a while. It was a little green table-land, with so broad a projection that one could look from the top all round about, and far, far down into the valley. This projection was called Rock Pulpit; and here Moni would often remain hours at a time, gazing about him and whistling to himself, while his little goats quite peacefully sought their herbs around him.

As soon as Moni arrived, he took his provision bag from his back and laid it in a small hole in the ground, which he had dug for that purpose. Then he went out on Rock Pulpit and threw himself on the ground in order to enjoy himself thoroughly.

The sky had now become deep blue. Above were the high mountains, with their peaks towering to the sky and great ice fields appearing, while below, the green valley shone afar in the morning

glow. Moni lay there looking around, singing, and whistling. The mountain wind cooled his warm face, and when he stopped whistling, the birds sang about him still more lustily and flew up into the blue sky. Moni was very happy. From time to time Meggy, the little kid, came to him, and rubbed her head on his shoulder, as she always did out of pure devotion. Then she bleated quite affectionately, went to Moni's other side, and again rubbed her head on his shoulder. From among the other goats also first one and then another came to seek its keeper, and each had its own way of making him a visit.

The brown one, Moni's own goat, came quite carefully and looked at him to see if he were all right. She stood there and gazed at him until he said, "Yes, yes, Brownie, it is quite all right — go now again to your pasture."

The young white one and Swallow, as she was called, — because she was so small and nimble, and darted everywhere like a swallow, — always rushed together upon Moni, so that they would have thrown him down, had he not been already upon the ground. Then they darted off again.

The shining Blackie, Meggy's mother, was a little proud; she came only within a few steps of Moni, looked at him with lifted head, as if she did not wish to appear too familiar, and then went her way again.

Big Sultan, however, the billy goat, showed himself but once; then he pushed away all the goats that he found near Moni, and bleated several times, as meaningly as if he had news to give about the condition of the flock of which he considered himself the leader.

Little Meggy alone never allowed herself to be pushed aside from her protector. If the billy goat came and wished to shove her aside, then she crept so close under Moni's arm or head that big Sultan could not get at her at all. And so, under Moni's protection, the kid was no longer the least bit afraid of Sultan, although she had once trembled whenever he came near her.

Thus the sunny morning passed.

Moni had already eaten his midday meal, and now stood thoughtfully leaning upon his stick, which he often needed there, for it was very useful to him in climbing up and down. He was considering whether or not he would climb up to a new side of the rocks, for he wished to go higher that afternoon with the goats. But the question now was, to which side? He decided upon the left, for that led to the three Dragon Stones, round which such tender bushes grew that it was a real feast for the goats.

The way was steep, and there were dangerous places in the wall of rock; but he knew a good path, and the goats were very sensible and did

not easily go astray. He began to climb, and all his goats gayly scrambled along too, some in front of him, some behind, little Meggy always quite close to him. Occasionally he held her fast and drew her along with him when they came to a very steep place.

All went well, however, and now they were at the top, and with high leaps the goats ran quickly to the green bushes, for they knew well the excellent feed that they had nibbled there before.

"Gently, gently!" warned Moni. "And do not push each other on the steep places; in a moment one of you might go down and have your legs broken. Swallow, Swallow! What are you thinking about?" he called, full of excitement, up to the rocks above; for the nimble goat had clambered up on the high Dragon Stones, and now she was standing on the outermost edge of one of the stones, peering down upon him quite pertly. He climbed up quickly, for only a single step more and Swallow would be lying below at the bottom of the precipice. Moni was very nimble. In a few minutes he had quickly grasped Swallow fast by the leg and drawn her down.

"Now come with me, you silly little animal, you!" called Moni, as he dragged Swallow down with him to the others. He held her fast for a little while, until she was eagerly nibbling the shrubs and thought no more of running away.

"Where is Meggy?" Moni suddenly screamed, as he noticed Blackie standing alone in a steep place and not eating, but quietly looking round her. The young kid was always near Moni or running after its mother.

"What have you done with your kid, Blackie?" he called in alarm, and sprang up to the goat. She was quite strange. She did not eat, but remained standing in the same place, suspiciously pricking up her ears. Moni placed himself beside her and looked up and down. Now he heard soft, pitiful bleating. It was Meggy's voice. It came from down below, mournfully calling for help. Moni lay on the ground and leaned over. Down below something was moving. Now he saw it quite plainly; far down, on the bough of a tree which grew out of a rock, hung Meggy, bleating pitifully. She must have fallen over.

Fortunately the bough had caught her, or she would have fallen into the abyss and met with a sad death. But even now, if she could no longer stick fast to the branch, she would fall into the depths and be dashed to pieces.

In the greatest anxiety, Moni called down, "Hold fast, Meggy! Hold fast to the bough! See, I am coming at once to get you!"

But how could he reach her?

The wall of rock was so steep there, Moni saw at once that it was impossible for one to

get down. But the little goat must be near Rain Rock, the overhanging stone, under which one could so well protect himself from the rain. There the goat boys always spent their days in rainy weather; therefore the rock had long been called Rain Rock. From there, Moni thought he could climb straight up the rocks and so come back with the kid.

He quickly whistled the flock together and climbed down with them to the place which led to Rain Rock; there he left them to pasture and he went down to the rock. He immediately saw, just a bit above him, the bough and the kid hanging on it. He saw indeed that it would not be easy to climb up there and then down again with Meggy on his back, but there was no other way to rescue the little animal. He also thought right away that the dear God would certainly stand by him; then indeed he could not fail. He looked up to Heaven, and prayed: "O dear God, help me, so that I can save Meggy!"

Then he was full of trust that all would go well, and nimbly climbed up the rocks until he reached the branch above. There he clung fast with both his feet, lifted the trembling, whimpering little animal up on his shoulders, and with great care climbed down again.

When he again had the firm turf under his feet,

and saw that he had saved the frightened little kid, he was so happy that he must give thanks aloud, and he cried up to Heaven: "O dear God, I thank Thee a thousand times for having helped us so well! Oh, we are both so glad of it!"

Then he sat down for a while on the ground and stroked the kid, who was still trembling in all her delicate legs, and comforted her for enduring so much suffering.

As it would soon be time to leave, Moni once more placed the little kid on his shoulders, and said gently: "Come, you poor Meggy — you are even yet trembling. You cannot walk home to-day; I must carry you." And so he carried the little creature, nestling close to him, all the way down the mountain.

As he went down the road to the village, he took out his little horn and blew into it so vigorously that it resounded far down into the valley. From all the scattered dwellings the children now came running. Each pounced upon his goat, which he knew a long way off, and from the houses near by, here one woman and there another seized her own little goat by the cord or by the horn. And in a short time the whole flock was scattered, and each little animal was in its own place.

JOHANNA SPYRI

NOTE. — This is a story of the Swiss Alps, by the author of *Heidi*.

In summer the herdsmen take the lowland village flocks up on the mountain pastures to graze, and there they stay with them throughout the season. They follow the tender green grass, for when it is summer in the valleys it is like springtime on the hillsides. Moni was a little boy who lived on the mountain and cared for the goats of the upland villagers, taking them to pasture every morning and home every night.

THE GIFT OF THE FAIRIES

(A Mexican Story)

ONCE upon a time, two brothers lived in a small brown house in the edge of the forest. They cut wood and carried bundles of it on their backs into the town. There they sold wood, and bought meal and corn. The older brother, who was called José, was tall and handsome, but he was lazy. He was cruel to all the creatures in the forest, and he was unkind to his brother Armond, who was a hunchback. Armond was kind to all the little live things of the forest, and loved all of them.

One cold winter morning José awoke in an ugly mood. He said that it was too cold for him to work, and that Armond would have to cut wood all alone that day. The big brother kept

most of the food for himself, and gave Armond only a crust of bread for his lunch.

As Armond walked along, he saw a rabbit, stiff with the cold. He picked up the shivering little animal and put it in his warm pocket. A bit farther on, he saw a fox caught in the trap José had set. The poor thing was frightened and struggling to get away. Armond stopped a moment and set the fox free. Then he went on to his work, and made the chips fly until noon.

He sat down on the sunny side of a big rock to eat his crust of bread. He had worked so hard that even a crust tasted good. He was gathering up the crumbs to eat, when a flock of sparrows flew down. He threw the crumbs to them. The sparrows fluttered about him and ate the last crumb.

Then Armond went back to work. He cut wood so fast that at dusk he had a large bundle. He drew a stout rope around the sticks and threw his load over his shoulder. When he started home, the moon was just coming up.

As he was walking slowly along, he saw a ring of misty light. The little hunchback stood quite still, for there in the path before him was a group of fairies. They had joined hands and were dancing in a circle. They were singing softly: "Sunday, Monday, Tuesday," and then they stopped, for they had forgotten what came next.

THE FAIRIES DANCED AROUND ARMOND AND PULLED HIM INTO THE RING

"Let us try it again. Perhaps it will come to us," piped a tiny fairy in a blue dress.

They began again: "Sunday, Monday, Tuesday," but they stopped, for they could not think what came next.

"That song is the very nicest one we knew, and it is about the nights of the week, too," said a fairy in a green dress.

"Why don't you say 'days of the week'?" asked a purple fairy.

"What do we care about days? We dance at night. Now sing once more."

Armond felt so sorry that the fairies had forgotten their song that he joined in this time, just as softly as he could.

"Sunday, Monday, Tuesday," sang the fairies and Armond. Then his voice went on alone: "And Wednesday, too."

The fairies were delighted to hear the words they had forgotten. They danced around Armond and pulled him into the ring. They were not at all afraid of him, but sang the song through:—

"Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, too;
So much the fairies know is true.
Then come Thursday and Friday and Saturday night,
When the fairies dance in the moonbeams bright.
Now all join hands in a ring on the lawn,
And the fairies will play until it is dawn."

Armond had such a good time that he forgot how late it was. At last he said, "I must go home." The fairies begged him to stay for just one more dance, and after that he looked about for his bundle of sticks. The fairies told him he would find that later, but they filled his pockets with dry leaves and grass. They ran along beside him until he came to the edge of the woods. Even then they watched him go up the steps to his little brown house.

José was very angry because Armond had stayed so late. He met his brother at the door with a big stick, for he meant to give him a sound whipping. He was so surprised to see Armond standing up tall and straight that he forgot to punish him. He only said, "Brother, what has become of the hump on your back?"

Armond was so delighted that he could hardly tell what had happened. José said he must be crazy to think he saw fairies.

"What have you in your pockets?" shouted José, as if he were angry because his brother was no longer a hunchback.

Armond put his hands in his pockets and brought forth shining yellow gold. He looked at the wood box and found that it had been filled with wood enough to last many a day.

José was pleased with the gold and also with the wood. If the fairies gave such gifts to a

poor deformed hunchback, what would they give to a straight, handsome fellow like himself? He determined he would meet the fairies to-morrow and see what would happen to him.

Early the next morning, José arose and cooked himself a good breakfast. Then he took the best there was in the house for his lunch. When he started for the forest, he saw a rabbit, stiff with the cold, lying in the path. He kicked the rabbit aside. Next he saw a fox caught in the trap he had set.

"I want to meet the fairies," said José, "so I'll just leave that fox in the trap until I come back — if I ever do come back."

All the morning José worked slowly and kept looking about for fairies. When noon came, he sat down on the sunny side of a big rock to eat his lunch. The sparrows came fluttering about, looking for crumbs. He threw sticks at them and drove them away. Then he took a nap.

When he awoke, the moon was coming up. José hastily gathered his few sticks together and threw the bundle over his shoulder. He hurried off home.

Just as Armond had told him, he saw a ring of misty light. He heard the fairies singing: "Sunday, Monday, Tuesday —"

He did not wait to see whether they remembered the words. He shouted right out, "and Wednesday, too, you stupid things!"

This frightened the fairies so that they ran away. One fled past José and he caught her.

"I shall not let you go until you give me all the gold I want," said the rude fellow.

"Fairies have no gold — only songs," she cried.

"I don't care for your songs. Give me leaves that turn to gold!" The fairy thrust a handful of oak leaves into his pocket and fled. He saw her green dress flutter away among the trees.

Then he filled his hat, his pockets, and even the front of his blouse with leaves. Somehow, he began to feel weak and sick. He felt a heavy weight on his back, which he could not throw off. He walked home slowly and feebly. At last he reached the little brown house, where Armond stood in the open doorway waiting for him.

"My poor brother!" cried Armond. "You have my hump on your back."

"I have no hump," shouted José. "I tell you, I won't have a hump!"

He tried with all his might to straighten up, but he could not.

"Anyway, I have the gold," he said.

He put his hands into his pockets and brought forth heavy stones.

"My poor brother," said Armond, "I have gold enough for both of us. What can we do to get the fairies to take away your hump?"

LORA B. PECK

NOTE. — Armond makes us want to imagine another story about "How José Lost His Hump." It would be hard for José, of course, because he would have to change himself — but kind Armond would help to show him the way. If you made up this story, you could make pictures for it too.

MAY

WHO knew that May was on the way?
"I did," said a thrush;
"I knew so well that I made my nest
In a bare brown bush."

"We knew, and we knew," the lilacs said.
"We breathed to our buds:
'You will hear her call; she will say to you all,
Throw back your hoods!'"

"I knew in my heart," said an apple tree.
"I promised a wren
That when April passed she might build her house
In my boughs again."

"She never has failed," the old earth said.
"She is sweet and true.
I did not fear when the winds were drear —
I knew, I knew!"

NANCY BYRD TURNER

NOTE. — Would you like to keep throughout the year one flower of every kind that you see in bloom? Why not have a wild-flower book, with real flowers mounted and labeled with their names, and the date and place of finding?

In earliest spring you could begin with anemones and hepaticas. There are two kinds of anemones that grow together in the same woods. One is like a star, with fairy leaves almost as delicate as maidenhair fern. This is the rue anemone, or *Thalictrum anemonoides*. (It is fun to learn a few of the botanical names of flowers; they are very satisfying, and rolling to the tongue.) The other often hangs its head, like a cup. It has no petals; what you might think petals are sepals. The back of the sepals is sometimes purplish tinted. This is the wood anemone, or *Anemone nemorosa*.

The hepatica is sometimes called "liverleaf," from the shape of its leaves. They are thick and ruddy, and do not come until after the flowers. The stems are red, and covered with down like silver fur. And oh! the joy of discovering a clump of the lovely fairy blue, growing up from last year's dry leaves! They take the heart with beauty.

Both the anemone and the hepatica belong to the Crowfoot family, of which the buttercup is a member. You can see how much the flowers are alike, and some of the leaves, also. The leaf of the buttercup is cleft, like the crow's foot.

Later come the violets of different kinds; the yellow cowslip; the bellflower; and regiments of the

two-leaved Solomon's-seal (*Maianthemum bifolium*) springing up about the roots of beech and hickory. The true Solomon's-seal has a little mark upon its root, like a seal; its blossoms hang like a chime of bells nodding beneath its long stem of leaves. The false Solomon's-seal has stem and leaves like the true, but the blossoms grow in a head at the end of the stem, and look like the blossoms of the *Maianthemun bifolium.*

Then comes the columbine, like a little nodding clown; daisy and clover; the pinxter flower, or *Azalea nudiflora;* and the wild blue flag, which is of the Iris family, like the blue-eyed grass.

Take one flower only of each for a specimen, showing leaf and bud and blossom, and press it carefully between pieces of blotting paper laid in folded newspapers, under a weight. When the flower is pressed and dry, mount it with tiny strips of gummed tissue in a book, or, better still, on a large sheet of heavy paper, to be kept with the others in the portfolio of your flower record.

TO A CHILD

SMALL service is true service while it lasts;
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature, scorn not one:
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

AN OLD SOUTHERN GARDEN

THERE are wonderful things in this Old Southern Garden,
Bushes and vines and trees.
There are beautiful blossoms that laugh in the sunshine,
And sway and dance with the breeze.
There are wee, lovely people who live in this Garden,
Spirits and Fairies and Elves,
And when you have learned of their haunts and their habits
I am sure you can see them yourselves.

THE Old Southern Garden is green with trees, some of them centuries old, some of them very young. Certain among them make a beautiful roof for the flowers that need to grow in the shade. Others stand tall, gathering their branches close about them, to make way for the sunshine.

And, of course, there are flowers under the trees and out in the big open spaces that have been left for them. There are poppies of every color, swaying in the wind, like butterflies come to rest. Pink and purple morning-glories climb over old stumps and nod over the brick wall that cuts off the fields. Jasmine flowers shine like tiny stars from the thick green foliage that goes rambling up the pillars of the broad front gallery. And there are wild flowers too — dandelions like gold stars lying in the grass, darling little rain lilies, springing up suddenly to laugh

in the soft showers, and clover blossoms, pink and white, where bees buzz merrily.

There are roses and lilies of every kind, and over in one corner of the Garden grows a Tiger Lily plant — just one. They used to call him the Lonely Tiger Lily, until the Fairy Queen of Dreams for Little Children came to live with him. At the feet of the Tiger Lily grow violets, deep purple fellows, who nod all day and call out gay words to their pale wild cousins.

Now the Spirit of the Garden goes dressed in trailing robes of mist. And it was here, early one morning, that the Sunset Banner was painted so that Father Sun could say good-night to the flowers who love him so. He loves them, too, and he hates to wake them up in the morning. And he never could have done it, if it had not been for the Spirit of the Garden. She had not always lived in the Garden; but one morning, before she had taken up her abode there —

Old Father Sun had scattered his rays
To the north and the south and the west,
But each little blossom still cuddled in bed
Like a wee birdie tucked in its nest.
He called to the crocuses, lilies so white,
To the fern leaves, all fuzzily furled —
"One and all!" cried the Sun,
"Lift your heads! Greet the light!
'T is the Waking-up Time of the World."

The flowers, however, did not awaken. They went right on sleeping, their little heads all bowed just as though it were still dark night. Father Sun did not think this was right. He thought every blossom in the Garden should want to be awake at the Waking-up Time of the World. So he went climbing very fast up the eastern slope of the sky until he met Mother Cloud, a great, fat, jolly, white-haired person, and to her he told his troubles — all about the little sleepy flowers. "What shall I do about it?" asked Father Sun, when he had finished his tale.

"Can you not awaken them, Father Sun?" asked Mother Cloud. "You are so big and strong, you should be able to do that little thing."

"That's just it," answered Father Sun. "I could, if I were big and strong and rough with them. But I cannot be that, because they are so little. I send my littlest beams down among them, to call them gently, but the more my beams call the more closely the flowers snuggle down, until it is very late in the morning before I can get them up."

Mother Cloud bowed her head in thought. Then she raised her arms and waved them slowly against the deep blue sky, and far away Father Sun saw other arms waving, little arms all draped in mist. Then the little Cloud whose arms they were came floating across the deep-blue sky.

"You want some one to be very strict with the flowers?" Mother Cloud was asking Father Sun.

"Very strict, but very gentle, too," said Father Sun.

Mother Cloud smiled. She knew how much Father Sun loved the flowers, knew that he would rather have them sleep all day long than have anyone speak crossly to them, and she understood. Yet she thought they ought to be awake, at the Waking-up Time of the World.

The little Cloud drew near.

"Would you like to go to Mother Earth," Mother Cloud asked the little Cloud, "and awaken all the flowers for Father Sun?"

"Yes, Mother," said the little Cloud, and her voice was as gentle as the rains in springtime.

"You must awaken the flowers gently, of course," said Father Sun, "but they should be awake at the Waking-up Time of the World."

"After you awaken them," Mother Cloud said, "give them a bath, so that their eyes will be very bright. And their clothes must be very fresh. Do you think that you can do this?"

"I can try," said the little Cloud, "and I will try."

"Then," said Mother Cloud, "run away and play now, and meet me here at midnight. We will go to Mother Earth before the dawn to-morrow."

Father Sun thanked Mother Cloud, and then went hurrying away up and up and up into the sky, so that he would not be late for Man's Busy Time of Day. He knew that he need worry no more about the flowers, now that Mother Cloud had promised to have them wide awake.

Before dawn of the next day Mother Cloud took the little Cloud by the hand and led her down across the sky, closer and closer and closer to Mother Earth, until the white veils that they wore were draped all through the trees in the Old Southern Garden.

"This is the Garden where you will live," said Mother Cloud to the little Cloud. "And you will remember always to have the flowers bathed and very fresh and dainty, when Father Sun comes."

But the little Cloud was not listening.

"What will happen to me, all alone in this great Garden, so very far from home?" she asked, clinging close to Mother Cloud.

"Nothing will happen, little Cloud, except happiness. The Men people in the Big House will see your trailing robes of mist and they will know that you are the Spirit of the Garden, and will love you. The Earth people in the Garden will be so fresh and wide-awake and happy, when you have taken care of them, that they also will love you.

And then, you know, you can often come back home to Cloudland, and play with all the other little Clouds. But remember," and Mother Cloud nodded her white head wisely, "remember you are now no longer just a little Cloud. You are the Spirit of the Garden." Then, raising her white arms slowly, she drifted off, high and high and higher against the blue, blue sky.

The Spirit of the Garden turned, and bent above the flower beds, and called gently to the flowers. When they awakened, she bathed them and made them fresh and bright, explaining to them that Father Sun and Mother Cloud had sent her, so that they might all be awake at the Waking-up Time of the World.

And the flowers were glad that the Spirit had come
A while in their Garden to live,
For they wished to be ready at Waking-up Time
With the greeting God meant them to give.

LOUISE HUBERT GUYOL

NOTE. — It would be a happy thing for you to make a picture of your own garden, as you wish it might be, all in beautiful colors, with birds and bees and butterflies. Then whenever you look upon your real garden you will find yourself seeing it the wonderful way, all full of dream flower beds.

Do you know the little gray pots, in which marmalade comes from the grocer's? They are the prettiest things to hold wild flowers. So accustomed to

the nosegays have these little pots become that nobody, beholding an empty jar, can help seeing imaginary flowers. In this way it has come to pass that wherever such a little gray pot sits, — on a city window sill, on a winter breakfast table, on a dark, high, pantry shelf, — there sweet ghosts of flowers softly shine. There are wild roses, wet with dew; golden mustard; ferns and wild geraniums; red clover; dandelions.

If you have no flowers, perhaps you can find one of these little magic pots in some cellarway. When you do, cherish it. Set it on your window ledge, or beside your supper plate, or in your treasure hole, for it is full of blossoms — the freshest and fairest blossoms that grow.

THE SUNSET BANNER

In the Old Southern Garden, as you know, live many children of Mother Earth — flowers and trees and bushes, spirits and gnomes and elves. Here also live two Children of the Sky — the Spirit of the Garden, who was once a little Cloud, and the Fairy Queen of Dreams for Little Children, who was once a shooting star. The Fairy Queen of Dreams for Little Children lives with the Lonely Tiger Lily, who has never been lonely since he adopted her on that night she fell to earth.

One morning early, before Father Sun had even

come up over the eastern edge of the World, the Fairy Queen of Dreams for Little Children swayed on the edge of the Tiger Lily's petals and called to the Spirit of the Garden.

"When is Father Sun coming?" she asked.

"Coming soon," answered the Spirit of the Garden.

"I love to see him come," said the Fairy Queen of Dreams for Little Children, "and I hate to see him go."

"He must go," said the Spirit of the Garden. "He has to go and scatter sunbeams for all the little children on the other side of the world, while you scatter dreams for the little children over here."

"I know," the Fairy Queen of Dreams for Little Children sighed; "but I am lonely when he goes. I wave my wand to him every night, from the top of the tallest tree yonder." With her moonbeam wand she pointed to an old tree in the corner. "But he never says good-bye to me. I wish he would."

"He has no wand," said the Tiger Lily, waving his blossoms gayly. "If he had a wand, or a banner like mine, he could say good-bye."

"Let's make him a banner," said the flowers all together, for they had awakened while the Spirit of the Garden and the Fairy Queen of Dreams for Little Children had been talking.

"The Spirit of the Rainbow shall paint it for us," said the Spirit of the Garden.

"And we will give our colors," sang the flowers all together.

"We will be the brush," sang the purple thistles from the other side of the wall.

"And may we be the handle?" called the yellow cornstalks that stood beside the purple thistles.

The Spirit of the Garden laid her finger on her lips, for Father Sun was coming. "This must be our secret," she said, as she passed swiftly from bed to bed, bathing all the flowers and smoothing the wrinkles out of their pretty petal dresses.

Father Sun came up over the eastern edge of the World, giving them happy, golden smiles as he passed on, high and high and higher up into the sky. The very minute he was so high that they thought he could not hear their voices, the flowers fell to talking again about the banner that they would make for him.

Late in the day the Spirit of the Garden went away, up and up and up into the sky, and she found Mother Cloud and told her all about their plan.

"I will lay cloud tissue along the western edge of the World this afternoon," said Mother Cloud. The Spirit of the Garden thanked her, and flew across the sky until she came to its very farthest

high-up spot. There, on the other side of a curving fence made of gayly colored railings, lives the Spirit of the Rainbow. She is very beautiful, and her gown is made of misty stuff of shining colors, like a raindrop in the sunshine.

"Will you come with me?" asked the Spirit of the Garden.

"I will," said the Spirit of the Rainbow, raising her arms and flying away with the Spirit of the Garden.

For that is always the way with the Children of the Earth and Air and Sky; they always serve each other, never asking whither, whence, nor why. As they drifted downward, the Spirit of the Garden told the Spirit of the Rainbow about the banner that they wished to paint for Father Sun.

So they came to Mother Earth early in the afternoon, and the Spirit of the Garden spread her veils all over the trees in the Old Southern Garden, so that the Men people in the Big House could not see what was going on. The Spirit of the Rainbow tied the purple thistles with ribbon grass to the dried cornstalk, and then she moved about the Garden, taking red color from the red flowers and yellow from the yellow; and she took pink, and golden, and purple, and pale tints from the pale flowers. And with all this color she painted the cloud tissue that Mother

Cloud had piled along the western edge of the World.

After a while, Father Sun came traveling down the western slope of the sky, fast and faster and faster. The flowers all watched very eagerly.

THE FAIRY QUEEN WAVED HER MOONBEAM WAND

The Fairy Queen of Dreams for Little Children stood in the tallest tree. The Spirit of the Garden, gathering up her veils, hung high in the sky, looking down upon all that was taking place.

The Fairy Queen of Dreams for Little Children waved her moonbeam wand; and the flowers and the trees and the Spirit of the Garden and the Fairy Queen of Dreams for Little Children —

Saw the Sun slip slowly, very slowly out of sight.
'T was time to leave the children and the flowers for the night.
The Garden Folk were watching, watching, as he slipped from view;
They saw him fling the banner against the fading blue.
Then the blue sky glowed, all golden, and swiftly turned to flame,
And the Garden's earthly colors wore a splendid heavenly name.
The fire clouds turned purple, and every hue gleamed bright;
Father Sun had waved his banner and had said to Earth, "Good night!"

LOUISE HUBERT GUYOL

DUTCH SLUMBER SONG

THE little fields are very green,
And kine the little fields do keep.
Through many channels laid between
Waters creep.

A stork goes stepping unto nest,
Goes stepping solemn like a king;
And red the west, and in the west
White gulls wing.

Boats are floating all the night
Down the level water's black,
Boats that left by candlelight
Have all come back.

They have cut the hay and bound it.
Poled along, the barge lags by.
Lazy duckweed winds around it
Lingeringly.

Fishers squatting in a row
Now have told their latest tale.
Now the flapping mills swing slow,
And winds fail.

Good night, little fields so green,
Kine that little fields do keep,
Little country, brave and clean,
Half asleep.

VIOLA C. WHITE

FAIRY SPECTACLES

A POOR peasant woman sat one day at the door of her cottage, nursing her youngest child. This was a little girl, a baby but a few months old. She was a delicate creature, rather an anxiety to her mother, whose elder children were big boys.

"Oh, baby," she said, when the child's plaintive voice kept up a wearisome cry, "Oh, baby, dear, I wish you would not wail so. What is the matter, you poor little thing? I do everything I can think of for you. What is it you want?"

But even while she was speaking thus, the baby's whimper suddenly ceased. A bright smile overspread its little face, as if it were gazing at something very pleasant. And glancing up, the mother saw, coming toward them along the garden path, a curious-looking old woman, who carried a basket, carefully covered so that its contents were hidden from view. The old woman wore a large scarlet cloak, which wrapped her all around.

"Who can she be?" thought the cottager's wife. "I've never seen her in these parts before. But I'll bid her welcome, for 't is plain baby likes her bright-colored cloak."

So, "Good day, dame," she said kindly. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I'd be glad to rest my old bones a bit, thank ye," replied the old woman. "I've some way to go still before nightfall, and it's very hot to-day."

"It's nice and shady here in the porch. Stay, I'll fetch you out a chair," said the mother. And all the while she was doing so, the baby crowed and laughed as if quite delighted.

"What a nice baby!" said the stranger, "I must see if I have n't something to please her in my basket." And she began to undo the cover.

"Don't ye trouble," said the mother. "Not but that I'd like to see your wares; it's not many peddlers as comes this way. We're but poor folk hereabouts, and I'm one of the poorest. I can buy nought but of the plainest for my children."

But the old dame took no notice, and by this time the basket was unfastened. The young mother could not resist the temptation of peeping in, and she gave a little cry of surprise. The contents were not what she had expected. Instead of caps, ribbons, and laces, temptingly arranged, there was the queerest possible collection of what looked like old toys, or odds and ends out of a curiosity shop. It would take too long to tell half the things. There were strange-shaped boxes and caskets. There were one or two toy watches; a few very ancient, shabby-looking books; purses,

dingy in themselves, but containing brightly gleaming coins; little bottles tightly corked, filled with liquids of different colors; a few pairs of half-worn-out shoes; some finely made, but evidently very aged, spectacles; and a great many more things than I can possibly describe.

The old woman drew the basket close under the baby's eyes — so near that the little hands could reach its contents.

"Mind," said the mother, "she's more noticing than you might think. She'll be making havoc of your things."

"No fear," replied the peddler; "let her please herself."

The baby's eyes were fixed upon the medley. She seized one thing after another, examined each gravely, while now and then a little smile flickered over her face, but each in turn she flung down again into the basket. And all the time the old woman watched her closely.

"Are n't you afraid of her breaking any of your things?" said the mother anxiously. "For you see I'm too poor to pay you if she does."

"Never fear," the peddler replied calmly. "I'm used to babies. There's now and then more wisdom with them than with older folk. I want no pay. Your child shall have what she chooses as a gift. I think she is going to choose wisely."

"Yes — well done, little maiden," she went

on, as the baby flung down one of the silken purses, which had attracted her for a moment by the glitter of the coin it held. "Well done! There are better things than riches — aye, and than beauty," as baby, having poked her little nose into a casket of some sweet-smelling pomade, threw it, too, away with a comical look of dislike.

"Go on, my deary. Wouldst like the pictures in this book? Thou wouldst never forget a word, once thou hadst learned to read it, and the learning would come easy. No? Nor this silver birdcall, which would teach thee to sing as seldom maiden has sung before? Nor these tiny shoes, which I'll warrant would fit thee, not now only, but for many a long day, and with which thou shouldst be the fleetest of foot and the most graceful dancer that ever was seen? Nor this ivory comb, which would give thee locks to rival those of the Fair One in the ancient story? Nor even this flask of perfume, to secure thee from all illness? Why, baby, thou art hard to please."

But all the same the old woman's voice grew softer and sweeter, as, one after the other, the child pushed away the objects offered her. And the stranger's eyes smiled with pleasure as baby made a sudden dart at an old pair of spectacles, and with a rippling laugh of delight settled them on her own tiny nose, where, strange to say, they fitted perfectly.

"Baby!" exclaimed the mother, in astonishment. "Spectacles are not for such as you, my little girl — though is it not wonderful she should have known what to do with them?" she said, turning to the dame. "I'll give them back again."

But lo and behold, the spectacles were gone! The young woman gasped with surprise. The dame only smiled.

"'T is all right," she said. "Baby has chosen well — the spectacles are hers forever, they have melted into her eyes. Look close and you will see the sheen of them, and round the rims of the eyeballs a golden circle. 'T will never leave her; old as well as young, your child will have that lovely sparkle in her eyes."

The mother stooped to gaze closely into the pretty eyes. When she lifted her head, basket, old woman, scarlet cloak, and all had disappeared, but baby was smiling sweetly, and seemed to crow with fun at her mother's surprise.

Had it all been a dream? The cottager's wife rubbed her eyes and began to think she must have fallen asleep without knowing it. And though baby looked as if she could have explained the mystery, it was no use — for of course she was too young to speak.

Time went on, and the matter faded from the mother's mind — or rather, when she thought of it at all, she remembered it only as a dream.

Baby grew up into a little girl, and gradually into a big one.

She was a rather delicate child, and she had often pains and aches to bear. Her parents were poor, and as there were many children, little Rosy had not what one would call an easy life. But it seemed as if all came right to her. Except for the lovely light in her eyes, she was not a very pretty girl; but go where she would, she was sure of a welcome. Quarrels and ill-humor melted away before her; the sunshine seemed always to rest on her head; and sorrows and troubles never brought a cross or impatient word to her gentle lips.

"Where does Rosy get her sweet ways from?" many a one used to ask. And when Rosy herself had to reply, she would only say that she did not know; she thought it must be that everybody was so kind and good to her.

She lived to be a very old woman. Children and grandchildren were round her when she died. But though the sweet face was worn and thin, the eyes had still their golden light.

"I have found life a happy thing — and I am glad to have lived so long," she whispered with a loving smile. Can you guess the real name of the fairy spectacles?

MRS. MOLESWORTH

NOTE. — And do you wear them, too?

THE VISIT

We used slates in the second grade, and the pencils squeaked. The school slates had wooden frames, which made them rather noisy, but those we ourselves bought — twenty-five cent ones — had red felt frames and were richly soft in sound and pretty in color. When the teacher gave the word to clean the slates it was, "Sponges: One, two, three — out; clean; put away." Then, "Slate rags: One, two, three — out; polish; put away." When the rags were flourished, there was a horrible smell in the room, because not all the children remembered to bring clean ones each week. Mine were always clean, and I had colored water in a tooth-powder bottle, a different color each week, for which my mother used her expensive artist's colors — rose madder, blue, and purple.

A tall girl named Esther sat behind me. She had long yellow hair, but she liked mine better and used to draw it over her desk to make into curls. Oh, delicious feeling! But I always pulled it away from her and went on doing "times" tables. It was a continual trial, that hair curling. I loved to have it done and she to do it, but there would have been no "times" tables for either of us if it went on. Whenever I leaned back,

my hair was drawn over her desk. Then I would pull away and lean over my slate. At recess Esther would put on my rubbers for me and say, "Why do you pull away?" and I would say, "We will not get our 'times' tables if you curl my hair."

I had the whooping cough, and after that a tickle, tickle, tickle that would not go away, so my aunt took me home with her from New York to Boston for a change of air.

They were all very good to me. My uncle manufactured cod liver oil and I therefore had a great deal of it — not milky or flavored with wintergreen, but pure cod liver oil, just as it was squeezed out of the livers. He used to send it to us later in tall tin cans holding a gallon. He also used to tell me stories, loved-up in the big Marks chair, under the picture of Moses in the bulrushes, painted by my mother. But once he told me Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves — a *frightful* story. I dreamed of it. I was beginning to have an ulcerated tooth, and everything was all mixed up together.

The tooth became worse and my cheek swelled out like a balloon. Then I had hives on my back. When I felt too miserable for words, I would climb up on a chair to look into the mirror over the buffet and laugh at my funny face. It was funnier still when I was crying, so I would

laugh all the more. I went to the dentist; and there was such a hole in the tooth it was like the castle in the bottom of a fish globe for the little fishes to swim in and out. My father sent me a check, addressed right on the envelope "To Miss Betsey Trotwood Copperfield——," to pay for having my tooth filled. He told me how to endorse it. "Turn the check over with the thumb and first finger of your right hand," he wrote, "and sign your name at the top of the check as it then lies," the top being the fuzzy edge. I felt very grand to endorse a check.

But Mama sent me six little china cats in a basket — a mother cat and five kittens. Two of the kittens were yellow and all the rest were gray. One of the yellow kittens was washing its ear. We used that one afterward for a chessman, when one of the pawns was lost.

I had a green dress with big puff sleeves and long red cashmere cuffs, and the elbows were wearing out. Finally they were quite worn out, and there were holes. So my aunt and my grandmother and the dressmaker, Mrs. Messer, decided to outfit me. It was most exciting. There was a piece of new goods in the house, light brown, and there was dark-brown cashmere to trim the dress. It took days and weeks to make everything. The skirt was gored, like a lady's — five gores, and gathers in the back. The sleeves were beauti-

fully large; I had to turn sideways going through the door. They were dark brown. The long cuffs and the rest of the dress were light brown. There was a high collar, with velvet-ribbon bows on each side, sticking up jauntily. Velvet-ribbon bows were nestled in the crushed centres of the great sleeves, which were lined with crinoline to make them good and solid. There were front side ribbons down the skirt, with bows at the ends, and, crowning delight of all, I had to lift the gathers of my skirt to one side when I sat down. Like a lady.

My hat was straw, and sticky. The crown went into a sharp point, and the brim was pressed into many scallops, very evenly, in waves. It was trimmed with brown-and-white daisies. The point rose airily from the nest of daisies. I thought the bees would come.

The jacket was somewhat of a problem. I was to have a reefer — that is, a sort of sailor's jacket. It was made from a blue serge dress and trimmed with light blue braid. It had make-believe pockets. As it was necessary to piece the collar, there was a seam straight across it. This put everyone into a quandary for three days, until Mrs. Messer finally had the inspiration to put a strip of braid over the seam, and then it never showed at all. I wore the reefer afterward when I went to the circus with my father, *at night!*

While we were worrying about that collar, one day we went out walking, — my aunt, my grandmother, Mrs. Messer, and I, — and they all stopped to rest and sat on a log while I stood up in front. They seemed so old. Three old ladies sitting on a log, talking. And summer was so far away.

But my cousin had made me a pink paper flower to put into a letter to my teacher. She put it into the letter for me, through two slits in the corner. And my teacher answered, sending the love of the class. She also told me that whooping cough did not begin with an "h." And my mother wrote that Papa had a surprise waiting for me. I made my preparations. I had presents: two sets of mud-pie tins, — five-cent sets, — one for my baby sister and one for the little girl who lived next door.

When I went home I wore my splendid clothing. I had black cotton gloves, and carried my lunch and the presents in a black cloth bag. I was to be put on the train in care of the conductor and ride in the parlor car, but not to talk to anyone. Some ladies were very kind and wished to engage me in conversation. I explained to them that I appreciated their kindness and did not wish them to think me rude, but that I had given my promise not to talk to anyone, and so I hoped they would understand if I simply smiled. When it came

time, they had dinner brought in and set up on a little table, and invited me to join them. I shook my head and smiled, but did eat my lunch out of the black bag from their table, so that they would not feel offended, and they smiled also and were very agreeable.

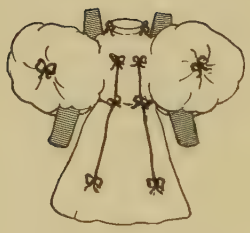
My mother met me at the train and cried. She was so tiny and trim, like a sleek little bird, weeping. But my father shouted. My baby sister took me into the garden to show me the surprise, and it was a summerhouse. Black cherries were all over the ground and she began eating them. I knocked them out of her hands because I thought they were poison. But she laughed and told me what they were, and picked up more for me. Oh, the wise little one! We went into the summerhouse and ate black cherries, and I gave her the pie tins.

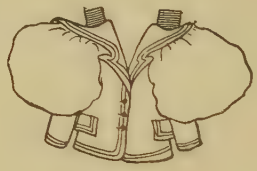
For three days I was exquisite in the brown dress. I sat on the edges of chairs and let the gathers fall to one side. Then the dress was hung up in the closet, where I could go and look at it. I was satisfied that it was much, much too handsome to wear often.

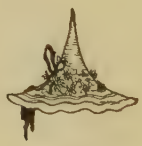
When I went back to school the teacher kissed me twice before all the children, and the class could spell *esquimaux*.

META KNOX HANNAY

NOTE. — The *Marks chair* was a great full-length easy-chair, with steel framework by which the head or foot could be cranked up or down into different positions; there was even a frame for a bookrest, so that comfort was perfect. *Cashmere* is a soft woolen cloth. *Gored* means that the sections were cut in tapering form, narrow at the waist, thus:—


The Dress


The Reefer


The Hat

A *quandary* is a puzzle. An *inspiration* is a sudden bright thought. When the skirt *undulated*, it swayed like the tide, in waves. To *engage a person in conversation* is to coax her to talk; gears engage when the cogs interlock and one wheel moves the other.

SEASIDE HAPPINESS

THE air is full of summer,
The air is full of sea;
Long grasses on the sunny sand
Wave to welcome me.

I love the merry spray,
The swallows in the cliff,
The way the gently swaying tide
Rocks that little skiff.

If I were a sea gull
With a home so near,
I would never use my wings
To fly away from here.

FRANCES AVERY FAUNCE

NOTE.— Perhaps it is winter when you read this song, and you are coasting on the hills. Perhaps it is hot where you live, and you never had a sled. Perhaps you never saw the sea. *It moves.* It rolls, as immensely as if the whole green landscape rolled. The salt air is lifting to the body and the heart. Sea gulls ride on the waves, with their wings close to their sides and looking as absurd as wooden ducks. And then they rise, dripping, and circle majestically, with great wings stretched and gleaming silver-white in the sun.

WORTH DOING

WILLIE lives just beyond the beech trees, over the stone wall that marks the boundary between our field and his father's. He is one of a family of twelve children. His father is a lobster fisherman.

Every year, as I return to my old home for the summer vacation, I find the bathing-beach and the shore where I land my boats covered with stones washed out from the sand and gravel by the winter storms. One of my first pieces of work is to rake up and wheel away these loose stones. Usually I ask some of the older children from Willie's family to help.

One year, when Willie himself had become old enough, I asked him to come over in the afternoon and help load the wheelbarrow with the stones. These had been raked into small piles, ready to be carried off. Willie came, and we worked along together in good comradeship. But we were not making the desired headway, for Willie kept stopping to gather more stones than had been raked into the piles.

After a while I said, "Never mind, Willie — just shovel into the wheelbarrow those I have raked up."

At the next pile it was the same. He carefully

gathered in many more stones than I thought necessary.

I said again, "That's all right; don't bother with the small stones. They won't do much harm."

WILLIE KNEW WHAT HE WAS ABOUT

But he kept on just the same, carefully gathering up all the loose stones in sight. Time was going; the tide was coming; the sun was dropping; the horn would soon blow for supper. And I wanted to get the work done that afternoon, as something else was planned for the following day.

At the next pile Willie did just the same as he had been doing ever since we began. Perhaps a little impatiently, I said once more, "Don't bother with the smaller stones, Willie. Just shovel in the large ones and let it go at that."

Willie stopped, with one bare foot on the top of the shovel as he straightened up. I can see him now — red-headed, freckle-faced, with clear blue eyes looking out from under the rim of his old cap — as in a high-pitched, squeaky voice he said: —

"I ain't trying to finish this; I want to do it *good*."

I surrendered. Willie knew what he was about. He knew how the work should be done, and he did n't intend to be turned aside from doing it right because of any hurry on my part.

Willie, you were teacher and I your pupil that day. You taught me a lesson I shall never forget: that it is of more importance to do our work right and well than it is to finish it; to do it as

far as we go so that it will not have to be done over again; to do it so that someone else can take it up where we leave off, and, without going back, carry it on to greater completion.

The years have gone by since that afternoon, and Willie is now too large to do play-work with me. He has more important things on hand. He is attending high school in a large neighboring town, working for his board — mowing the lawn; caring for the flowers in summer; tending the furnaces in winter; and doing whatever needs to be done about the home where he is living. He is earning his education.

Next year Willie will be ready for college. And he says, with a quiet emphasis that does not admit of failure, "I am going," even though he must depend upon his own ability to earn the education that will enable him to make the most of himself and of the opportunities that come to him.

Willie comes to see me every summer when I am back in the old home. We sit on the grass and talk, or climb up through the woods to the log cabin that overlooks the bay, and he tells me of his work. And I know from what he says, and even more by the way he looks and says it, that he is more anxious to do it well than he is

simply to finish the undertaking. And I am convinced, too, that in the years to come he will be most concerned with doing well whatever he has to do.

RANDALL J. CONDON

WILD GEESE

THE wind blows, the sun shines, the birds sing loud,
The blue, blue sky is flecked with fleecy dappled cloud,
Over earth's rejoicing fields the children dance and sing,
And the frogs pipe in chorus, "It is spring! It is spring!"

The grass comes, the flower laughs where lately lay the snow,
O'er the breezy hilltop hoarsely calls the crow,
By the flowing river the alder catkins swing,
And the sweet song sparrow cries, "Spring! It is spring!"

Hark, what a clamor goes winging through the sky!
Look, children! Listen to the sound so wild and high!

Like a peal of broken bells — kling, klang, kling —
Far and high, the wild geese cry, "Spring! It is spring!"

Bear the winter off with you, O wild geese dear!
Carry all the cold away, far away from here;
Chase the snow into the North, O strong of heart and wing,
While we share the robin's rapture, crying, "Spring! It is spring!"

CELIA THAXTER

THE AMERICAN ARMY OF TWO

ON the coast of Massachusetts there is a little village called Scituate, with a small harbor. A hundred years or more ago the town was a great fishing place. During the late fall a hundred fishing vessels would often run into the harbor for shelter.

On a sandy ridge not far from the village stood a lighthouse. The keeper was named Bates. He had two sons and two daughters. The girls used to tend the light. Rebecca was about seventeen. Abigail was about fifteen.

One lovely morning in August, Rebecca and Abigail were busy filling the lamp with oil and polishing the great lantern.

Rebecca happened to look out over the sparkling waters of the bay. She spied a vessel under full sail making for the shore. She seized the telescope and took one long look at the stranger.

"I declare, Abigail, I believe that is a British warship."

The frightened girls ran down the stairs of the lighthouse and across the yard into their cottage.

"Where is Father?" cried Rebecca.

"He has just gone to the village to buy some meal. What is the matter, dear?"

"Take the big glass, Mother, and look out to the east. There is a warship making for our harbor."

Mrs. Bates and the two girls hastened to the sand hill behind the lighthouse.

"You are right, Rebecca. It is the British warship that Daniel Smith heard about last week in Boston. Have the boys run and tell the folks."

Of course the village people were much excited when the boys told them the news.

"I can well believe it," said one old fisherman. "Thirty-five years ago the British came ashore at the Vineyard, and burned the church and some houses."

"If that British warship sails into our harbor," said another old sailor, who had fought under John Paul Jones, "she will perhaps sink every vessel in the harbor and burn every house in the village."

The warship stood off to sea for several hours. At high tide it came and anchored about half a mile from the lighthouse.

There was a lively time in the little village. All kinds of household goods were loaded into carts and taken behind the sand hills. The women and children, with bundles of clothing, ran for shelter into the neighboring woods.

Meanwhile Abigail and Rebecca were on the lookout from the tower of the lighthouse. They saw five boats nearing the shore. The boats were filled with soldiers dressed in red uniforms.

"Dear me, Abigail," said Rebecca; "think of Uncle Abel, who fought behind the rail fence at Bunker Hill! I wish I were a big boy. I'd get out Father's old gun and do something."

"I'll tell you what we can do, Rebecca. You know how to beat Father's drum. I can play the fife. Let us go out and see if we cannot help. We can hide behind the sand hills and play 'Yankee Doodle.'"

The excited girls hurried to the house. Rebecca got the drum and hid it under a shawl. Abigail took the fife. Away they ran for the outside beach. They crept through the tall beach grass behind the sand hills, to keep out of the sight of the British. They sat down for a moment to try the drum and softly play the fife.

"Now, Rebecca," said Abigail, "we must do

this thing right. We must march along the outside beach toward the lighthouse just as if we were marching with soldiers."

"Yes, indeed," replied Rebecca. "Perhaps we

"A REGIMENT OF YANKEE SOLDIERS"

can fool the redcoats. They may think it is a company of soldiers from Boston."

Rubadub-dub! rubadub-dub! beat Rebecca on the old drum.

Squeak, squeak, squeak! played Abigail on the fife.

It seemed foolish to them. They stopped

marching, and sat down in the beach grass to laugh.

"This will never do," cried Rebecca. "We shall spoil everything."

"Let us try again," answered her sister.

Louder and louder now rolled the drum. Clearer and clearer whistled the fife.

The officers on the warship were amazed at the sound of martial music.

"I think, sir," said an under officer to the captain, "that it is a regiment of Yankee soldiers marching down to yonder point. If they have cannon, they can easily cut off our boats."

"Of all tunes in the world," replied the captain, "think of those saucy fellows playing Yankee Doodle.' Be quick, men. Signal to the boats to return. We must get out of the harbor at once.

In double-quick time the men in the five boats pulled away to the ship. They seemed to be afraid that the Yankees would sink them.

That same night the British warship sailed away. Before sailing, the captain ran out a cannon and fired at the lighthouse, but without harm.

Rebecca and Abigail Bates lived to a good old age. When the school children asked them to write in their albums, the old ladies wrote their names and then added "The American Army of two, in the War of 1812."

ALBERT F. BLAISDELL and FRANCIS K. BALL

NOTE. — *The Vineyard* means "Martha's Vineyard," a large, beautiful island off the Massachusetts coast. Nantucket, a still more seaward island, was a famous whaling port. The words of the song "Yankee Doodle" were made up by the Redcoats to ridicule the Continental soldiers — but the Yankees made the song their own!

Yankee Doodle went to town
Riding on a pony.
He stuck a feather in his hat
And called it macaroni.

Macaroni was the word for "a great dandy."

In the Old South Church in Boston, Massachusetts, is a record of the signatures of Rebecca and Abigail Bates, just as they used to write them in the children's albums.

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

THE year 's at the spring,
And day 's at the morn;
Morning 's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearl'd;
The lark 's on the wing;
The snail 's on the thorn;
God 's in his heaven —
All 's right with the world.

ROBERT BROWNING
From "Pippa Passes"

THE STORY OF OWNEY THE POSTAL DOG

[THIS is a true story. The details have been verified by the Post Office Department at Washington. Owney's story is in the Government records.]

A HOMELESS and hungry dog, shivering from the cold, one day crept into the Post Office at Albany, New York. The clerks were all too busy to notice him, so he huddled himself up on a pile of mail bags and went to sleep. He had scarcely known such warmth and comfort before.

When he was discovered the next day, no one had the heart to drive him out into the cold, so wistful was the look in his eyes, and so pleading the wag of his tail. At dinner time, the clerks shared their lunches with the half-starved dog, and from that time on he had great faith and confidence in the men who have charge of the United States mail.

For several weeks the little dog stayed at the Albany Post Office, making friends with everyone. Nobody knew who owned him, and as so many asked the question, the dog soon came to bear the name of "Owney."

Owney was a very intelligent dog. He watched the mail bags come and go, and one day he decided

to go along, too, for he knew the bags were always safe and handled with care. He was away for days before reappearing among his old friends at the Post Office. Then, fearing that he might get lost, the clerks bought a collar for him and had his name and address engraved upon it.

After this Owney made long trips and visited many cities all over the United States. How do we know this? Because a card was fastened to Owney's collar, asking the railway postal clerks to attach tags that would show where he had been. In the course of time, Owney acquired so many tags that they became almost too heavy for him to carry continually. He traveled whenever he took the notion. No one restrained him or directed him.

Once he visited Washington, D. C., and was introduced to the Postmaster-General. This high official was much interested in Owney and in all the tags that his collar bore, proving that the dog had been in cities of the West, South, and East, and even in Mexico, where someone had given him a Mexican dollar to wear. The Postmaster-General pitied Owney for having to carry such a heavy load about his neck, and had a harness made for him, to which all his tags, checks, and trophies were transferred. Then Owney continued his travels in greater comfort.

The most remarkable journey that Owney ever made was his trip around the world. One day he

arrived in the city of Tacoma and went down to the wharf with the mail bags that were to be placed aboard a great steamer that was to sail for Japan and China. As Owney wanted to go along, too, he walked up the gangplank of the steamer and was welcomed by the captain. Before he sailed away, as the captain's guest, he was given letters of introduction to the postal authorities of the world.

When the little dog traveler arrived in Japan, his presence was announced to His Imperial Majesty, the Mikado, who presented him with a passport bearing the seal of the Empire and extending to him the freedom of the country. In China, Owney was given another passport by the Emperor and received many more decorations. Owney was treated as a visitor of high rank or distinction everywhere he went. From the Far East he returned by way of the Suez Canal and over the Atlantic to New York, then across the country to Tacoma, his starting point.

Owney was the greatest dog traveler in the world. His home was on the fast trains among the mail bags. He always greeted the postal clerks with wagging tail and joyful eyes, but there his familiarity ended. It is said that Owney used to arouse many a tired railway mail clerk who had fallen asleep, and thus remind him to throw off the mail bag. Clerks thought themselves especially

favored when Owney chose to accompany them over their route, and it is recorded that no accident ever happened to a train on which Owney was traveling. At the end of his journeys this wonderful dog had over two hundred checks, medals, and certificates; and his picture, harness, and great collection of tags are now kept on exhibition in the National Museum at Washington.

From *Our Dumb Animals* (*adapted*)

SONG OF RAIN

Staccato and slowly
DROP. Drop. Slow.
Listen, bright morning.
Faster, but still staccato
On this leaf, on that leaf we go,
Tapping our warning.

Faster
Patter, patter, patter,
We are rain, rain, rain.
Scatter drops and spatter
Over hill, over plain.

Increase to very rapid speech
Now faster and faster we fall
From heaven to earth —
Before us a world's withered face,
Behind us in furious chase
The feet of our mirth

Faint echo
(Feet of our mirth).

Slightly slower
Hiss. Hiss. Hiss
On the leaves, as we pass by,
With a soft incessant kiss
From the sky
Echo
(From the sky).

We set up a loom
Moderate speed
In the wind-gathered gloom
From the cloud to the clod.
Slanting our needles, we flash
From the sky to the sod
Echo
(Sky to the sod).

Slowly with increased staccato
Patter. Patter. Patter.
Clouds and mists and seas again.
Scatter. Scatter. Scatter.
Rain . . . Rain . . . Rain . . .

SARA BARD FIELD

NOTE. — This is one of the going-to-sleep songs. Can you ever catch and put down those you hear? Always the very loveliest escape, like shadows of birds. Where do they go? To some other heart, perhaps, to hold for a while and then send singing on?

One little girl chants, "Oh, all the world is pearls and turquoises. Golden mermaids swim past, dropping jewels through their golden fingers. Down the sunbeams pearls are falling, falling, to make the shoes of princesses, like me."

THE FIR TREE

[So many of Hans Christian Andersen's stories are about Christmas that we think of him especially when the trees are lighted — when, as the Danish people say, "the white bees swarm." The custom of the Christmas tree has itself come to us from Germany. The green branch represents the tree of life, the baubles are the fruit, the candles are good deeds, and the star at the top is the beautiful spirit shining.]

I

Out in the forest stood a pretty little Fir Tree. It had a good place; it could have sunlight, air there was in plenty, and all around grew many larger comrades — pines as well as firs. But the little Fir Tree wished ardently to become greater. It did not care for the warm sun and the fresh air. It took no notice of the peasant children who went about talking together, when they had come out to look for strawberries and raspberries. Often they came with a whole potful, or they had strung berries on a straw. Then they would sit down by the little Fir Tree and say, "How pretty and small that one is!" and the Fir Tree did not like to hear that at all.

Next year he had grown a great joint, and the following year he was longer still, for in fir trees one

can always tell by the number of rings they have how many years they have been growing.

"Oh, if I were only as great a tree as the others!" sighed the little Fir. "Then I would spread my branches far around, and look out from my crown into the wide world. The birds would then build nests in my boughs, and when the wind blew, I could nod just as grandly as the others yonder."

It took no pleasure in the sunshine, in the birds, and in the red clouds that went sailing over, morning and evening.

When it was winter, and the snow lay all around, white and sparkling, a hare would often come jumping along, and spring right over the little Fir Tree. Oh, this made him so angry! But two winters went by, and when the third came the little Tree had grown so tall that the hare was obliged to run round it.

"Oh, to grow, to grow, and become old! That's the only fine thing in the world," thought the Tree.

In the autumn, woodcutters always came and felled a few of the largest trees. That was done this year, too, and the little Fir Tree, which was now quite well grown, shuddered with fear, for the great stately trees fell to the ground with a crash, and their branches were cut off, so that the trees looked quite naked, long, and slender—they could hardly be recognized. But then they were laid upon wagons, and horses dragged them away out of the

wood. Where were they going? What destiny awaited them?

In the spring, when the Swallows and the Stork came, the Fir Tree asked, "Do you know where they were taken? Did you not meet them?"

The Swallows knew nothing about it, but the Stork looked thoughtful, nodded his head, and said: —

"Yes, I think so. I met many new ships when I flew out of Egypt; on the ships were stately masts; I fancy those were the trees. They smelled like fir. I can assure you they're stately — very stately."

"Oh that I were only big enough to go over the sea! What kind of thing is this sea, and how does it look?"

"It would take too long to explain all that," said the Stork, and he went away.

"Rejoice in thy youth," said the Sunbeams. "Rejoice in thy fresh growth, and in the young life that is within thee."

And the Wind kissed the Tree, and the Dew wept tears upon it; but the Fir Tree did not understand that.

II

When Christmas time approached, quite young trees were felled — sometimes trees which were neither so old nor so large as this Fir Tree that

"REJOICE IN THY YOUTH," SAID THE SUNBEAMS.
AND THE WIND KISSED THE TREE, AND
THE DEW WEPT TEARS UPON IT

never rested but always wanted to go away. The young trees, which were always the most beautiful, kept all their branches. They were put upon wagons, and horses dragged them away out of the wood.

"Where are they all going?" asked the Fir Tree. "They are not greater than I — indeed, one of them was much smaller. Why do they keep all their branches? Whither are they taken?"

"We know that! We know that!" chirped the Sparrows. "Yonder in the town we looked in at the windows. We know where they go. Oh, they are dressed up in the greatest pomp and splendor that can be imagined! We have looked in at the windows, and have perceived that they are planted in the middle of a warm room, and adorned with the most beautiful things — gilt apples, honey cakes, playthings, and many hundred candles."

"And then?" asked the Fir Tree, and trembled through all its branches. "And then? What happens then?"

"Why — we have not seen anything more. But it was incomparable!"

"Perhaps I may be destined to tread this glorious path one day!" cried the Fir Tree, rejoicingly. "That is even better than traveling across the sea. How painfully I long for it! If it were only Christmas now! Now I am great and grown up, like the rest who were led away last year. Oh, if

I were only on the wagon! If I were only in the warm room, among all the pomp and splendor! And then —? Yes, then something even better will come, something far more charming, or else why should they adorn me so? There must be something grander, something greater still to come. But what? Oh! I'm suffering, I'm longing! I don't know myself what is the matter with me!"

"Rejoice in us," said Air and Sunshine. "Rejoice in thy fresh youth here in the woodland."

Yet the Fir Tree did not rejoice at all; but it grew and grew. Winter and summer it stood there — green, dark green.

And then at last the people who saw it said, "That's a handsome tree!" and at Christmas time it was felled before any one of the others. The axe cut deep into its marrow, and the tree fell to the ground with a sigh. It felt a pain, a sensation of faintness, and could not think at all of happiness, for it was sad at parting from its home, from the place where it had grown up. It knew that it should never again see the dear old companions, the little bushes and flowers all around — perhaps not even the birds. The parting was not at all agreeable.

The Tree only came to itself when it was unloaded in a yard, with other trees, and heard a man say: —

"This one is famous — we want only this one!"

Now two servants came in gay liveries, and carried the Fir Tree into a large, beautiful room. All around the walls hung pictures, and by the great stove stood large Chinese vases with lions on the covers. There were rocking-chairs, silken sofas, great tables covered with picture books, and toys worth a hundred times a hundred dollars — at least, the children said so. And the Fir Tree was put into a great tub filled with sand; but no one could see that it was a tub, for it was hung round with green cloth, and stood on a large, many-colored carpet.

Oh, how the Tree trembled! What was to happen now? The servants, and the young ladies also, decked it out. On one branch they hung little nets, cut out of colored paper; every net was filled with sweetmeats. Golden apples and walnuts hung down, as if they grew there; and more than a hundred little candles, red, white, and blue, were fastened to the different boughs. Dolls that looked exactly like real people — the tree had never seen such before — swung among the foliage, and high on the summit of the Tree was fixed a tinsel star. It was splendid, particularly splendid!

"This evening," said all — "this evening it will shine!"

"Oh, that it were evening already!" thought

the Tree. "Oh, that the lights may be soon lit up! When may that be done? I wonder if trees will come out of the forest to look at me? Will the sparrows fly against the panes? Shall I grow fast here, and stand adorned in summer and winter?"

Yes — he did not guess badly. But he had a complete backache from mere longing, and the backache is just as bad for a Tree as the headache for a person.

At last the candles were lighted. What a brilliance, what splendor! The Tree trembled so in all its branches that one of the candles set fire to a green twig, and it was scorched.

"Heaven preserve us!" cried the young ladies; and they hastily put out the fire.

Now the Tree might not even tremble. Oh, that was terrible! It was so afraid of setting fire to some of its ornaments, and it was quite bewildered with all the brilliance. And now the folding doors were thrown open, and a number of children rushed in as if they would have overturned the whole Tree. The older people followed more deliberately. The little ones stood quite silent, but only for a minute. Then they shouted till the room rang. They danced gleefully round the Tree, and one present after another was plucked from it.

"What are they about?" thought the Tree. "What's going to be done?"

And the candles burned down to the twigs, and as they burned down they were extinguished, and then the children received permission to plunder the Tree. They rushed in upon it, so that every branch cracked again. If the Tree had not been fastened by the top and by the golden star to the ceiling, it would have fallen down.

The children danced about with their pretty toys. No one looked at the Tree itself except one old man, who came up and peeped among the branches, but only to see if a fig or an apple had not been forgotten.

"A story! A story!" shouted the children; and they drew a little fat man toward the tree; and he sat down just beneath it — "for then we shall be in the green wood," said he, "and the Tree may have the advantage of listening to my tale. But I can tell only one. Will you hear the story of Ivede-Avede, or of Klumpey-Dumpey, who fell downstairs, and still was raised up to honor and married the Princess?"

"Ivede-Avede!" cried some, "Klumpey-Dumpey!" cried others, and there was a great crying and shouting. Only the Fir Tree was quite silent, and thought, "Shall I not be in it? Shall I have nothing to do in it?" But he had been in the evening's amusement, and had done what was required of him.

And the fat man told about Klumpey-Dumpey,

who fell downstairs, and yet was raised to honor and married the Princess. And the children clapped their hands, and cried, "Tell another! Tell another!" for they wanted to hear about Ivede-Avede; but they only got the story of Klumpey-Dumpey. The Fir Tree stood quite silent and thoughtful; never had the birds in the wood told such a story as that. Klumpey-Dumpey fell downstairs, and yet came to honor and married the Princess!

"Yes, so it happens in the world!" thought the Fir Tree, and believed it must be true, because that was such a nice man who told it. "Well, who can know? Perhaps I shall fall downstairs, too, and marry a Princess!" And it looked forward with pleasure to being adorned again, the next evening, with candles and toys, gold and fruit. "To-morrow I shall not tremble," it thought.

"I will rejoice in all my splendor. To-morrow I shall hear the story of Klumpey-Dumpey again, and perhaps that of Ivede-Avede, too."

And the Tree stood all night quiet and thoughtful.

III

In the morning the servants and the chambermaid came in.

"Now my splendor will begin afresh," thought the Tree.

But they came and dragged him out of the room, and upstairs to the garret, and here they put him in a dark corner where no daylight shone.

"What's the meaning of this?" thought the Fir Tree. "What am I to do here? What is to happen?"

And he leaned against the wall, and thought, and thought. And he had time enough, for days and nights went by, and nobody came up; or when at length someone came, it was only to put some great boxes in a corner. Now the Tree stood quite hidden away, and the supposition is that it was quite forgotten.

"Now it's winter outside," thought the Tree. "The earth is hard and covered with snow, and people cannot plant me; therefore I suppose I'm to be sheltered here until spring comes. How considerate that is! How good people are! If it were only not so dark here, and so terribly solitary — not even a little hare! It was pretty out there in the wood, when the snow lay thick and the hare sprang past, yes, even when he jumped over me — but then I did not like it. It is terribly lonely up here!"

"*Piep! Piep!*" said a little Mouse, and crept forward.

And then came another little Mouse. They smelled at the Fir Tree, and then slipped among the branches.

"It's horribly cold," said the two little Mice, "or else it would be comfortable here. Don't you think so, you old Fir Tree?"

"I'm not old at all," said the Fir Tree. "There are many much older than I."

"Where do you come from?" asked the Mice. "And what do you know?" They were dreadfully inquisitive. "Tell us about the most beautiful spot on earth. Have you been there? Have you been in the storeroom, where cheeses lie on the shelves, and hams hang from the ceiling, where one dances on tallow candles, and goes in thin and comes out fat?"

"I don't know that," replied the Tree; "but I know the wood, where the sun shines and the birds sing."

And then it told all about its youth.

The little Mice had never heard anything of the kind, and they listened and said: —

"What a number of things you have seen! How happy you must have been!"

"I?" replied the Fir Tree; and it thought about what it had told. "Yes, those were really quite happy times." But then he told of the Christmas Eve, when he had been hung with sweetmeats and candles.

"Oh!" said the little Mice, "how happy you have been, you old Fir Tree!"

"I'm not old at all," said the Tree. "I only

came out of the wood this winter. I'm only rather backward in my growth."

"What splendid stories you can tell!" said the little Mice.

And next night they came with four other little Mice, to hear what the Tree had to relate; and the more it said, the more clearly did it remember everything, and thought, "Those were quite merry days! But they may come again. Klumpey-Dumpey fell downstairs, and yet he married the Princess. Perhaps I may marry a Princess too!" And the Fir Tree thought of a pretty little Birch Tree that grew out in the forest. For the Fir Tree, that Birch was a real Princess.

"Who's Klumpey-Dumpey?" asked the little Mice.

And then the Fir Tree told the whole story. It could remember every single word; and the little Mice were ready to leap to the very top of the tree with pleasure. Next night a great many more Mice came, and on Sunday even two Rats appeared; but these thought the story was not pretty, and the little Mice were sorry for that, for now they also did not like it so much as before.

"Do you know only one story?" asked the Rats.

"Only that one," replied the Tree. "I heard that on the happiest evening of my life; I did not think then how happy I was."

"That's a very miserable story. Don't you know any about bacon and tallow candles — a storeroom story?"

"No," said the Tree.

"Then we'd rather not hear you," said the Rats.

And they went back to their own people. The little Mice at last stayed away also; and then the Tree sighed and said: —

"It was very nice when they sat round me — the merry little Mice — and listened when I spoke to them. Now that's past too. But I shall remember to be pleased when they take me out."

And when did that happen? Why, it was one morning that people came and rummaged in the garret: the boxes were put away, and the Tree brought out. They certainly threw him rather roughly on the floor, and a servant dragged him away at once to the stairs, where the daylight shone.

"Now life is beginning again!" thought the Tree.

It felt the fresh air and the first sunbeams, and now it was out in the courtyard. Everything passed so quickly that the Tree quite forgot to look at itself, there was so much to look at all round. The courtyard was close to a garden, and here everything was blooming. Roses hung fresh and fragrant over the low paling, the linden trees were in blossom, and the swallows cried, "*Quinze-*

wit! Quinze-wit! My husband's come!" But it was not the Fir Tree that they meant.

"Now I shall live!" said the Tree, rejoicingly, and spread its branches far out; but alas! they were all withered and yellow, and it lay in the corner among nettles and weeds. The tinsel star was still upon it, and shone in the bright sunshine.

In the courtyard were playing some of the merry children who had danced round the tree at Christmas time, and had rejoiced over it. One of the youngest ran up and tore off the golden star.

"Look what is sticking to the ugly old Fir Tree!" said the child, and he trod upon the branches till they cracked under his boots.

And the Tree looked at all the blooming flowers and the splendor of the garden, and then looked at itself, and wished it had remained in the dark corner of the garret. It thought of its fresh youth in the wood; of the merry Christmas Eve; and of the little Mice that had listened so pleasantly to the story of Klumpey-Dumpey.

"Past! Past!" said the old Tree. "Had I but rejoiced when I could have done so! Past! Past!"

And the servant came and chopped the Tree into little pieces. A whole bundle lay there. It blazed brightly under the great copper kettle, and it sighed deeply, and each sigh was like a little shot. And the children who were at play there ran up and seated themselves at the fire, looked

into it, and cried "Puff! Puff!" But at each explosion, which was a deep sigh, the Tree thought of a summer day in the woods, or of a winter night there, when the stars beamed. It thought of Christmas Eve, and of Klumpey-Dumpey — the only story it had ever heard or knew how to tell. And then the Tree was burned.

The boys played in the garden, and the youngest had on his breast a golden star, which the Tree had worn on its happiest evening. Now that was past, and the Tree's life was past, and the story is past too: past! past! — that's the way with all stories.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

FARM FENCES

THE fence is mother of the farm;
She reaches faithful arms about
To hold unwelcome strangers out,
And keep her own from harm;
Secure within the guarded place,
The green fields lift a smiling face,
Long corn-rows rustle in the breeze,
And ripe fruits bend the orchard trees;
And far green hills where cattle graze
And all the quiet woodland ways
Lie in the hollow of her hand —
A silent guardian of the land.

I love to see those mother-arms
Girt roundabout the little farms,
Guarding the furrow and the seed,
Saving the harvest for the bin,
Marking the lines that all may heed
And halt without, or bide within;
Fences of wood or walls of stone —
My neighbor's safeguard, and my own.

FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

NOTE. — Have you ever stood upon a high hillside and looked down upon the farms below? How pleasantly they lie, patterned like a patchwork quilt — white buckwheat and green oat fields, with toy buildings set between. And when a cloud floats by, its shadow travels over pasture, fence, and wood lot as if to leave picked out in brighter gold than ever the places where it has been.

THE VEGETABLES LEND A HAND

ON a certain sunny morning the members of the Vegetable family were feeling very disappointed about something. They were almost disposed to be cross, because their feelings had been hurt. Carrot and Potato and Parsnip had come from the cellar; Celery and Lettuce had hopped down from the ice box; Squash had ambled in from a shelf. There they all were, gathered on

the back porch, scowling at each other and at the world in general — half puzzled and half angry. And this was their grievance: "Johnny does n't like us," they all said.

Now you might think they would be glad not to be put in a kettle and boiled, or to be spread on a plate to be eaten by a small boy, since that would be the last of them. But on the contrary, this was the very thing they had lived for, all of their days, and as a matter of fact they were fond of Johnny. Some of the Vegetables had seen him helping the gardener when they were doing their best to grow. So they had passed the word about that Johnny was really a very pleasant fellow, and all had agreed that it was well worth their while helping him grow up to be a man.

"The trouble is," said Spinach, who was apt to be the chief spokesman, "we like Johnny, but Johnny does n't like us."

"How ever can we get around it?" asked Potato.

"Well," replied Spinach, with a look of grave wisdom, "I have a plan, if you will all help."

"We will, we will!" they cried earnestly.

"Then let's be a club like the one Johnny belongs to."

"Oh, goody, goody!" they all exclaimed, for even vegetables enjoy belonging to clubs.

"And our motto shall be, 'Here's to Johnny's health!'"

All the members of the Vegetable Club looked very serious and cried, "Aye, aye!" Then Carrot said, "But what about Roast Beef and Egg?"

"Good for you," said Spinach, who had already, without the least question, become President of the Club. "We will send for them straightway and make them honorary members. Potato, do you carry our invitation."

"WELL," REPLIED SPINACH, "I HAVE A PLAN, IF YOU WILL ALL HELP"

So Potato, who was always cheerful about going on errands, started off, with Celery running swiftly after him because she knew how to open the door of the ice box, and, besides, she was taller. In a trifle of time Roast Beef came hurrying out, and Spinach bowed him cordially to a seat in the shade, where he might keep himself cool close by Egg.

"We are met," began Spinach, trying to be very

formal, "to band ourselves for the welfare of Master Johnny. All in favor, say 'Aye.' All opposed —" but they had all said "Aye," and Carrot had said it three times to show how thoroughly he meant it.

"Every one of us," outlined the President, "must look his or her most beguiling when Johnny comes to the table. And each one must think of some special appeal. I, for instance, shall whisper to him something like this: 'How hungry you are to-day, Johnny! If I could tell you all the things I can do for you if you will only eat me, you would n't leave a scrap of your friend Spinach on this plate.'"

"But we cannot all help him at once," sighed Celery ruefully, patting out her crisp leaves till they gave her a most inviting look.

"No," agreed Spinach, "for Johnny cannot possibly hold us all. We must take our turns gracefully, and always with a smile."

"I know," assented Roast Beef patiently. "I shall have to give way to Lamb Chop this noon myself, for a very fine fellow is waiting on the ice near me. I shall report to him that he, too, has a part in the great plan."

"It is n't," added Spinach thoughtfully, "as though we wanted to harm Johnny. I, for one, long with all my heart to be good to him and help him grow into a fine strong man."

"So do I," urged Egg, who, you will remember, had been asked to join the honorary list with Roast Beef.

"And I! And I!" they all echoed.

"If you please, I shall tell Apple Sauce," announced Roast Beef, "and Butter, and Milk. As good luck would have it, Johnny is rather fond of Milk."

"Hurrah for that!" exclaimed Spinach. "With her we shall work hand in hand. I truly hope the boy likes Water as well; Water has such a kind way with children."

"What about Bread?" queried Squash from the corner where she had quietly settled herself.

"I'll run and tell her," offered ever-willing Potato. "And Orange, too," he called back.

"Spread the news to every corner," commanded the President of the Vegetable Club.

"We have n't told Sugar," suggested Carrot a little doubtfully.

"Oh, never fear — Johnny likes her only too well, and Candy, too," complained Red Beet, who had kept very still up to this time. You see she really had a sweet taste quite her own, and she had to fight very hard within herself not to be jealous.

"And Cake?" said String Bean, who had idly stretched out his length on the top step.

"Ah, that is well said," agreed Spinach. "We'll

all go in a body to tell Cake he must give us fair play."

"He has on chocolate frosting to-day, too," said Bread, who had come back with little Potato.

"Never mind," comforted Spinach. "All the more reason why we should put him in his place. If he'll wait till last, he may come into the Club. He is all right, you know, but he is rather too ready a chap, and we must guard Johnny against too much of his company."

"Now remember to look good-natured and attractive!" advised Roast Beef, as he trotted off to the ice.

"We'll all do our level best," they shouted merrily.

And then all taking hands in a ring, they began to dance to the blithe tune of their new little song: —

"Oh, we are members of the Vegetable Club,
And we will now prepare
To build up Johnny to a man of might
If he will do his share,
Oh! Oh!
If he will *on–ly* do his share!"

FRANCES AVERY FAUNCE

NOTE. — If you lay a very thin slice of raw potato in a bit of red ink, you will see how it absorbs the color. The construction will show itself in a fine design. You can try this experiment with carrots also.

THE HAYLOFT

THROUGH all the pleasant meadow-side
The grass grew shoulder-high,
Till the shining scythes went far and wide
And cut it down to dry.

Those green and sweetly smelling crops
They led in wagons home;
And they piled them here in mountain-tops
For mountaineers to roam.

Here is Mount Clear, Mount Rusty-Nail,
Mount Eagle, and Mount High;
The mice that in these mountains dwell
No happier are than I!

Oh, what a joy to clamber there!
Oh, what a place for play,
With the sweet, the dim, the dusty air,
The happy hills of hay!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE DISCONTENTED PIG [1]

(*Thuringian Folk Tale*)

EVER so long ago, in the time when there were fairies, and men and animals talked together, there was a curly-tailed Pig. He lived by himself in a house at the edge of the village, and every day he worked in his garden. Whether the sun shone or the rain fell, he hoed and dug and weeded, turning the earth around his tomato vines and loosening the soil of the carrot plot, until word of his fine vegetables traveled through seven counties, and each year he won the royal prize at the fair.

But after a time, Little Pig grew tired of the endless toil.

"What matters it if I do have the finest vegetables in the kingdom," he thought, "since I must work myself to death getting them to grow? I mean to go out and see the world and find an easier way of making my living."

[1] From *Educating by Story-Telling*, by Katherine Dunlap Cather, copyright 1918, by World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York.

So he locked the door of his house and shut the gate of his garden and started down the road.

A good three miles he traveled, till he came to a cottage almost hidden in a grove of trees. Lovely music sounded around him, and Little Pig smiled, for he had an ear for sweet sounds.

"I will go and find it," he said, following in the direction from which it seemed to come.

Now it happened that in that house dwelt Thomas the Cat, who made his living playing on the violin. Little Pig saw him standing in the door, pushing the bow up and down across the strings. It put a thought into his head. Surely this must be easier and far more pleasant than digging in a garden!

"Will you teach me to play the violin, friend Cat?" he asked.

Thomas looked up and nodded his head.

"To be sure," he answered; "just do as I am doing." And he gave him the bow and fiddle.

Little Pig took them and began to saw; but — *Squeak! Quang!* No sweet music fell upon his ear. The sounds he heard were like the squealing of his baby-brother pigs when a wolf came near them.

"Oh!" he cried, "this is n't music!"

Thomas the Cat shook his head.

"Of course not," he said. "You have n't tried long enough. He who would play the violin must work."

"Then I think I'll look for something else," Piggywig answered, "because this is quite as hard as weeding my garden."

And he gave back the bow and fiddle, and started down the road.

He walked on and on, until he came to a hut where lived a Dog who made cheese. He was kneading and moulding the curd into cakes, and Little Pig thought it looked quite easy.

"I think I'd like to go into the cheese business myself," he said. So he asked the Dog if he would teach him.

This the Dog was quite willing to do, and a moment later Little Pig was working beside him.

Soon the pig grew hot and tired and stopped to rest and fan himself.

"No, no!" exclaimed the Dog. "You will spoil the cheese! There can be no rest time until the work is done."

Little Pig opened his eyes in amazement.

"Indeed!" he replied. "Then this is just as hard as growing vegetables or learning to play a violin. I mean to look for something easier."

And he started down the road.

On the other side of the river, in a sweet green field, a man was taking honey out of beehives. Little Pig saw him as he crossed the bridge, and thought that, of all the trades he had seen, this suited him best. It must be lovely there in the

meadow among the flowers. Honey was not heavy to lift, and once in a while he could have a mouthful of it. He ran as fast as he could go, to ask the man if he would take him into his employ.

This plan pleased the Bee-man as much as it pleased the pig.

"I've been looking for a helper for a year and a day," he said. "Begin work at once."

He gave Little Pig a veil and a pair of gloves, telling him to fasten them on well. Then he told him to lift a honeycomb out of a hive.

Little Pig ran to do it, twisting his curly tail in the joy of having at last found a business that suited him. But — *Buzz, buzz!* The bees crept under his veil and inside his gloves. They stung him on his legs, his mouth, his ears, and the end of his nose, and he squealed and dropped the honey and ran.

"Come back, come back!" the man called.

"No, no!" Little Pig answered with a big squeal. "No, no! The bees hurt me!"

The man nodded his head.

"Of course they do," he said. "They hurt me too! That is part of the work. You cannot be a beekeeper without being stung."

"It seems that every kind of work has something unpleasant about it. To play the violin, you must practise until your arm aches. When you make cheese, you dare not stop a minute until the work

is done. And in taking honey from a hive the bees sting you until your head is on fire. Work in my garden is not so bad after all, and I am going back to it."

So he said good-bye to the Bee-man, and was soon back in his carrot patch. He hoed and raked and weeded, singing as he worked, and there was no more contented Pig in all that kingdom. Every autumn he took his vegetables to the fair and brought home the royal prize; and sometimes, on holidays, the Cat and the Dog and the Bee-man came to call.

KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

NOTE. — That's the fun of doing things — the fact that they are hard. Who would want to have a hut that he did not build himself? Your hut has two rooms and a trapdoor. Water is piped to it through a squash vine. And what if you did pinch your thumb?

THE MIRROR OF MATSUYAMA

IN Matsuyama there lived a man, his wife, and their little daughter. They loved each other dearly, and were very happy together.

One day the man came home quite sad. He had received a message from the Emperor, which said that he must take a journey to far-off Tokyo.

They had no horses, and in those days there were

no railroads in Japan. The man knew that he must walk the whole distance. It was not the long walk that he minded, however. It was because it would take him many days from home. Still, he must obey his Emperor, so he made ready to start. His wife was sorry that he must go, and yet a little proud, too, for no one else in the village had ever taken so long a journey.

She and the baby walked with him down to the turn in the road. There they stood and watched him through their tears, as he followed the path up through the pines on the mountain side. At last, no larger than a speck, he disappeared behind the hills. Then they went home to await his return.

For three long weeks they waited. Each day they spoke of him, and counted the days until they should see his dear face again. At last the time came. They walked down to the turn in the road to wait for his coming. Up on the mountain side someone was moving toward them. As he came nearer, they could see that it was the one for whom they waited.

The good wife could scarcely believe that her husband was indeed safe home again. The baby girl laughed and clapped her hands to see the toys he brought her.

There was a tiny image of Uzume, the laughter-loving goddess. Next came a little red monkey

of cotton, with a blue head. When she pressed the spring, he ran to the top of the rod. Oh, how wonderful was the third gift! It was a tombo, or dragon fly. When she first looked at it, she saw only a piece of wood shaped like a T. The crosspiece was painted with different bright colors. But the queer thing, when her father twirled it between his fingers, would rise in the air, dipping and hovering like a real dragon fly.

Last, of course there was a ninghio, or doll, with a sweet face, slanting eyes, and such wonderful hair. Her name was O-Hina-San.

The father told of the Feast of the Dead, which he had seen in Tokyo. He told of the beautiful lanterns, the Lanterns of the Dead; and the pine torches burning before each house. He told of the tiny boats, made of barley straw and filled with food, which are set floating away on the river, bearing two tiny lanterns to guide them to the Land of the Dead.

At last the husband handed the wife a small white box. "Tell me what you see inside," he said. She opened it and took out something round and bright.

On one side were buds and flowers of frosted silver. The other side at first looked as clear and bright as a pool of water. When she moved it a little, she saw in it a most beautiful woman.

"Oh, what a beautiful picture!" she cried.

"It is of a woman, and she seems to be smiling and talking just as I am. She has on a blue dress just like mine, too! How strange!"

Then her husband laughed and said: "That is a mirror. It is yourself you see reflected in it."

The wife was delighted with her present, and looked at it very often. She liked to see the smiling red lips, the laughing eyes, and beautiful dark hair.

After a while she said to herself: "How foolish this is of me to sit and gaze at myself in this mirror! I am not more beautiful than other women. How much better for me to enjoy others' beauty, and forget my own face! I shall only remember that it must always be happy and smiling, or it will make no one else happy. I do not wish any cross or angry look of mine to make anyone sad."

She put the mirror carefully away in its box. Only twice in a year she looked at it; then it was to see if her face was still such as would make others happy.

The years passed by in their sweet and simple life until the baby had grown to be a big girl. Her ninghio, her tombo, the image of Uzume, and even the cotton monkey, were put carefully away for her own children. The girl was the very image of her mother. She was just as sweet and loving, just as kind and helpful.

One day her mother became very ill. Although the girl and her father did all they could for her, she grew worse and worse.

At last she knew that she must die, so she called her daughter to her and said: "My child, I know that I must soon leave you, but I wish to leave something with you in my place. Open this box and see what you find in it."

The girl opened the box and looked for the first time in a mirror. "Oh, mother dear!" she cried. "I see you here! Not thin and pale as you are now, but happy and smiling, as you have always been."

Then her mother said: "When I am gone, will you look in this every morning and every night? If anything troubles you, tell me about it. Always try to do right, so that you may see only happiness here."

Every morning, when the sun rose and the birds began to twitter and sing, the girl rose and looked in her mirror. There she saw the bright, happy face that she remembered as her mother's.

Every evening, when the shadows fell and the birds were asleep, she looked again. She told it all that had happened during the day. When it had been a happy day, the face smiled back at her. When she was sad, the face looked sad, too. She was very careful not to do anything unkind, for she knew how sad the face would be then.

So she grew more kind and loving, and more like the mother whose face she saw each day and loved.

TERESA PEIRCE WILLISTON

NOTE. — The world sees your face. Look at it sometimes in your mirror of Matsuyama, and see what it says to you. Is it kind, and pleasant, and straightforward, and does it make you think of all the people that you love, and all the great deeds you would like to do?

A CANTICLE

DEVOUTLY worshiping the oak
Wherein the barred owl stares,
The little feathered forest folk
Are praying sleepy prayers —

Praying the summer to be long
And drowsy to the end,
And daily full of sun and song,
That broken hopes may mend.

Praying the golden age to stay
Until the whippoorwill
Appoints a windy moving-day,
And hurries from the hill.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH

The best thing to give to your mother is conduct that will make her proud of you.

BALFOUR

I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives. I like to see a man live in it so that his place will be proud of him.

LINCOLN

Keep yourself clean and bright; you are the window through which you must see the world.

SHAW

ROBIN OF THE LOVING HEART

ONCE upon a time there was a boy who lived with his parents in the heart of a deep wood. His father was a woodchopper, who worked hard in the forest all day, while the mother kept everything tidy at home and took care of Robin. Robin was an obliging, sunny-hearted little fellow. He chopped the kindling as sturdily as his father chopped the dead trees and broken branches, and then he brought water and turned the spit for his mother.

As there were no other children in the great forest, he made friends with the animals and learned to understand their talk. In the spring the mother robin, for whom he thought he was named, called him to see the blue eggs in her nest, and in the autumn the squirrels chattered with him and brought him nuts.

But his four dearest friends were the Owl, who came to his window evenings and gave him wise counsel; the Hare, who played hide and seek with him around the bushes; the Eagle, who brought him strange pebbles and shells from the distant seashore; and the Lion, who, for friendship's sake, had quite reformed his habits and his appetite so that he lapped milk from Robin's bowl.

Suddenly all the happiness in the little cottage was turned to mourning, when the good woodchopper was taken ill, and the mother was at her wits' end to take care of him and to provide bread and milk. Robin's heart burned within him to do something to help, but he could not swing an axe with his little hands.

"Ah," he said that night to his friend the Owl, "if I were a great knight, perhaps I could ride to the city and win the Prize for Good Luck."

"And what is the Prize for Good Luck?" asked

the Owl, who knew everything in the world except that.

Then Robin explained that the lovely Princess, whose hair was like spun gold and whose eyes were like the blue forget-me-nots by the brook, had lost a precious amulet given to her by her godmother, which kept her, as long as it lay on her neck, healthy and beautiful and happy. One day when she was playing in the flower garden, the little gold chain had snapped and the amulet rolled away.

Everybody in the palace had searched, and the soldiers had been called out to help. But no one could find it, and in the meantime the Princess grew pale; her hair dulled a little; and her eyes looked like forget-me-nots drowned in the brook.

When the court philosopher carefully reasoned the matter out and discovered that the amulet had been carried far away, perhaps outside the kingdom, the King offered the Prize for Good Luck for its return.

"Now, if I could win the Prize for Good Luck," said Robin, "we should have bread and milk all the time, and Mother need not work so hard."

Then the Owl in her wisdom called a council of Robin's best friends, and asked them what they were going to do about it. They waited respectfully, and this was her wonderful plan: —

"Robin could win the Prize for Good Luck," declared the Owl, "if only he were wise and swift and clear-sighted and strong enough. Now I will lend him my wisdom, the Hare shall lend his swiftness, the Eagle shall lend his eyesight, and the Lion shall lend his strength." And thus it was agreed.

Then the Owl went back to Robin's window and explained the plan.

"You must remember," she said warningly, "time is precious. It is almost morning now. I cannot long spare my wisdom, for who would guide the feathered folk? If the Hare cannot run, how can he escape the fox? If the Eagle cannot see, he may dash himself into the cliff when he flies, and he will starve to death if he sits still. If the Lion's strength is gone, the wolves will be the first to know it. Return, then, without delay. At the stroke of nine o'clock to-morrow, we shall await you here."

Immediately Robin felt himself so strong and so brave that he hesitated not a minute. Swift as the Hare, he hastened to the palace, and at daybreak he blew the mighty horn that announced the coming of one who would seek for the amulet. The King groaned when he saw him, sure that it would be a vain quest for such a little fellow. The truth was that the court philosopher feared the amulet had been stolen by the Ogre of Ogre

Castle, but no one dared to mention the fact, much less to ask the Ogre to return it. The Princess, however, was immediately charmed by the brave light in Robin's eyes and his merry smile.

Robin asked to be taken up into the highest tower of the palace, and there, looking leagues and leagues away to Ogre Castle, he saw with his Eagle sight the amulet, glowing like sunlight imprisoned in a ruby.

The Ogre was turning it over and over in his hand, muttering to himself, in the stupid way ogres always have: "It must be a nut, for I can see something good inside." Robin could not hear him, but he was sure, by the help of the Owl's wisdom, that it was the amulet.

In a trice — that means while you count three — Robin was speeding away with the Hare's swiftness toward Ogre Castle, and in a few minutes he was demanding the amulet from the Ogre.

Now usually the Ogre was not at all a disagreeable fellow, and the Owl's wisdom would have easily sufficed to enable Robin to secure the amulet without trouble; but the Ogre had just tried to crack the amulet with his teeth. It broke off the very best tooth he had in his head, and his poor jaws ached so that he was in a very bad temper. He turned fiercely, and for a few minutes Robin needed all the strength the Lion had given him.

Robin managed to get the amulet away without too much difficulty, and the Hare's swiftness quickly took him back to the palace. When the Princess, who was watching from the tower window, saw the rosy light of the amulet in the distance, pinkness came back to her cheeks, and her eyes shone like stars, and she waved her lily hand to Robin in perfect happiness.

Ah, such a merrymaking as they planned for that evening! Robin was to receive the Prize for Good Luck — so much gold coin that it would take three carts and six mules to carry it back to the cottage. The King counted out money all the afternoon, and the Queen put up tarts and jars of honey for Robin to take to his mother.

Now comes the sad part. It had taken so much time to reach the palace, to explain to the King, to ascend the tower and find the amulet, to conquer the Ogre of Ogre Castle, and to return to the palace, that it was almost night before Robin realized it. The party was to begin at nine, and just as Robin had dressed himself in a beautiful blue velvet suit, thinking how fine it was that he should open the dance with the Princess, and how lucky it was that he had the strength of a Lion, so that he could dance at all after his busy day, he suddenly remembered his promise to the Owl.

It was such a shock that, in spite of the Lion's

strength, he nearly fainted. Then he went quickly to the King and said that he must go away at once. The King was very angry and bade him have done with such nonsense.

"Faith, you must stay," he said. "You will lose the Prize for Good Luck, for the people have been promised that they shall see it presented to somebody to-night and we must not disappoint them."

Poor Robin's heart was heavy. How could he lose all that he had gained, and go away as poor as when he came? And that was n't all nor half of all. To lose the money would be bad, but he had much more to lose than that. For one day he had enjoyed the fun of being stronger and wiser and swifter and keener-sighted than anybody else. Is n't that better than money and all the prizes for good luck? Yes, indeed, his heart answered over and over again. How could he go back and give up the wisdom and the swiftness and the clear sight and the strength, even if he could give up the money?

"It is much more important," he thought bitterly, "for a boy to be strong than for a common lion, who is pretty old anyway. And there are lots of hares in the forest and eagles on the mountain."

Robin slowly climbed the stairs to the tower, for he thought he would see what the Owl and

the Hare and the Eagle and the Lion were doing in the forest. He looked over to the cottage, leagues and leagues away. There, under a big oak, lay the Owl, her feathers all a-flutter. She had had no more sense than to go out in the brilliant sunshine. Robin's heart gave one little throb of pity, but he was wise enough to see the value of wisdom, and he hardened himself. "I don't believe she has sense enough to know that anything is wrong," he said to himself.

Then he looked for the Hare. "Oh, he's all right," said Robin gladly. But just then he saw a dark shape, only about a mile away, following the Hare's track.

Robin's heart gave two throbs of pity. "Poor old Hare!" he said. "I have had lots of fun with him."

Then he looked for the Eagle, and his heart beat hard and fast when he saw him sitting alone on the dead branch of a tree, one wing hanging bruised, perhaps broken, and his sightless eyes turned toward the tower, waiting, waiting. Blind!

Robin looked quickly for the Lion. For a time he could not find him, for tears came in his eyes as he thought of the Eagle. Then he saw the poor creature, panting from thirst, trying to drag himself to the river. He was almost there when his last bit of strength seemed to fail, and he lay still, with the water only a few yards away.

Then Robin's heart leaped and bounded with pity — and with pure gladness, too, that he was not yet too late to save his friends from the consequences of their own generosity. The last rays of sunset struck the tower as Robin, forgetting all about his blue velvet clothes, and the Princess, and the Prize for Good Luck, ran and raced,

THEN ROBIN'S HEART LEAPED AND BOUNDED WITH PITY AND WITH PURE GLADNESS, TOO

uphill and down, through brambles and briers, over bogs and hummocks, leaving bits of lace caught on the bushes, swifter than ever he had hastened to the Ogre of Ogre Castle or to the lovely Princess with the amulet.

He was there — oh, yes, he was there long before nine o'clock. The Owl received back her wisdom; the Hare had his swiftness; and the Fox was left so far behind that he was soon glad to limp back

home and eat the plain supper that Mrs. Fox had prepared for him. The poor blind Eagle opened his eyes and saw the moon and the stars, and, better than moon and stars, the loving face of his comrade, Robin. The Lion drank his fill. So the story ended happily after all.

Oh, yes, — I forgot about the Prize for Good Luck, did n't I? When the King told the Princess, she called for the godmother who gave her the amulet in the first place. The godmother said that the Princess was quite, quite right: that Robin must have the three cartloads of gold coin drawn by six mules, and the tarts and honey for his mother. And whenever the Princess gave another party, she must ask him to open the dance with her, blue velvet suit or no blue velvet suit, "Because," said the godmother, "there is one thing better than wisdom or swiftness or clear sight or strength, and that is a loving heart."

EMMA ENDICOTT MAREAN (*adapted*)

NOTE. — This would be a fine story for a whole page of pictures. A soft brown sheet would be pretty, with a wide margin, and the centre marked off in sixteen oblongs for your pictures. You would want to have—

Robin turning the spit for his mother
The nest with the blue eggs and the robin, for whom the boy thought he was named

The Owl
The Hare
The Eagle
The Lion
The Princess
Ogre Castle
The King counting out money
The Queen putting up tarts and honey
Robin in his blue velvet suit opening the dance with the Princess (all fuzzy lines, showing that it is only in anticipation and has not yet really happened)
Robin looking from the turret top
Robin home again with his friends, the Owl, the Hare, the Eagle, and the Lion drinking his fill
The godmother and the Princess talking it over with the King
The three cartloads of gold coin, drawn by six mules, and the tarts and honey for Robin's mother
Robin opening the dance with the Princess (*not* fuzzy lines this time, but all bright and clear)

And beneath the pictures, in beautiful letters, what the godmother said at the last.

SUMMER SUN

GREAT is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven without repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain he showers his rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull
To keep the shady parlor cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic, spider-clad,
He, through the keyhole, maketh glad;
And through the broken edge of tiles
Into the laddered hayloft smiles.

Meantime his golden face around
He bares to all the garden ground,
And sheds a warm and glittering look
Among the ivy's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World, he goes.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE HENS[1]

THE night was coming very fast;
It reached the gate as I ran past.

The pigeons had gone to the tower of the church,
And all the hens were on their perch,

Up in the barn, and I thought I heard
A piece of a little purring word.

I stopped inside, waiting and staying,
To try to hear what the hens were saying.

They were asking something, that was plain,
Asking it over and over again.

One of them moved and turned around;
Her feathers made a ruffled sound,

[1] From *Under the Tree*, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts; copyright 1922, by B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

A ruffled sound, like a bushful of birds,
And she said her little asking words.

She pushed her head close into her wing,
But nothing answered anything.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

NOTE. — Did you ever hear the little singing sound that hens make in the morning, when they are contented? Not the waking calls, but their song when the morning hours wear on, hot and pleasant.

People make a little singing sound like that, together, on sunny mornings — in the street car, in a station, in the kitchen, or out in the fields. Listen and you will hear! You will even hear yourself joining in the humming song.

THE THING OF MOST WORTH

THERE was once a very important King who was growing quite old and gray. He had three sons, Prince Proud and Prince Charming and Prince Great Heart, all fine, good boys, and for that reason it was hard to decide which should wear the crown when the King should not need it any longer.

Prince Proud was very important, and he stood up very straight as he held a standard beside his father's throne on days of the council. His eyes were blue and his golden hair was bright and

shining in the sunlight. Prince Proud would make a very good king indeed, the court thought.

Prince Charming was very kind and thoughtful of the happiness and comfort of everyone. Dressed in a red velvet suit and with his brown head held high, he went about the throne room upon the days of the council, saying pleasant words to all the lords and ladies. It seemed to everyone that Prince Charming would make a very gracious king.

Prince Great Heart was the youngest and smallest of the three Princes and sometimes it seemed to his father, the King, that he was strangely different from his brothers. Prince Great Heart once changed his beautiful blue silk suit for the brown cotton smock of a little ploughboy because, as he explained, he wanted to see if the ploughboy's clothes would fit him. On the days of the King's council, which, everyone knew, were the most important days of all, it was often hard to find Prince Great Heart. He would be off with the little court pages, or talking to the ploughboy, or watching the ways of the brown squirrels and red foxes that lived in the forest about the palace. "Little wandering Great Heart will not make a king at all," said certain of the court; and at times his father wondered if, after all, they were not right.

One morning at sunrise, when the dew was like

diamonds on the roses in the palace garden, and the towers and battlements glistened with sunshine gold, the King called his sons into his bedchamber.

"I am growing older each day, my Princes," he said, "and less able to rule over my kingdom. I must choose which of you shall take my place. To do this, I will test you. Do you start out at once, Prince Proud and Prince Charming and Prince Great Heart, and, taking with you only your day's food, search the kingdom for the Thing of Most Worth. What this is, you must discover; but whichever of you finds it and brings it to me shall wear my crown and rule in my stead."

So the three Princes started out to find the Thing of Most Worth. They were all greatly puzzled, for they had not the slightest idea what it would be.

Prince Proud searched in the great city which was the capital of the kingdom, for he thought that everything of importance must be stored there.

Prince Charming went to the neighboring castles, for he thought that his friends would tell him how to find the Thing of Most Worth.

But Prince Great Heart went away from the city and away from the court and down to the fields where the little ploughboy lived; and no

one could tell what he was thinking, for Great Heart's thoughts were very strange.

It was a long and a busy day for the three Princes. When night came, they hurried back to the palace, where the King waited for them on his great, shining throne. They knelt down at his feet, first, and then he bade them rise.

"Who has brought me the Thing of Most Worth?" the King asked of the three.

"I have," shouted Prince Proud.

"No, I have," smiled Prince Charming.

But little Prince Great Heart did not say a word.

"We shall see," said the King. "Show me." He pointed to Prince Proud, who drew from beneath his cloak a gold casket. Opened, the light of a hundred precious stones flashed red and white and violet.

"It is the treasure of the oldest miser in your kingdom," explained Prince Proud. "He instructed me to bring it to you."

The King took the casket of jewels and laid it aside, shaking his head sorrowfully. Then he motioned to Prince Charming.

The Prince came forward and held up a precious bit of filmy lace. It was as soft as a cloud and as fine as a spider's web and as beautiful in pattern as a snowflake.

"One of the Princesses made it with her own

hands," Prince Charming said. "She will wear it when she is presented to you. I could find nothing more valuable."

The King touched the lace gently, but he shook his head again. "What has my little Great Heart brought?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Prince Great Heart, holding out two empty hands. "I had no time to search. I stopped at the ploughboy's farm and helped him all day with the ploughing, for his father is sick and furrows must be dug for the wheat." Two tears welled up in Great Heart's eyes.

"Come nearer, Great Heart," said the King. He took Great Heart's little hand in his. In the palm was a hard, rough spot where he had held a plough handle all day.

"Prince Great Heart has brought me the Thing of Most Worth," said the King as he touched the spot tenderly. "He brings to the kingdom the marks of unselfish work."

So Great Heart wore the King's crown; and although, at first, it was very large for him, everyone said that this did not matter in the least, for he would soon grow to it.

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

NOTE. — Do you ever notice people's hands? No two people have exactly the same kind of hands. They are as different as their faces. And old hands,

like old faces, show the marks and lines of thought and toil.

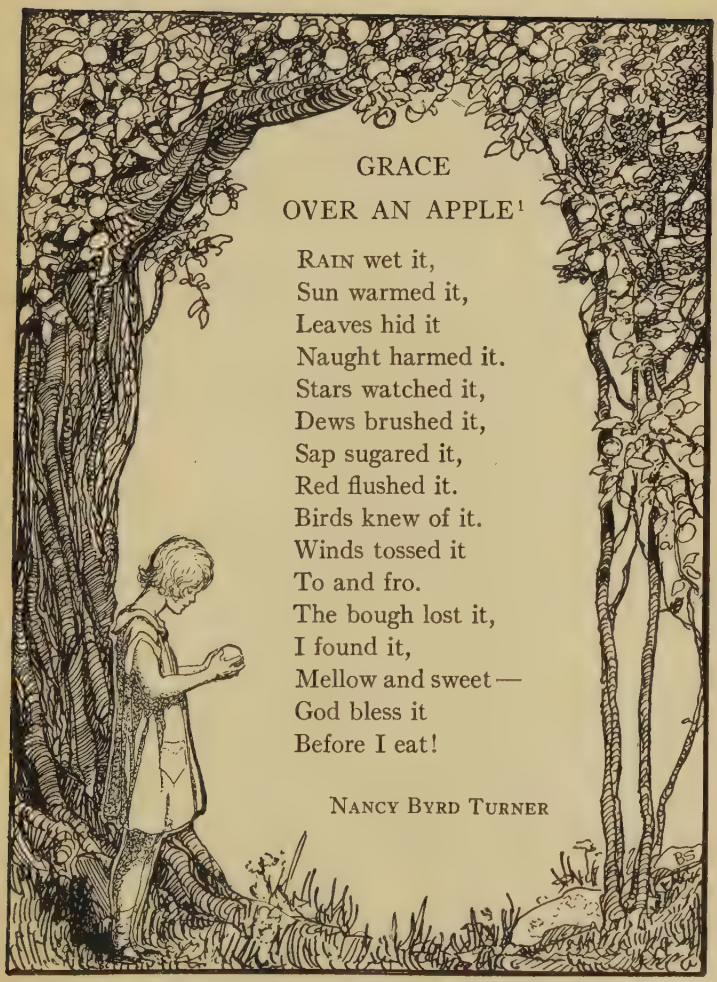
Hard-working hands are not always rough. Rosa Bonheur's hands were very small and velvety, although she never spared them. She did the hard work of the painter; yet hers were the hands of an artist, sensitive and supple and sure. A musician's hands are finely trained and true. A doctor's hands are skilled and kind.

COME, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;

. . . . . .

Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

JOHN MILTON
From *L'Allegro*



GRACE
OVER AN APPLE[1]

RAIN wet it,
Sun warmed it,
Leaves hid it
Naught harmed it.
Stars watched it,
Dews brushed it,
Sap sugared it,
Red flushed it.
Birds knew of it.
Winds tossed it
To and fro.
The bough lost it,
I found it,
Mellow and sweet—
God bless it
Before I eat!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

[1] Copyrighted.

LINCOLN AND THE LITTLE CREATURES

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

— Coleridge

Every helpless creature found protection in the heart of Abraham Lincoln. It was so when he was a boy, and it remained so when he was President of the United States.

Once in the early pioneer days, when Lincoln was a young lawyer, he was traveling on horseback from one town to another with a party of friends who were lawyers like himself. The way was fresh and pleasant, and the travelers were strung along, two and two together. The trees were washed and shining from recent rain, and wind clouds were hurrying away across the sky, but here and there a broken branch lay across the path to tell the tale of a wild storm's passing.

Presently the road led through a thicket of wild plum and apple trees, and here, among the fallen petals, were two little birds, too young to fly. They had been blown from the nest by the storm, and the old bird was fluttering about them in helpless distress.

Lincoln stopped and hitched his horse, while his

companion rode on to join the other men. Then he hunted for the nest, and when it was found, he caught the birds and placed them safely back.

Lincoln's companion overtook the party at a creek, where their horses were drinking.

"Where is Lincoln?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, when I saw him last, he had two little birds in his hand and was hunting for their nest," was the reply.

The travelers waited at the creek. In about an hour Lincoln came, and his friends all laughed at him.

"Gentlemen," said Lincoln, with much emphasis, "you may laugh, but I could not have slept to-night if I had left those little birds to perish on the ground. Their cries would have rung in my ears."

When the Lincoln family moved to Illinois, they went in a big covered wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen. For many a weary day and night they plodded through muddy prairies and forded swollen streams. One afternoon about dusk, after they had floundered through a creek filled with broken ice, it was discovered that a little dog, the pet of one of the family, had been left behind. It was late, and to go back with the oxen was out of the question. It was cold, and almost impossible to cross the creek.

Abraham saw the little dog on the other bank, running up and down and yelping in dismay. Pulling off his shoes and socks, he waded into the stream and made his way between the floating pieces to the opposite shore. He reached the bank successfully, and then accomplished the difficult return trip with the shivering animal under his arm. Frantically the little dog leaped for joy, and showed in every way his gratitude to the kind young man, whose hand he licked affectionately.

During the Civil War, when great cares and sorrows bowed the head of Lincoln and laid their furrows on his face, still his sympathies went forth to animals as well as to his fellow men. On one of his visits to General Grant's headquarters, he saw three tiny kittens crawling about the floor. The mother had died and the little wanderers were mewing piteously in their helplessness. President Lincoln picked them up tenderly and sat down on a camp chair. He took them on his knees, and stroking their soft fur, murmured gently, "Poor little creatures! Don't cry! You'll be taken good care of."

Then, turning to an officer, he said, "Colonel, I hope you will see that these poor little motherless waifs are given good milk and treated kindly."

Three times the President went to that tent

during his short visit, and lifted those little kittens. He fondled them, and taking out his handkerchief, wiped their eyes as they lay on his knee, purring. It seemed a strange sight, on the eve of battle, to see the hand that guided a nation through its darkest days caressing three stray kittens. But that was the way with Lincoln.

NOTE. — These are true stories about Lincoln. His boyhood friend, J. R. Speed, was one of the men who rode with him through the wild plum and apple thicket, and he it was who told the story of Lincoln and the birds.

A DOG'S DEVOTION

THIS is the true story of the devotion of Wallie, a Malemute dog, who felt a sacred duty to his master, the Doctor. Wallie's mother was a wolf and his father a Malemute, and the far Northland beyond the Chilkoot Pass was the scene of his labors. There, as one of a team of dogs, he helped to draw sleds laden with supplies for the miners, who toiled in the shafts and sluices.

Like all of his race, Wallie had his friends and his enemies, whom he stood ever ready to defend or fight. Two pairs of Belgian hares brought from "the States" were his especial delight. In order to extend his acquaintance with them, he lost

no chance of getting into the shed. There they were kept a little higher than his head, in a box with slats on one side.

Another of the Doctor's family who was eager to get into the shed was the bulldog, Jack. When he first saw the little hares hopping about in their home, his eyes glared, and his powerful jaws worked convulsively.

One night a servant neglected to close the shed door, and Jack made his way in. Nothing but a few wooden slats was between him and the four helpless little hares. He sniffed at the opening, and the frightened hares huddled together in a heap. Jack decided that, if he could remove one of the slats, he could squeeze his body through the opening. He set himself to the task of tearing one off, but it was well nailed, and to loosen it with his teeth proved hard. A light snow had drifted in, covering the floor and making it slippery, so that his feet would slide up under him every time he pulled.

While he was at work, Wallie came in. He was no match for the great strength and the viselike jaws of Jack when both dogs were in the open. Yet Wallie had several chances to prove that, if he backed up in a corner where Jack had to meet the lightning snaps of his jaws, he could fight the bulldog off indefinitely. The Malemute knew, too, that he could pass through any opening that

would admit Jack. So he stood by and awaited developments.

Finally the bulldog's teeth began to tell upon the frail wooden barrier. The hold of one nail was broken, and it only remained to break the other or to twist the slat to one side, and Jack was sure of his quarry. At last it gave. Jack braced for a mighty pull. The slat came clear from bottom and top at once, and with the sudden loosening Jack slid back several feet.

He quickly recovered himself and rushed forward — straight into Wallie's snapping jaws! Brief as had been the pause, it had been sufficient for Wallie to rush in and wheel to face the bulldog, with exactly the advantage required to make him complete master of the situation.

Jack was furious. Again and again he hurled himself at the opening, in the hope that Wallie, terrified, would give way and he could have a moment in which to pass those terrible, snapping jaws. But never once did they fail to meet him, and his bloody nose and lips told of Wallie's agility and the sharpness of his fangs. Growling with rage, the bulldog would stand back and glare at his foe, then wait for a time, hoping that Wallie might relax his vigilance. Yet each fresh attack showed that the Malemute was fully Jack's equal in watchfulness and cunning.

Thus the long night wore on, with attack

and repulse, amid savage snarls and snaps and howls of pain. Toward morning the four little hares seemed to understand that Wallie was their protector, for they came to where he had settled himself on the floor of their home with his nose on its doorsill, and curled themselves up against his warm body with its furry coat. So they were found when the Doctor went on his early morning round. Jack had not left the post which his instinct taught him was his by right of conquest and labor, but Wallie was faithful to the guardian task he had assumed.

THE VIGIL NEAR THE FOUR LITTLE HARES

The Doctor had no trouble in reading all about him the history of the night's faithful and strenuous vigil near the four little hares. In some places the tracks in the snow were so close that they packed it smooth and hard. The wooden slat torn by Jack's teeth was lying at the far side of the inclosure.

The bulldog was baffled and angry. Watchful Wallie lay with the little hares nestled safely

beside him. All this plainly told the Doctor the story of the night attack, the deadly peril, and the heroic defense of the devoted Malemute.

A. J. ROBERTSON (*adapted*)

NOTE. — Do you ever try to read the signs of something that has happened, as the Doctor did? In hare and hounds, the signs show which way the hares have gone. In the country, you can read the snow tracks of rabbit, squirrel, pheasant, crow; and in the city, sparrow and pigeon tracks upon the dusty walks.

BRAVE POLLY HOPKINS

THERE is a little river in Kentucky called Dreaming Creek. We are told that it was so named because the famous Daniel Boone fell asleep one day on its bank and dreamed that he was stung by hornets. However this may be, many years ago a fort was built near the river. In a log cabin about two miles from the fort lived Amos Hopkins and his family. He had been a frontier soldier with the daring George Rogers Clark.

The Hopkins family consisted of father, mother, and three children. The oldest child, Joseph, was a sturdy boy of fourteen. He could use a rifle nearly as well as his father. Polly, a lively

girl of twelve, was nicknamed Long-legged Polly, because she could run so fast. Peter, the youngest child, was about six years old.

It was a lovely day in June, a few years after the close of the Revolution. Mr. Hopkins was away, fighting the Indians. Mrs. Hopkins was busy about the house. The children were playing in the open space in front of the cabin. It was Polly's birthday.

"Now, Joe," said Mrs. Hopkins, "you children may have your birthday party down by the river in your beech-tree house. Look sharp after little Peter, and see that he does n't get hurt."

"All right, Mother. I won't let him get lost or fall into the river."

The big beech tree down by the river was well known to the children of the settlement. They often spent the afternoon there, playing in its shade. One day Polly Hopkins had crept under a vine on the trunk of the old tree, and suddenly disappeared.

"Oh, Polly, where are you?" cried Joe.

"Come quick, Joe, and see what I have found."

So Joe crawled after his sister. He found himself inside the tree.

"Oh, my," cried Polly, "what a splendid place to play in on rainy days, or to hide from the Indians!"

They made a clean floor of oak leaves and pine

needles, and used dry moss for seats. The old beech tree was just the place for Polly's party.

The three children hurried down the trail to the river. In the shade of the tree they ate their luncheon and played their games. After a time they crept into the hollow in the tree and told stories until about sunset. Little Peter grew tired and was put to sleep on a pile of dry moss.

"Why, Polly," said Joe, "I forgot to bring my rifle. I will run back to the cabin and get it. There may be Indians prowling about after dark. Don't stir till I come back."

Polly climbed up on a shelf that Joe had built and looked out of a hole in the tree. She watched Joe until he went through the open gate of the stockade. In a few minutes he and his mother ran out of the cabin and shut the big gate.

Polly sat down beside Peter and waited. Still no Joe came back.

"What can be the matter with him?" asked Polly. "Why did they shut the gate in such a hurry? Can there be Indians about? Dear me, I wish he would come. I'll take one more look."

Before long she saw the bushes across the way gently moving. In another moment a tall Indian in war paint and feathers rose silently and came walking toward the old beech tree. After looking round the tree and peeping into the branches, he quietly glided into the underbrush.

Polly knew her danger. She stood on the shelf, still as a mouse. She hardly dared to draw a deep breath.

She looked out once more. She now saw half a dozen savages creeping along the trail toward the cabin.

Crack! sounded Joe's rifle, and a savage fell dead.

The other Indians ran out with dry moss and made ready to throw lighted bundles of it on the roof of the cabin.

Polly's heart began to beat faster.

"There is just one thing to do. I must run to the fort and get Captain Zane and his men."

With one little sob, she looked at her brother, quietly sleeping on the moss. Then she crept through the opening and into the underbrush until she found the trail. How many times she had outrun Joe in their games! She was frightened, but she darted away in the direction of the fort.

It was dark now, and the trail was narrow. At any moment a lurking redskin might jump out of the underbrush. On, on she ran, as never before. It seemed hours, but it was only minutes. Once she was out of breath, and fell panting to the ground. It was only for a moment. She picked herself up and started on again.

Just as she seemed ready to fall in a faint, she

"THERE IS JUST ONE THING TO DO. I MUST RUN TO THE FORT AND GET CAPTAIN ZANE AND HIS MEN"

reached the fort, high up on the bank of the river. She was seen by the riflemen on guard when she ran toward the big oak gate.

"Indians! Indians! The Hopkins cabin! Quick! Quick!" she cried.

The riflemen crowded round her to hear her story.

"There is no time to spare," said Captain Zane to his men; "look well to your horses and rifles. We are in for a lively scrap with the redskins before sunrise."

In a few minutes twenty sturdy Indian-fighters were galloping down the trail as fast as their horses could carry them. Captain Zane had taken Polly up behind him.

Mr. Hopkins had come back home while the children were at play in the old beech tree. Now he and Joe were making it lively for the redskins, firing their rifles from the loopholes in the stockade.

With shouts the riflemen fell on the savages. The Indians, leaving their dead and wounded behind them, fled into the woods.

A few tubs of water put out the fire on the roof of the cabin.

"Where is Peter?" asked Mrs. Hopkins.

"Why, Mother, I had almost forgotten him," answered Polly. "Come, Joe, let us run down to the old beech tree."

They found the boy still asleep on the moss.

"I had a bad dream," said Peter. "I thought the Indians were chasing me, and they had grabbed me, just as Joe and Polly found me."

Captain Zane took the Hopkins family back to the fort. The Indians might come before sunrise with a larger band. There was a merry time the next day, when Polly told the riflemen how fast she ran in the dark.

Polly lived to be more than ninety years old. On a rainy day her great-grandchildren would tease her to tell them how she ran on that birthday night to save her family from the savages. Like most frontier women, she would not talk much about the danger of backwoods life in her girlhood. She would smile faintly, and would gently tell them to be thankful that there were no longer cruel savages to kill and scalp people and set fire to their homes.

ALBERT F. BLAISDELL and FRANCIS K. BALL

NOTE. — Do you know the beech tree in all seasons? The bark of the American beech is silvery gray, and the trunk grows large and tall. Beech trees in winter have a soft and silken look, alone or in the forest, like gray-clad Quaker ladies. The leaf buds are glossy brown, twirled into sharp spikes. When the young leaves break from their brown overcoats, they are a pale and tender green. They are shaped something like elm leaves, but are firmer in texture. The nuts are three-sided, very small, and delicious to

eat, when you are fortunate enough to find a tree that does not bear false ones. In autumn the beech leaves turn a golden brown, through which the sunlight filters. They hang a long, long time, then fall in warm satin piles about the gray-beech feet.

LINES FROM "THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER"

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie.

HERBERT

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

SOLOMON

There is always time enough for courtesy.

EMERSON

MIDGET, THE RETURN HORSE

In many of the Western mining towns, the liverymen keep "return horses," — horses that will return to the barn when set at liberty, whether near the barn or twenty miles away. These horses are the pick of their kind. They have brains enough to take training readily, and also to make plans of their own and get on despite the unexpected hindrances that sometimes occur. When a return horse is ridden to a neighboring town, he must know enough to find his way back, and he must also be so well trained that he will not converse too long with the horse he meets going in the opposite direction.

The return horse is a result of the necessities of mountain sections, especially the needs of miners. Most Western mining towns are located upon a flat or in a gulch. The mines are rarely near the town, but are on the mountain slopes above it. Out of town go a dozen roads or trails that extend to the mines, from one to five miles away, and much higher than the town.

A miner does not mind walking down to the town, but he wants to ride back; or the prospector comes in and wants to take back a few supplies. The miner hires a return horse, rides it to the mine, and then turns the horse loose. It at once

starts to return to the barn. If a horse meets a freight wagon coming up, it must hunt for a turnout if the road is narrow, and give the wagon the right of way. If the horse meets someone walking up, it must avoid being caught.

. . . . . .

The lot of a return horse is generally hard. . . . Often, . . . he is turned loose at night on some bleak height to go over a lonely trail, a task which he does not like. . . . A fallen tree across the trail or deepened snow sometimes makes the horse's return journey a hard one. On rare occasions, cinch or bridle gets caught on a snag or around his legs, and cripples him or entangles him, so that he falls a victim to the unpitying mountain lion or some other carnivorous animal.

I have never met a return horse without stopping to watch it as far as it could be seen. They always go along with such unconscious confidence and quiet alertness that they are a delight to behold. Many good days I have had in their company, and on more than one occasion their alertness, skill, and strength have saved me either from injury or from the clutches of the great white terror — the snowslide.

The February morning that I rode "Midget" out of Alma began what proved to be by far the most delightful association that I have ever had with a return horse, and one of the happiest

experiences with nature and a dumb animal that has ever come into my life.

I was in government experiment work as "State Snow Observer," and wanted to make some observations on the summit peaks of the "Twelve-Mile" and other ranges. Midget was to carry me far up the side of these mountains to the summit of Hoosier Pass. A heavy snow had fallen a few days before I started out. The wind had drifted most of this out of the open and piled it deeply in the woods and gulches. Midget galloped merrily away over the wind-swept ground.

We came to a gulch, I know not how deep, that was filled with snow, and here I began to appreciate Midget. Across this gulch it was necessary for us to go. The snow was so deep and so soft that I dismounted and put on my snowshoes, and started to lead Midget across. She followed willingly. After a few steps, a flounder and a snort caused me to look back, and all I could see of Midget was her two little ears wriggling in the snow. When we reached the other side, Midget came out breathing heavily, and at once shook her head to dislodge the snow from her forehead and her ears. She was impatient to go on, and before I could take off my snowshoes and strap them on my back, she was pawing the ground impatiently, first with one little forefoot and then with the other. I leaped

into the saddle, and away we went again. We had a very pleasant morning of it.

About eleven o'clock I dismounted to take a picture of the snowy slope of Mount Silverheels. Evidently Midget had never before seen a kodak. She watched with extraordinary interest the standing of the little three-legged affair upon the ground and the mounting of the small black box upon it. She pointed her ears at it; tilted her head to one side and moved her nose up and down. I moved away from her several feet to take the picture. She eyed the kodak with such intentness that I invited her to come over and have a look at it.

She came at once, turning her head and neck to one side to prevent the bridle reins, which I had thrown upon the ground, from entangling her feet. Once by me, she looked the kodak and tripod over with interest, smelled of them, but was careful not to strike the tripod with her feet or to overturn it and the kodak with her nose. She seemed so interested that I told her all about what I was doing — what I was taking a picture of, why I was taking it, and how long an exposure I was going to give it; and finally I said to her: "To-morrow, Midget, when you are back in your stall in the barn at Alma, eating oats, I shall be on the other side of Mount Silverheels, taking pictures there. Do you understand?"

She pawed the ground with her right forefoot, with such a satisfied look upon her face that I was sure she thought she understood all about it.

From time to time I took other pictures, and after the first experience Midget did not wait to be invited to come over and watch me, but always followed me to every new spot where I set the tripod and kodak down; and on each occasion I talked freely with her, and she seemed to understand and to be much interested.

Shortly after noon, when I was taking a picture, Midget managed to get her nose into my mammoth outside coat pocket. There she found something to her liking. It was my habit to eat lightly when rambling about the mountains, often eating only once a day, and occasionally going two or three days without food. I had a few friends who were concerned about me, and who were afraid I might sometime starve to death. So, partly as a joke and partly in earnest, they would mail me a package of something to eat, whenever they knew at what post office I was likely to turn up.

At Alma, the morning I hired Midget, the prize package which I drew from the post office contained salted peanuts. I did not care for them, but put them into my pocket. It was past noon and Midget was hungry. I was chattering away to her about picture-taking when, feeling her

rubbing me with her nose, I put my hand around to find that she was eating salted peanuts from my big coat pocket. Midget enjoyed them so much that I allowed her to put her nose into my pocket and help herself, and from time to time, too, I gave her a handful of them until they were all gone.

Late in the afternoon, Midget and I arrived at the top of Hoosier Pass. I told her to look tired and I would take her picture. She dropped her head and neck a little, and there on the wind-swept pass, with the wind-swept peaks in the background, I photographed her. Then I told her it was time to go home, that it was sure to be after dark before she could get back. So I tightened the cinches, fastened up the bridle rein over the horn of the saddle, and told her to go. She looked around at me, but did not move. Evidently she preferred to stay with me. So I spoke to her sternly and said, "Midget, you will have to go home!"

Without even looking round, she kicked up her heels and trotted speedily down the mountain and disappeared.

ENOS A. MILLS

NOTE. — In the story of *Gulliver's Travels*, one of the countries that Gulliver visits is a nation of horses. You should read about the way he is entertained there by the king of the horses and his subjects.

THE LIGHTHOUSE TELLS THE SEA

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
With strange, unearthly splendor in the glare!

Not one alone; from each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night
Burns on forevermore that quenchless flame
Shines on that inextinguishable light!

. . . . . .

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

— LONGFELLOW

THE waves were lashing themselves in sharp succession against the rocky promontory, like the cutting of a hundred whips in the hands of a hundred sea creatures.

"Who are you, Sir Lighthouse?" they seemed

THE WAVES WERE LASHING LIKE A HUNDRED WHIPS

to snarl through the spray-filled air. "You are not ruler of the Sea, even if you are king of the coast. Feel our power, if you will, and stand against us. Before you ever dreamed of being, seafaring folk bowed to our will and the will of the wind. What are you but a pile of masonry,

and why should you tower above us in your pride?"

And they pounded till the white foam looked like a swift veil blown from the head of the light.

"I am not proud," answered the Lighthouse, scanning the horizon anxiously. "The work of guiding mariners is not wholly mine. Look at the men who are my masters and who tend my light and the lights of my many brothers along the coast, the world around."

The Sea quieted down a trifle. It had never before stopped to think how human beings were concerned with these lights that shone out through every sort of weather.

"If you were to calm yourself sufficiently, O Sea, I might tell you a few true stories about lighthouse keepers and about lightships, too," suggested the Lighthouse. And the waves gradually stilled themselves, so that they might listen to his tales.

"Now," began the Lighthouse at last, "I have seen many deeds of great bravery and endurance in my day, and besides, I have been told many, many stories of heroes in our service. These men of ours do not complain, and their families live on courageously through strange deprivation and suffering.

"On a certain rock far out from the mainland, miles away from the nearest port, there stand

twin lights that shine from granite towers. On this rock there is not a blade of grass, not a tree, not a shrub. In a storm some years ago, every movable thing was washed from the island, even to an old stone dwelling.

"Now it happened that the keeper of these lights was away, and the force of the storm became so great that he was unable to return to his station. The women of his family were alone on the island. The sea rose higher and higher, until the only places where the women could continue to live were the towers of the lights. For four whole weeks the rough weather held; not a landing could be made on the rock. This meant that the lights would go out, unless the women kept them in service. The young daughter of the light keeper labored on with special vigilance, even though tired out from her watch, and not once during the long weeks were the twin lights allowed to fail."

Here the Sea sighed a word of appreciation.

"Women light keepers are sure to be diligent at their work," the Lighthouse went on. "Once a woman found that the machinery of her fog signal was out of order. For a day and a night she struck a nail hammer against the bell with all her strength, until at last the fog lifted.

"In the course of two great storms," continued the Lighthouse, "one of our keepers saved the

lives of scores of people. Many of these he brought to the shelter of his light, where he generously spared them food from his slender store of provisions. He and his family also shared their clothing and bedding even to their last possession.

"The lightships," explained the story-teller, "let their lights shine forth from places where heavy towers like ours would have no place to stand. Sometimes the captain of a ship crossing the Atlantic for New York passes through such weather that he cannot get his bearings. Then he sees a white signal shining through the fog and sights a stout vessel rolling at firm anchor. This is the Nantucket lightship. She tells the eager master of the ocean liner just how near he is to New York Harbor.

"Men who live on such vessels know both hardship and monotony. And they often know real excitement as well. In time of storm the great ships may pass so near that their sides almost graze the lightship. Now and again the lightship itself is torn from its moorings in a gale.

"Always we must watch and endure," said the Lighthouse. "And our keepers must be brave and skillful. We truly enjoy standing at even the most dangerous points when we see such faithfulness in the men and women who care for us. And our keepers guard all alike.

They do not ask the name of the man who needs to be pointed to safety; the lights burn as clearly for one as for another."

The water lapped about the feet of the Lighthouse with a subdued, rhythmic motion, after listening so long.

"I was thinking," ventured the Sea, "that you are very tall and graceful, as well as strong."

"I am glad of that," said the Lighthouse. "But, oh, I wish that I could half begin to tell you the thrill of our existence. Now it is nearly sunset, and I must stop talking, and tend to my shining."

THE LIGHTHOUSE STAR

In at my open window a star,
More bold and bright than the planets are,
Shines to my pillow — now dimly shows
Through the cloudy white as the curtain blows
In the breath of the wind, now darts its gold
Straight as a spear and as bright and bold.

On the long coast north, on the long coast south,
At the harbor's heart and the harbor's mouth,
Guarding the edge of the pine-grown land,
Warning away from the spits of sand,
A star of the reef or an island star —
Many the brothers of my light are. . . .

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer

THE AUGUST LORD WIND OF NIGHT

ONCE upon a time, the august Lord Wind of Night went upon a journey. He rose a little before sunset for the trip, refreshed himself with the evening dew, and robed himself in mist gray and the blues of midnight. He was therefore so invisible that only the Stars and the little new Moon Smile of Heaven could see him.

"Whi-i-s-sh!" he breathed gently as he set out. "The joys of the night are mine. I can do as I like," and he mischievously blew into the hollow of an ancient tree to waken O-Wise, the Owl, and call him a lazy fellow for being so late in coming from his snug bed in the quiet tree.

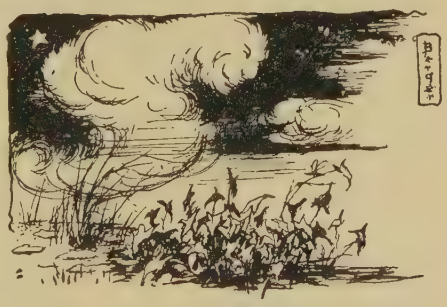
The august Lord Wind of Night laughed softly when the startled sleepyhead opened his great eyes, and, in his hurry to get out of his hollow to let the world know that he was on hand to tell them any wisdom they cared to know, nearly lost his balance and fell from his perch.

What a fine joke my Lord Wind of Night had played upon O-Wise! Old O-Wise had been made to rise in a fluster for once instead of taking his time and making a calm appearance at his post.

How silly the startled bird looked, trying to get a firm foothold upon the limb nearest his home,

and calling his "Whoo-oo-oo!" in such an excited, quivery voice! The august Lord Wind of Night laughed again softly at the sound of the call, which always before had been given with such a peaceful tone and in a plaintive way that was much more pleasing than this strange, ridiculous note.

"I shall have fun indeed," thought the night traveler. "How fortunate I am to be invisible! I can do as I like. I need not be at all particular about my manners. Manners and behavior are all right for those who can be seen, but, since I cannot be seen, why should I give them a thought? For one night in my life I shall drop my manners." And he began to dance in glee.



A CHANCE TO SWOOP UPON A CLUMP OF ARROW-PLANT

Then he left the place of trees, and caught a glimpse of the Stars and the Smile of Heaven, and one of the Stars, the great Star of Evening, seemed like a bright eye that followed him as he danced along the shore of a little river. For a moment he stopped as if caught in his mischief, and was still. But there came a chance to swoop

suddenly upon a clump of arrow-plant leaves, upon which rested one of the night singers, a frail insect with pale-green gauzy wings. The small insect was hurled by the force into the water and had hard work struggling to the shore. Besides, the fright had stopped the song he was tuning to sing, and the night lost one of the best musicians for that time.

How the august Lord Wind of Night laughed over that affair! But the Smile in the Sky was sinking. As for the Bright Star of Evening, it once more made my Lord Wind stop for a bit.

"I'll get away from here," he thought, and made a quick rush, with such a mad cry of wildness in it that the little Marsh Hen, dreaming among the river grasses, fell into the water in terror, while the august Lord Wind of Night doubled up with laughter.

But when once more he straightened himself, he thought all the Stars were watching him. It quite stopped his fun until he saw another chance to forget his manners, and this time it was the stately Emperor Stork, asleep in the marshes, to be frightened from his great peace. He rose in the air and flew away from the river. In his hurried flight he cried to his good friend Heron one warning note. Friend Heron, perched upon a low, swaying limb overhanging the rushes, uttered a cry and joined brother Stork, flying inland.

"See!" cried the august Lord Wind of Night. "More than ever have I found the joy of doing as I like," and he could not stop his mirth at the thought of proud Emperor Stork and good little white Heron having to forget their stateliness and being forced to beat the air to escape from him.

Ah, but the great Star and the other Stars looked so sternly at him that he almost gave up further mischief. But when there was fun to be had, with all the night before him, he would not give up his chances, and he put forth all his strength and blew inland, taking the direction of the two he had sent flying that way.

HE CRIED ONE WARNING NOTE

Now it happened that the quiet of the night had brought into the gardens of a certain Prince a Poet, who had been given this one chance of spending the night there for the purpose of writing for the Prince a poem in praise of the gardens. The Prince was proud of those gardens. He would pay a large sum for a poem that he thought worthy of them. The Poet had been asked to write a poem that would give an idea of the gardens at

night. If it succeeded in making a reader feel and see the peace of the lovely place, the reward would be greater than the sum of money offered. If the poem failed, it would mean the Poet's ruin; no one ever would think much of any poem he might write thereafter.

Only one night would be allowed the Poet to set down his thoughts, and this was the night upon which the august Lord Wind of Night, having swooped inland, found the Poet with a glow of joy upon his face. With quick brush-strokes he had set down upon his scroll thoughts that he had tried for a long time to catch. Now, tired from his long hours of hard thinking, he slept.

My Lord Wind of Night saw the smile of the sleeping man, and, gathering force yet untried, he tossed into the air, off and away, the scroll, the brushes, and a whirl of leaves and choice blossoms. He tore the gardens to shreds of ruined foliage and bloom.

His success made him gather yet more force. He swept away a fragile bridge and overturned the stone lantern of a hill pathway. The gardens of the Prince were no more the subject worthy a poem.

The Poet started up in such fear that he shook from head to foot. His poem was gone! The thoughts he had put into it he could not recall.

Besides, would not the Prince think it was he who had wrecked the gardens!

But this time my Lord Wind of Night shook too. His laugh died away, for all the Stars were winking angrily at him, and the Sky Smile had disappeared. Only the angry eyes blinked and blinked as the august Lord Wind of Night scurried back to the woods and drew his midnight-blue robes about him. No longer would he be great and august. No longer would he be called Lord Wind of Night. Oh, that he had not been so wicked! Something was crying to him. He roused from his sorrow to listen.

Why, it was all a dream!

Ah, what a joy to find that he had not been guilty of one of those pranks! The night was before him. He must be off to whisper gentle things to the singing insect, the Marsh Hen, the Stork, and the Heron, and to help the Poet to win. My Lord Wind of Night bowed low to the sweet Smile of Heaven and the Stars, and gave thanks for — what do you think? Why, for good manners!

BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

NOTE. — It does n't pay to drop manners at all. "Good manners" really means, "Do as you would be done by."

THE FAIRIES HAVE NEVER A PENNY TO SPEND[1]

THE fairies have never a penny to spend,
They have n't a thing put by,
But theirs is the dower of bird and of flower
And theirs are the earth and the sky.
And though you should live in a palace of gold
Or sleep in a dried-up ditch,
You could never be poor as the fairies are,
And never as rich.

Since ever and ever the world began
They have danced like a ribbon of flame,
They have sung their song through the centuries long
And yet it is never the same.
And though you be foolish or though you be wise,
With hair of silver or gold,
You could never be young as the fairies are,
And never as old.

ROSE FYLEMAN

NOTE. — Did you ever build a real fairy house? On a mossy bank somewhere, under a tall spray, find a little hollow place, arched by some sweet flowers. Perhaps a lifted-out stone has left a little cellar.

[1] From *Fairies and Chimneys*, by Rose Fyleman, copyright 1920, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

Then smooth the floor, laying upon it leaves of sweet fern, and in a circle around it arrange bits of the choicest moss and lichens, gray-, and red-, and lavender-tipped, with here and there a golden pebble. Have a sweet wild bell lean over the doorway. Let a tiny shrub roof the house with its pretty leaves, and strew a path of finest sand up to the entrance. Then take a charm that you have found — a bit of glass, an ivory ring — and hang it on a waving frond before the fairy house, for a sign to them and you.

Whenever you pass that way, you will know it is the fairies' house that you have built for them. And moonlight nights, when you look out of doors, you can wonder, "Have they come? And are they in the house? And do they think of me?"

ARIEL'S SONG

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I.
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF MASTER RABBIT

HOW MASTER RABBIT SOUGHT TO RIVAL KEEOONY, THE OTTER

[The mother otter teaches the little ones to slide, just as the mother bird teaches her fledglings to fly.]

Of old time, Mahtigwess, the Rabbit, who is called in the Micmac tongue Ableegumooch, lived with his grandmother, waiting for better times. And truly he found it a hard matter in midwinter, when ice was on the river and snow was on the plain, to provide even for his small household.

Running through the forest one day, he found a lonely wigwam, and he that dwelt therein was Keeoony, the Otter. The lodge was on the bank of a river, and a smooth road of ice slanted from the door down to the water.

The Otter made him welcome, and directed his housekeeper to get ready to cook; saying which, he took the hooks on which he was wont to string fish when he had them, and went to fetch a mess for dinner. Placing himself on the top of the slide, he coasted in under the water, and then came out with a great bunch of eels, which were soon cooked, and on which they dined.

"By all my life!" thought Master Rabbit,

"That is an easy way of getting a living! Truly these fishing folk have fine fare, and cheap. Cannot I, who am so clever, do as well as this mere Otter? Of course I can. Why not?" Thereupon he grew so confident of himself as to invite the Otter to dine with him on the third day after that, and so went home.

"Come on!" he said to his grandmother the next morning; "let us remove our wigwam down to the lake." So they removed; and he selected a site such as the Otter had chosen for his home. The weather being cold, he made a road of ice, or a coast, down from his door to the water, and all was well. Then the guest came at the time set, and Rabbit, calling his grandmother, bade her get ready to cook a dinner.

"But what am I to cook, grandson?" inquired the old dame.

"Truly, I will see to that," said he; and he made him a *nabogun*, or stick to string eels.

Then, going to the ice path, he tried to slide like one skilled in the art, but indeed with little luck, for he went first to the right side, then to the left, and so hitched and jumped till he came to the water, where he went in with a bob backward. And this bad beginning had no better ending, since of all swimmers and divers the Rabbit is the very worst, and this one was no better than his brothers. The water was cold,

he lost his breath, he struggled, and was well-nigh drowned.

"But what on earth ails the fellow?" said the Otter to the grandmother, who was looking on in amazement.

"Well, he has seen somebody do something and is trying to do likewise," replied the old lady.

"Ho! Come out of that now," cried the Otter, "and hand me your nabogun!" And the poor Rabbit, shivering with cold and almost frozen, came from the water and limped into the lodge. There he required much nursing from his grandmother, while the Otter, plunging into the stream, soon returned with a load of fish. But, disgusted at the Rabbit for attempting what he could not perform, he threw them down as a gift, and went home without tasting the meal.

HOW MAHTIGWESS, THE RABBIT, DINED WITH THE WOODPECKER GIRLS, AND WAS AGAIN HUMBLED BY TRYING TO RIVAL THEM

[*He never gave up.* This is a great Indian virtue. It was this virtue that raised Master Rabbit to prosperity and power in the end.]

Now Master Rabbit, though disappointed, was not discouraged, for this one virtue he had — that he never gave up. And wandering one day

in the wilderness, he found a wigwam well filled with young women, all wearing red headdresses; and no wonder, for they were Woodpeckers. Now, Master Rabbit was a well-bred Indian, who made himself as a melody to all voices, and so he was cheerfully bidden to bide to dinner, which he did.

Then one of the red-polled pretty girls, taking a wooden dish, lightly climbed a tree, so that she seemed to run; and while ascending, stopping here and there and tapping now and then, took from this place and that many of those insects called by the Indians *apchel-moal-timpkawal*, or rice, because they so much resemble it. And note that this rice is a dainty dish for those who like it.

And when it was boiled, and they had dined, Master Rabbit again reflected, "La! how easily some folks live! What is to hinder me from doing the same? Ho, you girls! Come over and dine with me the day after to-morrow!"

Having accepted this invitation, all the guests came on the day set, when Master Rabbit undertook to play woodpecker. So, having taken the head of an eelspear and fastened it to his nose to make a bill, he climbed as well as he could — and bad was the best — up a tree, and tried to get his harvest of rice. Truly he got none. Only in this did he succeed in resembling a woodpecker, that he had a red poll; for his pate was all torn

and bleeding, bruised by the fishing point. And the pretty birds all looked and laughed, and wondered what the Rabbit was about.

"Ah!" said his grandmother, "I suppose he is trying again to do something which he has seen someone do. 'T is just like him."

"Oh, come down there!" cried Miss Woodpecker, as well as she could for laughing. "Give me your dish!" And having got it, she scampered up the trunk, and soon brought down a dinner. But it was long ere Master Rabbit heard the last of it from those gay tree tappers.

OF THE ADVENTURE WITH MOOIN, THE BEAR — IT BEING THE THIRD AND LAST TIME THAT MASTER RABBIT MADE A FOOL OF HIMSELF

[This story is a reference to the bear's being supposed to live during the winter by sucking his own paws.]

Now, truly, one would think, after all that had befallen Master Mahtigwess, the Rabbit, that he would have had enough of trying other people's trades. But his nature was such that, having once set his mighty mind to a thing, little short of sudden death would cure him. And being one day with the Bear in his cave, he beheld with great wonder how Mooin fed his folk. For, having put a great pot on the fire, he did but cut

a little slice from his own foot and drop it into the boiling water, when it spread and grew into a mess of meat which served for all. Nay, there was a great piece given to Rabbit to take home to feed his family.

"Now, truly," he said, "this is a thing which I can indeed do. Is it not recorded in the family wampum that whatever a Bear can do well a Rabbit can do better?" So he invited his friend to come and dine with him, the day after to-morrow.

And the Bear being there, Rabbit did but say, "Grandmother, set your pot to boiling!" And, whetting his knife on a stone, he tried to do as the Bear had done. But little did he get from his small, thin soles, though he cut himself madly and sadly.

"What can he be trying to do?" growled the guest.

"Ah!" sighed the grandmother, "something which he has seen someone else do."

"Ho — I say there! Give me the knife," quoth Mooin. And, getting it, he took a slice from his sole, which did him no harm, and then, what with magic and fire, gave them a good dinner. But Master Rabbit was in sad case, and it was many a day ere he got well.

CHARLES G. LELAND

NOTE. — These are very old legends of the Algonquin Indians of North America, who roamed from Labrador to the far South, and from Newfoundland to the Rocky Mountains. The stories are just as the Indians told and retold them, one to another, for many, many years.

THE LISTENER[1]

I HOLD the pink shell to my ear
(A big wave laid it on the land),
And down inside a sound I hear
That's hard to understand.

[1] From *The Mayflower*, copyright by The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

It's not a sigh, it's not a song,
Nor any other common thing;
It's somehow very like a long,
Low whisper, whispering.

Perhaps I am too young to tell,
And yet — and yet — why can't this be
The deep heart of the happy shell
Remembering the sea?

NANCY BYRD TURNER

NOTE. — Have you a pink sea shell in school — a large conch shell to hold against your ear? Though miles and miles are spread between the shell and its old home, the sea, it remembers, whispering.

SONG SPARROW

THE sparrow with his spotted breast
Sings gladly from a barren tree;
He seems to find high happiness
In choosing such simplicity.
Sometimes he takes a pile of brush,
A rail, or any common place —
His spirit wholly satisfied
With just a little singing-space.

NOTE. — The song sparrow wears a plain brown coat, like his city cousin, the English sparrow, but Mr. Song Sparrow has a spotted breast, with one large

blotch in the centre. His song is a bubbling melody. He is a valiant little bird, singing from earliest spring till summer is long past.

PETER AND PAUL AND ESPEN THE CINDER-LAD[1]

(*Norse Folk Tale*)

Once on a time there was a man who had three sons, Peter, Paul, and Espen the Cinder-Lad. Now the man had nothing more than these three sons; he was so poor that he had not one penny to rub against another. So he told his sons over and over again that they must go out into the world and seek their fortune, for at home there was nothing for them but to starve to death.

Now a bit away from the man's cottage was the King's palace, and just outside the King's windows a great oak had sprung up, which was so big and stout that it took away all the light from the palace. The King had it given out that he would pay many, many pieces of gold to the one who could fell the oak. But no one was good for that, for as soon as one chip flew off the oak's

[1] Translated by Mary D. Hutchinson Hodgkins.

trunk, two grew in its place. Besides, the King wished to have a well dug that would hold water the whole year; for all his neighbors had wells, while he had none, and he thought that a shame. So the King said he would give both money and goods to anyone who could dig him such a well as would hold water all the year. Yet no one could do that; for the King's palace lay high, high up on a hill, and they could dig but a few inches before they came to hard rock.

But as the King had set his heart upon having these two pieces of work done, he had it given out far and wide, in all the churches of his kingdom, that he who could fell the big oak in the King's courtyard, and dig him such a well as would hold water all the year round, should have the Princess and half the kingdom.

Well — many a man would try his luck, as you can well see; but for all their hacking and hewing, and for all their digging and delving, it was no good. The oak got bigger and stouter at every stroke and the rock grew no softer either.

Now after a while the three brothers thought they too would start forth to try their luck. And their father was willing, for even if they did not get the King's daughter and half the kingdom, they might happen to get a place somewhere with a good master, and that was all he cared for. So when the brothers said they thought

of going to the King's palace, their father said "Yes" at once, and Peter, Paul, and Espen the Cinder-Lad set out for the palace.

Now when they had gone on a bit, they came to a fir wood. Straight up along one side of it rose a steep hill, and as they walked along, they heard something hacking and hewing up on the hill.

"I wonder what it is that is hewing away up on that hillside, I do," said Espen.

"You're always so clever with your wondering, you," said Peter and Paul, both at once. "Now, pray, what wonder is it that a woodcutter should stand and hack up on a hillside?"

"Well, I think it would be fun enough to see what it is, just the same, I do," said Espen; and with that, up he went.

"Oh, since you're such a child, 't will do you good to go and learn a lesson," shouted his brothers after him.

But Espen did not care for what they said. He climbed away up the steep hillside toward the place where he heard the hewing, and when he got there, what did he see but an axe, that stood and hacked and hewed at the trunk of a fir tree.

"Good day!" said Espen. "You stand here and hew, do you?"

"Yes," said the axe, "here have I stood and

hacked and hewed many long ages, waiting for you."

"Well, well, here I am," said Espen; and he took the axe, pulled off its handle, and stuffed axe and handle into his wallet.

Now when he got down again to his brothers, they began to make sport of him.

"What sort of strange thing was it you saw up on the hillside?" they asked.

"Oh, it was only an axe we heard," said Espen.

So when they had gone on a bit farther, they came under a steep rock, and up on the rock they heard something hacking and digging.

"Now I wonder what is hacking and digging up yonder on that rock, I do," said Espen.

"You're always so clever with your wondering," said Peter and Paul together. "Have you never heard a woodpecker hacking and pecking at a hollow tree?"

"Yes," said Espen, "but I think it would be fun to see what that really is, just the same, I do."

And although they laughed and made sport of him, he did not mind at all. Up the steep rock he climbed, and when he got near the top, what should he see but a spade that stood there hacking and digging.

"Good day!" said Espen. "Do you stand here all alone and hack and dig?"

"Yes, that I do," said the spade. "Here have I stood and hacked and dug this many a long age, waiting for you."

"Well, well, here I am," said Espen again; and he took the spade and knocked it off its handle, and hid both in his wallet. Then he went down again to his brothers.

"Well, it was a mighty rare thing you saw up there on the rock, I suppose," said Peter and Paul.

"Oh, it was nothing much," said Espen; "it was only a spade we heard."

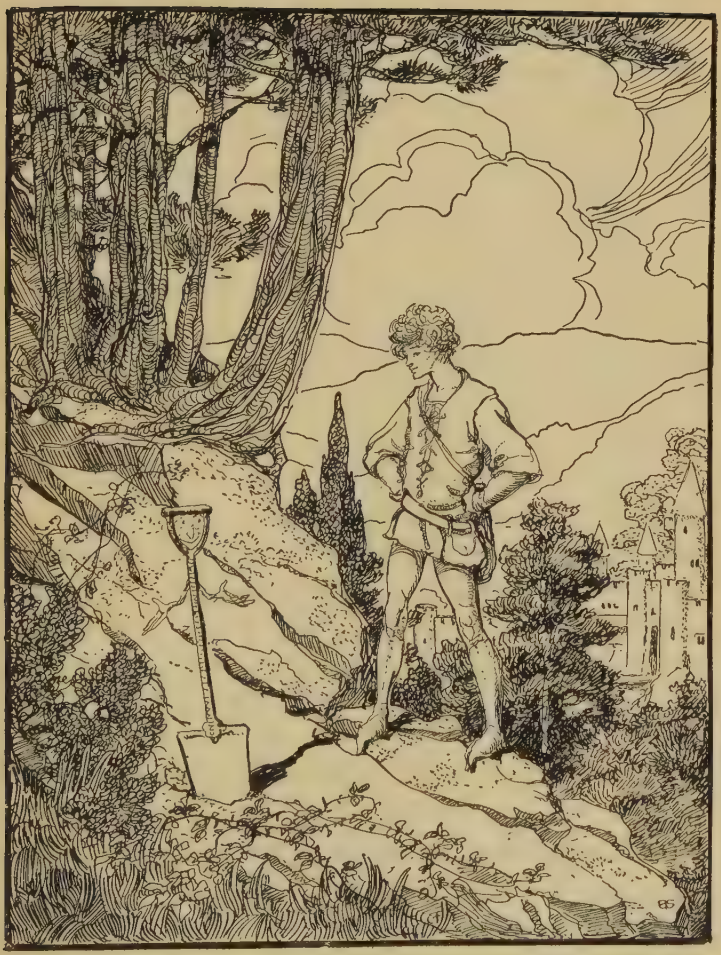
So they went on together a good bit until they came to a brook. All three were thirsty after their long walk, so they lay down beside the brook to drink.

"I certainly wonder where this water comes from," said Espen.

"Well, I wonder if you are right in your head," said Peter and Paul at once. "Where a brook comes from? Have you never seen water rise from a spring in the earth?"

"Yes, but I have a mind to see where this brook comes from, just the same, I have," said Espen.

So away up along the brook he went, and both his brothers shouted after him, but that did not matter at all. He kept right on his way. And as he went far up, the brook got smaller and smaller, and at last, when he got a bit farther



"HERE HAVE I STOOD AND HACKED AND DUG THIS MANY A LONG AGE, WAITING FOR YOU," SAID THE SPADE

on, what did he see but a great walnut from which the water was trickling.

"Good day!" said Espen again. "You lie here and trickle and run down all alone?"

"Yes, that I do," said the walnut. "Here have I lain and trickled and run this many a long day, waiting for you."

"Well, well, here I am," said Espen. He took a plug of moss and stopped up the hole, so that the water could not run out. Then he laid the walnut in his wallet and went down to his brothers again.

"Well now," said Peter and Paul, "have you seen what the water comes from? A very rare sight I can believe it was."

"Oh, it was only a hole that it ran out of," said Espen.

And so the others laughed and made fun of him again, but Espen the Cinder-Lad did not care at all.

"After all, I've had the fun of seeing it," he said.

So when they had gone a bit farther, they came to the King's palace. But as everyone in the kingdom had heard how he might win the Princess and half the kingdom if only he could fell the big oak and dig the King's well, so many had come to try their luck that the oak was now twice as thick and big as it had been at first;

for two chips grew in the place of every one that they hewed out with their axes, as you well remember. Therefore the King had laid it down as a punishment, that whoever tried, and could not fell the oak, should be put out on a barren island.

The two brothers did not allow themselves to be frightened at all by that; they were quite sure that they could fell the oak; and Peter, who was the oldest, was to try his luck first. But it went with him as with all the others who had hewn at the oak; for every chip he cut, two grew in its place. So the King's men seized him and put him out on the island.

And now Paul was to try his luck; but he too fared exactly the same as the others. When he had struck two or three blows, the King's men began to see the oak grow, so they seized him too and put him out on the island.

So now Espen was to try.

"If you *will* go to the barren island, I can send you at once and save you a lot of trouble," said the King; for he was angry with Espen on account of his brothers.

"Still — I have a notion to try it first," said Espen, and so he got leave.

Then he took the axe out of his wallet, and fitted it to its handle.

"Hew, my Axe!" said Espen, and the axe

hewed away until the chips flew — and it was not long until down came the oak.

When that was done, Espen took out the spade and fitted it to its handle.

"Dig!" said Espen, and the spade began to dig and delve until the earth and rock flew out in chunks, and so the well was soon dug, as you may rightly believe.

When he had made the well as big and deep as he wished, Espen took out the walnut and laid it in one corner of the well; then he drew out the plug of moss.

"Trickle and run!" said Espen, and so the nut ran until a stream of water gushed forth from the hole, and in a short time the well was full.

Now Espen had felled the oak that shaded the King's palace, and dug a well that held water all the year round, and so he won the Princess and half the kingdom, as the King had said. It was lucky for Peter and Paul that they were on an island; else they would have heard each day and hour how everyone said: "Well, Espen the Cinder-Lad was n't so crazy after all, when he began to wonder about things."

NOTE. — Often the most precious thing is just around the corner, if we would but seek it out. Someone discovered what steam could do. Someone discovered America.

Boy, bare your head when the flag goes by!
Girl, look your loyalty as it waves!
Those stars came out in a splendid sky
Over your forefathers' gallant graves;
Those stripes were fastened by heroes' hands;
Those colors flash to the farthest lands.
A bit of bunting, but how it gleams,
fashioned of valor and woven of dreams.
The wind's in its folds, they are lifting high:
Oh, lift your hearts as the flag goes by!

A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER FATHER TO HIS LITTLE BOY

[This letter from Frank W. Cavanaugh, the old Dartmouth football coach and a captain in the American Artillery, was written from France to his nine-year-old son during the Great War.]

Dear Davie Boy, —

Your good mother writes me that you have a chum, and she says he is a fine boy who lives next door.

I wish I had a chum. You and your mother used to be my chums, and sometimes Joe and Billy and even dear little Rose Marie, and Phil, too, when he was home, but now that is all changed and I have no chum in all the world.

I think it's rather sad sometimes, don't you? But I have your picture, which I take down and talk to when I am lonesome.

I am happy to know you like your new school and home, and I'm sure you'll play with only clean boys, who don't do anything very bad and who also like to go to school. Did n't we use to have great times together, and was n't it fun when you'd come up to the car to meet me? Then when you saw me getting off, do you remember how you'd hide behind a tree, and run

up behind me and scare me after I had passed? And do you remember how sometimes you and I would race, and you were getting so you could run pretty fast, for you were getting to be a big boy?

And then we'd all go down to see the circus and the parade, and hold hands so we would n't get separated or lost. And then Christmas? Oh, was n't that a wonderful day! Early in the morning, how we would rush downstairs to see your presents. And then poor, tired mother would work and work to give all you boys and girls a Christmas dinner — turkey, cranberry sauce, and dressing, and plum pudding, and candy, and nuts, and everything. Oh, Dave, did any little boy ever have such a good mother as you, I wonder!

And now you are soon to have another Christmas, and old "Cav" won't be home. But I want you to have the best time you ever had on that day, so that I may be happy over here thinking of you all. I wish I knew some little boys and girls over here, so that I might talk to them and hold their hands, and I would call them my boys' and girls' names and pretend that I was home.

The other night I had a lovely dream, and I was so disappointed when I awoke. I dreamed I was sitting in our kitchen with mother and David and all the children, and a chair which was tilted

back against the wall slipped, and I fell gently and without hurting me to the floor. And then mother and you and all the children laughed and laughed, just like good naughty folks. And you came over and took my hand in yours and lifted me up easily. Is n't that funny, Dave? Think of any boy lifting a big, fat father like me from the floor with one hand!

Then we laughed some more, and suddenly I remembered it was after nine o'clock. I said: "Why, children, what are you doing out of bed at this hour of the night?" And you said: "Why, it is n't very often our father goes away to war, so we thought we ought to stay up to say good-bye." And then I was so surprised to learn that I had n't gone away to war yet that I suddenly awoke, only to find myself in my little lonely barracks; and the rain was coming down hard outside, and I was lonesome for my dear family.

And now, David, old boy, everyone is in bed but me, trying to get lots of strength and health for the big fights we will soon be in, so I must do likewise and end this letter to you. You must always remember that your father came into this great war for the sake of all little children, and I know that you will, while I am gone, take good care of mother and all the children.

I can see you growing up tall and straight, with shoulders back and head up, because that's

what old "Cav" wants, and you love Cav, don't you, Davie boy? Dave, will you do something real nice for me? I knew you would. Then kiss mother and Annie and Billy, Rose Marie, and John for Cav, and send one to Philip in Maine.

Excuse me, David, for writing in pencil instead of ink, but ink is hard to get.

The lights are going out in a few minutes, so good night — good-bye, Dave, and God bless you.

From your old man,

CAV

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

BOATS sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

NOTE. — Let's pretend — we are walking over the rainbow bridge. How fine our shoes must be!

THE NEW GAME

I

"WHAT's the matter, Daisy?"

"The boys won't let me play with them."

"Why not?"

"They say girls can't play football.'

"They can, for I've done it!" said Mrs. Bhaer, "but it is too rough a game for you with a dozen boys; so I'd find some nice little play for myself."

"I'm tired of playing alone!" and Daisy's tone was very mournful. "I'm tired of dolls and things. I wish you'd make up a new play for me, Aunty."

"I shall have to think of a bran-new one, and it will take me some time; so suppose you go down and see what Asia has for your lunch," suggested Mrs. Bhaer.

"Yes, I think I'd like that, if she is n't cross," and Daisy slowly departed to the kitchen, where Asia, the cook, reigned undisturbed.

In five minutes Daisy was back again, with a bit of dough in her hand.

"O Aunty! Please may I go and make ginger-snaps and things? Asia is n't cross, and she says I may, and it would be such fun — please do!" cried Daisy, all in one breath.

"Just the thing!" answered Mrs. Bhaer.

Daisy ran off, and while she worked, Aunt Jo

racked her brain for a new play. All of a sudden she seemed to have an idea, for she smiled to herself, and said, "I'll do it, if it's a possible thing!"

What it was, no one found out that day, but Aunt Jo's eyes twinkled so, when she told Daisy she had thought of a new play and was going to buy it, that Daisy was much excited and asked questions all the way into town, without getting answers that told her anything. When Aunt Jo came back with all sorts of queer parcels in corners of the carryall, Daisy was full of curiosity.

"What's that?" she asked, pricking up her ears as something rattled in the back of the carriage.

"The new play," answered Mrs. Jo, solemnly.

"What is it made of?" cried Daisy.

"Iron, tin, wood, brass, sugar, salt, coal, and a hundred other things."

"How strange! What color is it?"

"All sorts of colors."

"Is it large?"

"Part of it is, and a part is n't."

"Did I ever see one?"

"Ever so many, but never one so nice as this."

"Oh! What can it be? I can't wait. When *shall* I see it?" and Daisy bounced up and down with impatience.

"To-morrow morning, after lessons."

"Is it for the boys too?"

"No, all for you. The boys will like to see it, and want to play one part of it. But you may do as you like about letting them."

"I'll let Demi, if he wants to."

"No fear that they won't all want to, especially Stuffy," and Mrs. Bhaer's eyes twinkled more than ever, as she patted a queer knobby bundle.

"Let me feel just once," prayed Daisy.

"Not a feel; you'd guess in a minute and spoil the fun."

Daisy groaned and then smiled, for through a little hole in the paper she caught a glimpse of something bright.

"How *can* I wait so long? Could n't I see it to-day?"

"Oh dear, no! It has to be arranged, and ever so many parts fixed in their places."

When they got home, Daisy eyed every bundle that was taken out, and one large, heavy one, which Franz took straight upstairs and hid in the nursery, filled her with amazement and curiosity. Something very mysterious went on up there that afternoon, for Franz was hammering, and Asia trotting up and down, and Aunt Jo flying around like a will-o'-the-wisp, with all sorts of things under her apron, while little Ted, who was the only child admitted, because he could n't talk plain, babbled, and laughed, and tried to tell what the "sumpin' p'itty" was.

All this made Daisy half wild, and her excitement spread among the boys, who quite overwhelmed Mother Bhaer with offers of assistance, which she declined by quoting their own words to Daisy: —

"Girls can't play with boys. This is for Daisy and me, so we don't want you." Whereupon the young gentlemen meekly retired, and invited Daisy to a game of marbles, horse, football — anything she liked.

II

"Aunt Jo, I've done all my lessons, and I can't wait one single minute more!" cried Daisy the next morning, flying into Mrs. Bhaer's room.

"It's all ready, come on"; and tucking Ted under one arm and her workbasket under the other, Aunt Jo promptly led the way upstairs.

"I don't see anything," said Daisy, staring about her as she got inside the nursery door.

"Do you hear anything?" asked Aunt Jo, catching Ted back by his little frock as he was making straight for one side of the room.

Daisy did hear an odd crackling, and then a purry little sound as of a kettle singing. These noises came from behind a curtain, drawn before a deep bay window. Daisy snatched it back, gave one joyful "Oh!" and then stood gazing with delight at — what do you think?

A wide seat ran round the three sides of the window; on one side hung and stood all sorts of little pots and pans, gridirons, and skillets; on the other side, a small dinner set and a tea set, and on the middle part a cooking stove. Not a tin one, which would be of no use, but a real iron stove, big enough to cook for a large family of very hungry dolls.

But the best of it was that a real fire burned in it, real steam came out of the nose of the little teakettle, and the lid of the little boiler actually danced a jig, the water inside bubbled so hard. A pane of glass had been taken out and replaced by a sheet of tin, with a hole for the small funnel, and real smoke went sailing away outside so naturally that it did one's heart good to see it.

The box of wood with a hod of charcoal stood near by; just above hung dustpan, brush, and broom; a little market basket was on the low table at which Daisy used to play, and over the back of her little chair hung a white apron with a bib, and a droll mobcap.

The sun shone in as if he enjoyed the fun. The little stove roared beautifully. The kettle steamed. The new tins sparkled on the walls. The pretty china stood in tempting rows. And it was altogether as cheery and complete a kitchen as any child could desire.

Daisy stood quite still after the first glad "Oh!"

but her eyes went quickly from one charming object to another, brightening as they looked, till they came to Aunt Jo's merry face; there they stopped as the happy little girl hugged her, saying gratefully: —

"O Aunty, it's a splendid new play! Can I really cook at the dear stove, and have parties, and sweep, and make fires that truly burn? I like it *so* much! What made you think of it?"

"Your liking to make gingersnaps with Asia made me think of it," said Mrs. Bhaer, holding Daisy, who frisked as if she would fly. "I knew Asia would n't let you mess in her kitchen very often, so I thought I'd see if I could find a little stove for you, and teach you to cook; that would be fun, and useful too. You must study hard, and learn to make all kinds of things."

"It's the sweetest, dearest kitchen in the world, and I'd rather study with it than do anything else. Can't I learn pies, and cake, and macaroni, and everything?" cried Daisy, dancing round the room with a new saucepan in one hand and the tiny poker in the other.

"All in good time. This is to be a useful play. I am to help you, and you are to be my cook, so I shall tell you what to do, and show you how. Then we shall have things fit to eat, and you will be really learning how to cook. I'll call you Sally, and say you are a new girl just come,"

added Mrs. Jo, settling down to work, while Teddy sat on the floor, sucking his thumb and staring at the stove as if it were a live thing, whose appearance deeply interested him.

"That will be so lovely! What shall I do first?" asked Sally, with such a happy face and willing air that Aunt Jo wished all new cooks were half as pretty and pleasant.

"First of all, put on this clean cap and apron. I am rather old-fashioned, and I like my cook to be very tidy."

Sally tucked her curly hair into the round cap, and put on the apron without a murmur, though usually she rebelled against bibs.

"Now, you can put things in order, and wash up the new china. The old set needs washing also, for my last girl was apt to leave it in a sad state after a party."

Aunt Jo spoke quite soberly, but Sally laughed, for she knew who the untidy girl was who had left the cups sticky. Then she turned up her cuffs, and with a sigh of satisfaction began to stir about her kitchen, having little raptures now and then over the "sweet rolling-pin," the "darling dish tub," or the "cunning pepper pot."

"Now, Sally, take your basket and go to market; here is the list of things I want for dinner," said Mrs. Jo, giving her a bit of paper when the dishes were all in order.

"Where is the market?" asked Daisy, thinking that the new play got more and more interesting every minute.

"Asia is the market."

Old Asia enjoyed the joke as much as Daisy, and laughed jollily as the little girl came flying

THE LIDS OF HER BASKET RATTLING LIKE CASTANETS

into the room with her cap all on one side, the lids of her basket rattling like castanets, and looking like a very crazy little cook.

"Mrs. Aunt Jo wants these things, and I must have them right away," said Daisy, importantly.

"Let's see, honey; here's two pounds of steak, potatoes, squash, apples, bread, and butter. The meat has n't come yet; when it does I'll send it up. The other things are all handy."

Then Asia packed one potato, one apple, a bit of squash, a little pat of butter, and a roll, into the basket, telling Sally to be on the watch for the butcher's boy, because he sometimes played tricks.

"Who is he?" said Daisy.

"You'll see," was all Asia would say; and Sally went off in great spirits.

"Put everything but the apple into the store-closet for the present," said Mrs. Jo, when the cook got home.

There was a cupboard under the middle shelf, and on opening the door fresh delights appeared. One half was evidently the cellar, for wood, coal, and kindlings were piled there. The other half was full of little jars, boxes, and all sorts of contrivances for holding small quantities of flour, meal, sugar, salt, and other household stores. A pot of jam was there, a little tin box of gingerbread, and a tiny canister of tea. But the crowning charm was two doll's pans of new milk, with cream actually rising on it, and a wee skimmer all ready to skim it with. Daisy clasped her hands at this delicious spectacle, and wanted to skim immediately. But Aunt Jo said: —

"Not yet; you will want the cream to eat on your apple pie at dinner, and must not disturb it till then."

"Am I going to have pie?" cried Daisy, hardly believing that such bliss could be in store for her.

"Yes, if your oven does well we shall have two pies — one apple and one strawberry," said Mrs. Jo, who was nearly as much interested in the new play as Daisy herself.

"Oh, what next?" asked Sally, all impatience to begin.

"Shut the lower draught of the stove, so that the oven may heat. Then wash your hands and get out the flour, sugar, salt, butter, and cinnamon. See if the pie board is clean, and pare your apple ready to put in."

Daisy got things together with as little noise as could be expected from so young a cook.

"I really don't know how to measure for such tiny pies; I must guess at it, and if these don't succeed, we must try again," said Mrs. Jo. "Take that little pan full of flour, put in a pinch of salt, and then rub in as much butter as will go on that plate. Always remember to put your dry things together first, and then the wet. It mixes better so."

"I know how; I saw Asia do it. Don't I butter the pie plates too? She did, the first thing," said Daisy.

"Quite right! I do believe you have a gift for cooking," said Aunt Jo, approvingly. "Now a dash of cold water, just enough to wet it, then scatter some flour on the board, work in a little, and roll the paste out; yes, that's the way. Now

put dabs of butter all over it, and roll it out again. We won't have our pastry very rich, or the dolls will get dyspeptic."

Daisy laughed at the idea. Then she rolled and rolled with her delightful little pin, and having got

SHE ROLLED AND ROLLED WITH HER DELIGHTFUL LITTLE PIN

her paste ready, proceeded to cover the plates with it. Next the apple was sliced in, sugar and cinnamon lavishly sprinkled over it, and then the top crust put on with breathless care.

"Now open the jar of strawberry jam," said Mrs. Jo, "fill the uncovered pie, and put some strips of paste over the top as Asia does."

"I'll make a D in the middle and have zigzags all round," said Sally. "*Now* I put them in!" and with an air of triumph she shut them into the little oven.

"Clear up your things; a good cook never lets her utensils collect. Then pare your squash and potatoes."

"There is only one potato," giggled Sally.

"Cut it in four pieces, so it will go into the little kettle, and put the bits into cold water till it is time to cook them."

"Do I soak the squash too?"

"No, indeed! Just pare it and cut it up, and put it into the steamer over the pot. It is drier so, though it takes longer to cook."

Here a scratching at the door caused Sally to run and open it, when Kit, the dog, appeared with a covered basket in his mouth.

"Here's the butcher's boy!" cried Daisy, as she relieved him of his load.

In the basket were two bits of steak (doll's pounds), a baked pear, a small cake, and paper with them on which Asia had scrawled, "For Missy's lunch, if her cooking don't turn out well."

"We may like them if company should come. It is always well to have something in the store-room," said Aunt Jo. "Put on your vegetables, set the table, and then have some coals kindling ready for the steak."

What a thing it was to see the potatoes bobbing about in the little pot; to peep at the squash getting soft so fast in the tiny steamer; to whisk open the oven door every five minutes to see how the pies got on, and at last, when the coals were red and glowing, to put two real steaks on a finger-long gridiron and proudly turn them with a fork. The potatoes were done first, and no wonder, for they had boiled frantically all the while. They were pounded up with a little pestle, had much butter and no salt put in (cook forgot it in the excitement of the moment); then it was made into a mound in a gay red dish, smoothed over with a knife dipped in milk, and put in the oven to brown.

So absorbed in these last performances had Sally been, that she forgot her pastry till she opened the door to put in the potato; then a wail arose, for, alas! alas! the little pies were burned black!

"Oh, my pies! My darling pies! They are all spoiled!" cried poor Sally, wringing her hands as she surveyed the ruin of her work.

"Dear, dear! I forgot to remind you to take them out," said Aunt Jo. "Don't cry, darling; it was my fault; we'll try again after dinner," she added, as a great tear dropped from Sally's eyes and sizzled on the hot ruins of the tart. More would have followed, if the steak had not blazed

up just then, and so occupied the attention of cook that she quickly forgot the lost pastry.

"Put the meat dish and your own plates down to warm, while you mash the squash with butter, salt, and a little pepper on the top," said Mrs. Jo.

The "cunning pepper pot" soothed Sally's feelings, and she dished up her squash in fine style. The dinner was safely put upon the table; the six dolls were seated, three on a side; Teddy took the bottom, and Sally the top.

III

"THAT is the nicest lunch I ever had; can't I do it every day?" asked Daisy as she scraped up and ate the leavings all round.

"You may cook things every day after lessons, but I prefer that you should eat your dishes at your regular meals, and only have a bit of gingerbread for lunch. To-day, being the first time, I don't mind, but we must keep our rules. This afternoon you may make something for tea if you like," said Mrs. Jo.

"Do let me make flapjacks for Demi — he loves them so, and it's such fun to turn them and put sugar in between," cried Daisy.

"But if you give Demi goodies, all the others will expect some also, and then you will have your hands full."

"Could n't I have Demi come up to tea alone

just this one time? And after that I could cook things for the others if they were good," proposed Daisy, with a sudden inspiration.

"That is a capital idea, Posy! We will make your little messes rewards for the good boys, and I don't know one among them who would not like something nice to eat more than almost anything else."

A prouder little damsel was never seen than Sally as she displayed her treasures and told the lads what was in store for them.

Everyone was very kind to her that afternoon. Tommy promised her the first fruits of his garden, though the only visible crop just then was pigweed; Nat offered to supply her with wood, free of charge; Stuffy quite worshiped her; Ned immediately fell to work on a little refrigerator for her kitchen; and Demi escorted her to the nursery just as the clock struck five. It was not time for the party to begin, but he begged so hard to come in and help that he was allowed privileges few visitors enjoy, for he kindled the fire, ran errands, and watched the progress of his supper with intense interest.

It was a truly delightful supper, for the little teapot lid fell off only three times, and the milk jug upset but once; the cakes floated in syrup, and the toast had a delicious beefsteak flavor, owing to cook's using the gridiron to make it on.

"Well, dearies, have you had a good time?" asked Mrs. Jo, coming up with Teddy on her shoulder.

"A *very* good time. I shall come again *soon*," answered Demi, with emphasis.

"I'm afraid you have eaten too much, by the look of that table."

"No, I have n't, I ate only fifteen cakes, and they were very little ones," protested Demi, who had kept his sister busy supplying his plate.

"They won't hurt him, they are so nice," said Daisy, and Aunt Jo could only smile, and say: —

"Well, on the whole, the new game is a success then?"

"*I* like it," said Demi, as if his approval was all that was necessary.

"It is the dearest play ever made!" cried Daisy, hugging her little dish tub as she proposed to wash up the cups. "I just wish everybody had a sweet cooking stove like mine," she added.

"This play ought to have a name," said Demi, gravely removing the syrup from his countenance with his tongue.

"It has."

"Oh, what?" asked both children, eagerly.

"Well, I think we will call it Patty-pans," and Aunt Jo retired, satisfied with the success of her last trap to catch a sunbeam.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT

NOTE. — Boys can cook, as well as girls. They make good pop-overs. It is well to be famed for making some very special things.

Did you ever do this — have a brigand beefsteak party? It is a supper picnic, with a grown-up person invited as a guest, and it should be held where there are trees, and if possible, water — as on a lake shore, or the beach, so that you may go swimming before supper.

The first thing to do on arriving is to build a cairn of stones, gather wood, and lay the fire. Pine cones are excellent to start the blaze, and the dead pine branches or "squaw wood" that you can break off with your hands are dry, and make a hot fire. If there is no pine near your cairn, go off on a searching party, and stalk your timber. While you are searching wood, cut and prepare several long, pointed sticks of willow or hickory, for your spits.

Have provided enough steak for everyone, fresh bread cut in thick, soft slices, plenty of butter, salt, and pepper, and — according to the season — corn in the husk and potato chips, or something equally good, and a large quantity of marshmallows for dessert. Then go for a swim.

While you are dressing, have the fire tender start the fire. Then divide up the tasks each one is to perform, and have the brigand beefsteak party.

Roast the corn in the coals. Heat the potatoes on hot stones. And broil the steak. Hold the steak on the pointed sticks, which will not catch fire readily. They are green, and have no pitch in them like the

pine. Hickory is hard wood and burns slowly. Save your sticks for the marshmallows.

When the steak is done to a turn, lay it on a hot dish. Salt and pepper it on both sides, and put pieces of butter to melt all over it — the more the better. Then slice it *diagonally* — not straight through, but on the bias (this is the whole secret; it is a brigand, outlaw, contrariwise steak). In this way you get thin, delicious, juicy slices, with dark crisp edges. Lay the slices between pieces of the soft bread, with the dish gravy inside, and *eat at once.* Don't forget to rake out the corn and have the potatoes, and send two scouts for a pail of water.

When all is eaten, and all the waste has been burned in a splendid blaze, when the embers are low and the sun has set, toast the marshmallows on your long sticks, and tell stories; and never, never hurry.

Before you go home, *see that the fire is out.* And keep your long sticks for staffs and souvenirs, with one notch marked on each for one good time that you have had together.

THE RABBI AND THE DIADEM

GREAT was the alarm in the palace of Rome, which soon spread throughout the entire city. The Empress had lost her costly diadem, and it could not be found. They searched in every direction, but it was all in vain. Half distracted, — for the mishap boded no good to her or her

house, — the Empress redoubled her exertions to regain her precious possession, but without result. As a last resource, it was proclaimed in the public streets: —

"The Empress has lost a priceless diadem. Whoever restores it within thirty days shall receive a princely reward. But he who delays, and brings it after thirty days, shall lose his head."

In those times all nationalities flocked toward Rome; all classes and creeds might be met in its stately halls and crowded thoroughfares. Among the rest was a rabbi, a learnèd sage from the East, who loved goodness and lived a righteous life in the stir and turmoil of the Western world.

It chanced one night, as he was strolling up and down in busy meditation, beneath the clear, moonlit sky, he saw the diadem sparkling at his feet. He seized it quickly and brought it to his dwelling, where he guarded it carefully until the thirty days had expired, when he resolved to return it to the owner.

He proceeded to the palace, and, undismayed at the sight of long lines of soldiery and officials, asked for an audience with the Empress.

"What dost thou mean by this?" she inquired, when he told her his story and gave her the diadem. "Why didst thou delay until this hour? Dost thou know the penalty? Thy head must be forfeited."

"I delayed until now," the rabbi answered calmly, "so that thou mightest know that I return thy diadem not for the sake of the reward, still less out of fear of punishment, but solely to comply with the Divine command not to withhold from another the property which belongs to him."

"Blessed be thy God!" the Empress answered. And she dismissed the rabbi without further reproof; for had he not done right for right's sake?

ABRAM S. ISAACS

THE TREASURE CASTLE

ONCE upon a time a hunter was roaming through the wildwood when he heard a voice crying piteously for aid. Following the sound, the hunter plunged ahead, and discovered a dwarf caught in a pit which had been dug to trap wild animals.

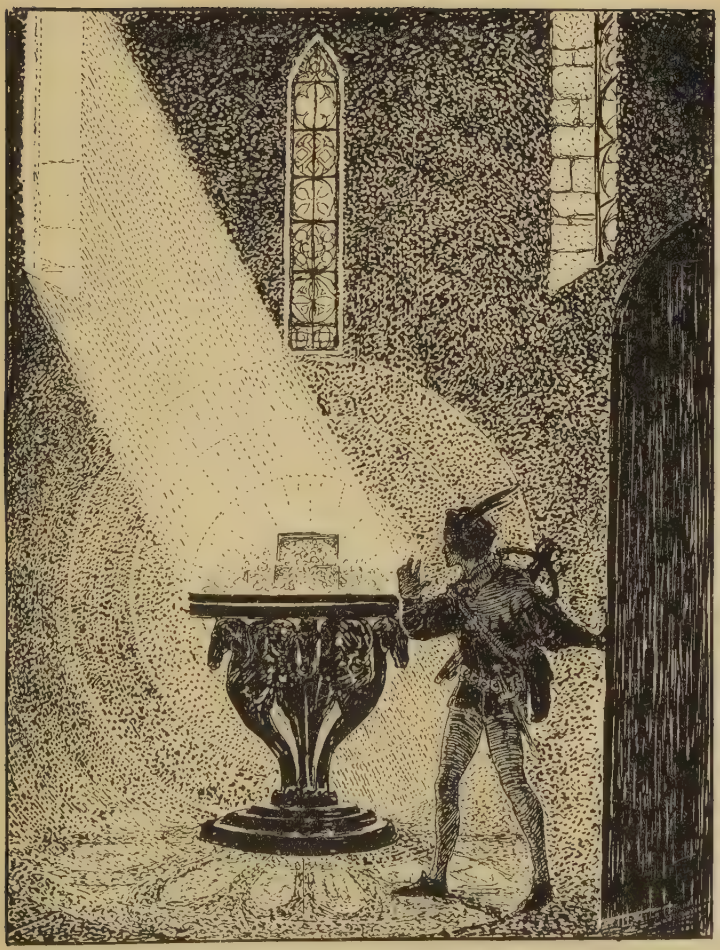
After the hunter had rescued the dwarf from his prison, the little man said to him: "Go ten leagues to the north till you arrive at a gigantic pine; then turn to the east, and go ten leagues more till you come to a black castle. Enter the castle without fear, and you will discover a round room in which stands a round ebony table laden with gold and jewels. Help yourself to

the treasure, and return home at once. And do not — now mark me well — go up into the turret of the castle; for if you do, evil will come of it."

So the hunter thanked the dwarf, and after making sure that he had plenty of bread and cheese in his knapsack, hurried northwards as fast as his legs could carry him. Through bramble and brier, through valley and wooded dale went he, and at dusk he came to a gigantic pine standing solitary in a rocky field. Wearied with his long journey, the hunter lay down beneath the pine and slept.

When it was dawn he woke refreshed, and turning his eyes toward the level rays of the rising sun, began his journey to the east. Presently he reached a height in the forest, and from this height, he saw, not very far away, a black turret rising over the ocean of bright leaves. At high noon he arrived at the castle. It was ruinous and quite deserted; grass grew in the courtyard and between the bricks of the terrace, and the oaken door was as soft and rotten as a log that has long been buried in mire.

Entering the castle, the hunter soon discovered the round room. A table laden with wonderful treasures stood in the centre of the chamber, directly under a shower of sunlight pouring through a half-ruined window in the mildewed



A TABLE LADEN WITH WONDERFUL TREASURES STOOD DIRECTLY UNDER A SHOWER OF SUNLIGHT

wall. How the diamonds and precious stones sparkled and gleamed!

Now, while the hunter was filling his pockets, the flash of a jewel lying on the floor happened to catch his eye, and looking down, he saw that a kind of trail of jewels lay along the floor leading out of the room. Following the scattered gems, — which had the appearance of having been spilled from some treasure casket heaped too high, — the hunter came to a low door, and opening this door, he discovered a flight of stone steps leading to the turret. The steps were strewn carelessly with the finest emeralds, topazes, beryls, moonstones, rubies, and crystal diamonds.

Remembering the counsel of his friend the dwarf, however, the hunter did not go up the stairs, but hurried home with his treasure.

When the hunter returned to his country, the wonderful treasures which he had taken from the castle in the wood made him a very rich man, and in a short time the news of his prosperity came to the ears of the King.

This King was the wickedest of rogues, and his two best friends, the Chamberlain and the Chancellor, were every bit as unscrupulous as he. They oppressed the people with taxes, they stole from the poor, they robbed the churches; indeed there was no injustice which they were not ready

to commit. So, when the Chamberlain heard of the hunter's wealth, he — being a direct, straightforward rascal — declared that the simplest thing to do would be to kill the hunter and take his money.

The Chancellor, who was somewhat more cunning and worldly, declared that it would be better to throw the hunter into a foul, dark dungeon till he was ready to buy his freedom with all his wealth.

The King, who was the wickedest and wisest of the precious three, declared that the best thing to do was to find out whence the hunter had got his treasure, so that, if there happened to be any left, they could go and get it. Then of course, they could kill the hunter and take his treasure too.

Thus it came to pass that by a royal order the hunter was thrown into a horrible prison, and told that his only hope of release lay in revealing the origin of his riches. So, after he had been slowly starved and cruelly beaten, he told of the treasure castle in the wood.

On the following morning, the King, the Chamberlain, and the Chancellor, taking with them some strong linen bags and some pack-mules, rode forth in quest of the treasure. Great was their joy when they found the treasure castle and the treasure room just as the hunter had

described. The Chancellor poured the shining gems through his clawlike fingers, and the King and the Chamberlain threw their arms around each other's shoulders and danced a jig as well as their age and dignity would permit.

The first fine careless rapture over, they began pouring the treasure into the linen sacks they had brought with them, and these, filled to the brim, they carried to the castle door.

Soon not the tiniest gem was left on the table. Suddenly the Chamberlain happened to catch sight of the gems strewn along the floor.

"See, see!" he cried, his voice shrill and greedy. "There is yet more to be had!"

So the three rogues got down on their hands and knees and began stuffing the stray jewels into their bulging pockets. The trail of jewels led them across the hall to the little door opening on the stairway, and up this stairway they scrambled as fast as they could go.

At the top of the stair, in the turret, they found another round room lit by three narrow, barred windows, and in the centre of this turret chamber, likewise laden with gold and jewels, they found another ebony table. With shrieks of delight, the King and the Chancellor and the Chamberlain ran to this second treasure, and plunged their hands in the glittering golden mass.

Suddenly, a great bell rang in the castle, a

great brazen bell whose deep clang beat about them in throbbing, singing waves.

"What's that?" said the three rogues in one breath, and rushed together to the door.

It was locked! An instant later there was a heavy explosion which threw them all to the floor, tossing the treasure over them; and then, wonder of wonders, the castle turret, with the three rogues imprisoned in it, detached itself from the rest of the castle, and flew off into the air. From the barred windows, the King, the Chamberlain, and the Chancellor saw league upon league of the forest rushing by beneath them. Suddenly the flying room began to descend swiftly, and landed lightly as a bird in the middle of a castle courtyard. Strange-looking fellows with human bodies and heads of horses came rushing toward the enchanted turret, and seized its prisoners. In a few moments they were brought before the King to whom the treasure belonged.

Now this King was a brother of the dwarf whom the hunter had rescued from the pit. He had a little gold crown on his head, and sat on a little golden throne with cushions of crimson velvet.

"With what are these three charged?" said the Dwarf-King.

"With having tried to rob the treasure castle,

Your Majesty," replied one of the horse-headed servitors in a firm, stable tone.

"Then send for the Lord Chief Justice at once," said the Dwarf-King.

The three culprits were left standing uneasily in a kind of cage. They would have tried to speak, but every time they opened their mouths, one of the guards gave them a dig in the ribs.

For a space of five minutes there was quiet in the crowded throne room, a quiet broken now and then by a veiled cough or the noise of shuffling feet. Presently, from far away, came the clear, sweet call of silver trumpets.

"He's coming! He's coming!" murmured many voices. A buzz of excitement filled the room. Several people had to be revived with smelling salts.

The trumpets sounded a second time. The excitement increased.

The trumpets sounded a third time, near at hand. A man's voice announced in solemn tones, "The Lord Chief Justice approaches."

The audience grew very still. Hardly a rustle or a flutter was heard. Suddenly the great tapestry curtains which overhung the door parted, and there appeared, first of all, an usher, clad in red velvet and carrying a golden wand; then came two golden-haired pages, also clad in red velvet and carrying a flat black lacquer box on

a velvet cushion. Last of all came an elderly man dressed in black, and carrying a golden perch on which sat a fine green parrot.

On reaching the centre of the hall, the parrot flapped its wings, arranged an upstart feather or two, and then resumed that solemn dignity for which birds and animals are so justly famous.

With great ceremony the gentleman in black placed the Lord Chief Justice on a lacquer stand close by the throne of the Dwarf-King.

Trumpets sounded. Two servitors hurried forward with the captive King.

"Your Venerability," spoke the Dwarf-King to the parrot, who watched him intently out of its round yellow eye, and nodded its head, "this rascal has been taken in the act of robbing the treasure castle. What punishment do you suggest?"

At these words, the two golden-haired pages, advancing with immense solemnity, lifted the lacquer box to within reach of the parrot's beak. The box was full of cards. Over them, swaying from one leg to the other as he did so, the parrot swept his head.

An icy silence fell over the throng. The King, the Chancellor, and the Chamberlain quaked in their shoes. Presently the parrot picked out a card, and the gentleman in black handed it to the Dwarf-King.

"Prisoner," said the Dwarf-King to the other King, "the Lord Chief Justice condemns you to be for the rest of your natural life Master Sweeper of the Palace Chimneys."

Discreet applause was heard. The Chancellor was then hurried forward, and the bird picked out a second card.

"Prisoner," said the Dwarf-King, "the Lord Chief Justice condemns you to be for the rest of your natural life Master Washer of the Palace Windows."

More discreet applause was heard. And now the Chamberlain was brought to the bar. The parrot gave him quite a wicked eye, and hesitated for some time before drawing a card.

"Prisoner," said the Dwarf-King, reading the card which the parrot had finally chosen, "the Lord Chief Justice condemns you for the rest of your natural life to be Master Beater of the Palace Carpets."

Great applause followed this sage judgment.

So the three rogues were led away, and unless you have heard to the contrary, they are still making up for their wicked lives by enforced diligence at their tasks. The palace has five hundred and ninety-six chimneys, eight thousand, seven hundred and fifty-three windows, and eleven hundred and ninety-nine large dust-gathering carpets, and the chimneys, windows,

and carpets have to be swept, washed, and beaten at least once a week.

Now when the King, the Chancellor, and the Chamberlain failed to return, the people took the hunter out of his prison and made him king, because he was the richest and most powerful of them all.

As for the treasure of the treasure castle, it is still there, packed in the linen sacks, lying just inside the great door.

Perhaps some day you may find it. If you do, don't be greedy, and don't go up to the turret chamber.

HENRY BESTON

NOTE. — Do you ever crack rocks to find quartz crystals inside? Some are transparent; others are rose, yellow, or amethyst. They are found in granite and sandstone. You can imagine them to be precious stones — diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and opals. The chief of all gem stones is the diamond. It is the hardest mineral known, the most brilliant, and the most enduring. It is mined from the depths of the earth and so cut that its fires flash in the upper air. There are famous diamonds of olden times — crown jewels — that could tell many a tale.

Some treasure-castle things to own are: Rainbows through a glass of water; the waving silver fish net on the wall, which the arc light makes at twilight; a piece of pink quartz that you find yourself.

THE GNOME

ONCE there was a fairy school
  Taught by a gnome.
No one ever really knew
  Where was his home.

Oh, the dreadful things he did!
  Whipped the fairy boys,
Whipped them long and soundly
  At their slightest noise,

Till the Queen, who saw his deeds,
  Heard the fairy call,
Turned the gnome into a bird,
  Whiskers and all!

Now on quiet summer nights
  Far across the hill,
Just from habit he will call,
  "Whip poor Will!"

ANNE ROBINSON

THE END OF PETER'S SEARCH

SEPTEMBER had come. Summer was over. Peter no longer thought of searching for flowers. Many of those which he had found were still in bloom, but it did n't seem possible that there could be any that had put off blooming until most plants had ripened and already scattered their seeds. So Peter's curiosity was concerned with other things — with the doings of his neighbors who were laying up supplies of food for winter, with the departure of many feathered friends for the Sunny South, with the preparations of Johnny Chuck and a few others for that strange, long sleep through the cold and discomforts of winter.

So it came about that one morning, as he was hopping along the edge of a thicket where the ground was rich and somewhat damp, he stopped abruptly to gaze with round-eyed surprise, followed by a little gasp of joy, at what he saw before him. It was a small group of plants about two feet high, bearing clusters of flowers that seemed to have taken their color from the sky.

These flowers were an inch to an inch and a half long, and stood upright in a crowded cluster at the top of the stalk. There were a few also

growing out from the places where the upper leaves joined the stalk. Each flower was a light blue at the base, becoming deeper blue toward the top. Every one of them was closed. But they were lovely, very lovely just as they were. Peter went from plant to plant, hoping to find at least one open. But he was disappointed.

"I must come over here again and see them when they are open," said Peter, talking to himself aloud, as is his way when he thinks he is alone. "They are lovely just as they are, but they must be lovelier still when they are open."

"*Buz-z-z*," said a voice almost in his ear. "*Buz-z-z*. You'll wait a long time if you wait for these flowers to open, Peter Rabbit."

It was the voice of Lady Bumblebee as she alighted on one of those clusters of flowers.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Peter in surprise.

"I mean that they never will open," replied Lady Bumblebee. "They are in full bloom now."

Then, before Peter could recover from his surprise and this astonishing news sufficiently to speak, Lady Bumblebee thrust her long tongue through a tiny opening in the tip of one of those flowers, and pushed with all her might until she had forced their petals wide enough apart to get her head in.

When she had secured all the nectar, she backed

out, and Peter could see some little grains of pollen sticking to her head. Then she did the same thing at another flower, and she left those little grains in that one. So she went from flower to flower, until she had visited all of them, always carrying some pollen from the one just visited to the next one entered.

Thus it was that Peter became acquainted with the Closed Gentian, — sometimes called Blind Gentian and sometimes called Bottle Gentian, — and learned that there is at least one flower which does not have to open in order to make perfect seeds. The stalk of this Gentian is smooth and stout, and the leaves grow in pairs on opposite sides, and are large, lance-shaped, with rather pointed tips, and have smooth edges.

"Well," said Peter, when at last he turned to go on his way, "I guess this is the last flower of the year."

But Peter was mistaken. A little later in the month he had quite as happy a surprise as the Closed Gentians had given him. This time it was down on the Green Meadows, not far from the Smiling Pool, where the ground was damp. There he came upon a little group of one of the loveliest of all our American wild flowers, and these also were blue.

The flowers were at the top of a smooth, grooved, rather slender, branching stalk. Each flower was

like a beautiful little vase two inches high, and spreading at the top, where the four petals were wonderfully fringed. It was Peter's good fortune that he found them on a sunny day, for otherwise they would not have been open. On dull and cloudy days they remain closed, and they close at night. When they close, those four fringed petals twist around each other in a most interesting way.

Peter guessed that he had found a cousin of the Closed Gentian, and he was right. He had found the Fringed Gentian, a flower so lovely that it is worth going far to see. It is almost the last flower of the year, and it is fitting that it should be one of the most beautiful.

Peter sat admiring those blossoms for a long time. He would have remained even longer had he not been startled by a shout. Instantly he sat up for a look around. There, coming straight toward him, was the boy he had so often seen picking flowers. Peter's first thought was to run. There was time enough for him to get away without being seen. Then he looked at those beautiful Gentians. He knew just what would happen if that boy should find them. He knew that he would pick every one of them. Peter could n't bear to think of it.

What do you think Peter did? He started off at once, lipperty-lipperty-lip, but not to seek

safety by hiding. Instead of running away from that boy, he ran straight toward him. You see, he knew that the boy had no terrible gun, and he was n't very much afraid of him. He wanted that boy to see him; and so he ran, lippety-lippety-lip, to meet him.

PETER SAT ADMIRING THOSE BLOSSOMS FOR A LONG TIME

Now that boy was like most boys. The instant he saw Peter, he gave a whoop of delight and started after him. Of course he knew he could n't catch Peter, but he liked to see him run. Peter would run a short distance, then stop. The boy would come on, looking for him. When he was very near, Peter would bound away again, and

the boy would whoop. It was like a game, very much like a game of hide and seek.

So Peter gradually led the boy across the Green Meadows and into the edge of the Green Forest. When he felt sure they were so far from where the lovely Gentians were growing that the boy would not go back there, Peter soon got rid of him.

Later, back in the dear Old Briar-patch, Peter thought it all over, and the feeling that he had saved those lovely flowers from being picked made him tingle with gladness. It was a gladness which comes from the doing of a good deed.

How good that deed was, not even Peter knew. You see, the Fringed Gentian is one of the plants that die every year. Even the roots die. Therefore it is absolutely necessary that these plants shall ripen their seeds, and these seeds be scattered where they can sprout and grow the next season. If all the flowers are picked, there can be no seeds, and of course no more flowers. So Peter had saved, not only those flowers that were blooming there on the Green Meadows, but the flowers of next year. The Closed Gentian does not have to depend on seeds, for the roots live through the winter, and in the spring new plants come up from them.

Until the last blossom of the Fringed Gentians faded late in the fall, Peter daily visited the place

where he had found them. It was with something of sadness that he turned away from there for the last time. His search for flowers was at an end for that year, and it had been such a happy search. Already he began to look forward to the coming of another spring and the return of the flower friends he had learned to know and love, and of the coming of the many, many whose acquaintance he had not yet made.

"Flowers are wonderful. They are truly wonderful," said Peter to himself, as he hopped along toward the dear Old Briar-patch. "They are as wonderful as they are beautiful, and until this year I had never given them so much as a thought. How queer it is that people with eyes to see often see so little, and miss the beauties and the wonders all about them. I have learned a lot about flowers, but I am going to learn more. Yes, sir, I am so."

I am quite certain that Peter will.

THORNTON W. BURGESS

NOTE. — While you are "learning a lot about flowers," it is fun to make blueprints of leaves, to show their different shapes. You will need some blueprint paper, and be sure to keep the light away or it will print before you wish. Have some leaves of maple, elm, birch, sycamore — leaves of whatever trees grow nearest to your school. Lay a leaf on the blue side of a piece of the paper and hold it against a

sunny windowpane, with the leaf next to the glass, for about half a minute. Then let plain water flow across the paper, and you will see the print. When the paper is dry, the picture may be mounted, for it is finished.

The length of time the print should be exposed depends upon how bright the sun is. Be sure that no shadow crosses the face of your picture while the sun is shining on it, or the shadow will print also.

A scrapbook of leaf prints is a pleasant thing to keep. You could have a book of trees, with one whole page of maples — red maple, silver maple, sugar maple. Then opposite each set of blueprints you might have a page of real leaves, mounted — even autumn leaves, in colors.

LIGHT THE LAMPS UP, LAMPLIGHTER!

(*For a Lamplighter, a Grandmother, the Angel Gabriel, and any number of others*)

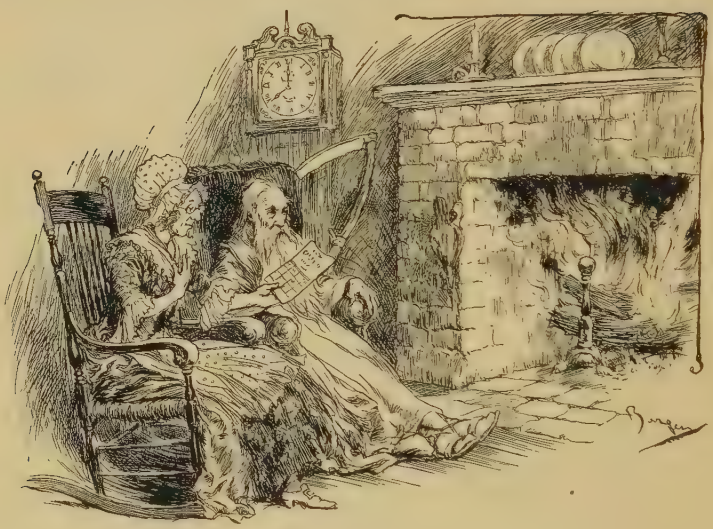
LIGHT the lamps up, Lamplighter,
The people are in the street —
Without a light
They have no sight,
And where will they plant their feet?
Some will tread in the gutter,
And some in the mud — oh dear!
Light the lamps up, Lamplighter,
Because the night is here.

Light the candles, Grandmother,
The children are going to bed —
Without a wick
They'll stumble and stick,
And where will they lay their head?
Some will lie on the staircase,
And some on the hearth — oh dear!
Light the candles, Grandmother,
Because the night is here.

Light the stars up, Gabriel,
The cherubs are out to fly —
If heaven is blind,
How will they find
Their way across the sky?
Some will splash in the Milky Way,
Or bump on the moon — oh dear!
Light the stars up, Gabriel,
Because the night is here.

ELEANOR FARJEON

NOTE. — Do you remember Leerie? Leerie was a lamplighter. Look him up, look him up, quick! He is in a poem by Robert Louis Stevenson — the same Stevenson who wrote "The Hayloft." The shortest way to find Leerie is to look for "The Lamplighter" in *A Child's Garden of Verses*, where he lives.



TWELVE OF THEM

"I SOMETIMES wish I might let the merry Month of May come first," sighed Mother Year, holding a calendar before her. "She is such a dear, willing child."

Father Time, who had dropped in to talk things over, stretched his feet out on the hearth before the blazing December fire. Then he inquired thoughtfully, "Well, could n't you try it just this once?"

"Perhaps. Perhaps," answered Mother Year. "But you can see what would happen. It would upset the months for always and always. Mothers

would not know when to buy their Christmas presents for the children. Farmers would be ready to harvest, when no seed had been sown. The birds would build their nests at the wrong end of things. And the snow would not know whether it was supposed to be falling or melting. Indeed, to-day might as well be to-morrow, and to-morrow, to-day."

Now Father Time was kept so busy tending to the Minutes and the Hours and the Days that he had long since given over the care of the Months to Mother Year, and she was as fond of them as any mother with twelve children could ever think of being. She would comb out young March's hair when it became tangled in the wind, and laugh with October when the child came in from running over the ground with the leaves. Each Month was as precious as every other to her warm heart.

"Would you like to see them to-night?" asked Mother Year proudly.

"Do let them come in!" urged Father Time.

So in they marched, one, and two, and three, and four, way up to twelve.

Then, "Attention!" cried January, who, being the first child, had been made captain of their games. The eleven stood themselves in a circle with January, and replied with one voice, "Sir!"

Of course it would have been more military for them to stand in a row, but that would have put January at one end of the line and December at the other, when they really belonged next to each other, because, as you know, the new year always brings January close on the heels of December. And that is why they stood at attention in a circle.

Mother Year looked them over with an air of pleasure.

"Father Time and I were just wondering," said she, "whether you would all like to be shuffled about and go through the calendar a new way. November might come just before April, and February after August — any way for a change."

The twelve Months looked very sober at such a strange thought.

"But," volunteered September after a moment, "we should n't be different ourselves, so what good would it ever do? I should have to have my own flowers and my own skies and my own rain just the same, no matter who came in front of me or who came behind me."

Something very like a tear came into one of April's eyes.

"And what about *my* rain? And *my* skies?"

"That is the trouble," said July. "We all have our specialties, and most of us have holidays. If we got to changing about, people could never be sure of the weather, or when the orioles would be flying north, or when to go blueberrying."

"And I should be quite afraid to be myself," put in June, "if May had n't prepared things for my coming."

"And if I came in the place of May," said August, "my birds would think they were through with their singing, when it was just time for them to begin."

"Seasons group!" ordered the captain at this point.

They broke ranks from their circle and blocked themselves into four triangles, for the four regular seasons — Winter, Spring, Summer, and Autumn. March, April, and May could hardly hold the pattern, because the thought of Spring made their feet all dance-y for their turn at the world.

"Well, you *are* a faithful, merry lot!" exclaimed Father Time, stroking his long white beard. "No, I would n't change one of you for the world. I know what I am talking about, too. Once we tried making a Minute sixty hours long, and it was the oddest creature you ever saw. It grew and it grew until it was n't the least bit like a Minute. And Minutes are really such pleasant

little things to have about, when they *are* themselves, like people when they are themselves — if their selves are really nice to begin with."

"For my part, I certainly should hate to have the Days skipped around," complained November. "It might happen that Thanksgiving Day would be given to somebody else, and I might as well not have any Thursdays at all, if one of them can't be Thanksgiving."

"You see how it is, Father Time," said Mother Year. "All of the dear Months have very special reasons for being just what they are. For the sake of the people of Earth, it would be a waste not to use the gifts of each one."

She held up her calendar and quietly called the roll of the Months in the usual order.

"Right-about face!" shouted January, when all had answered, "Present." "Forward march!"

The twelve fell into regular line — such a swift line that they almost tumbled out of the room.

"Did you see the way March whisked through that door?" asked Mother Year, when the last of them was out of hearing. "Oh, I *do* love the dears. They are all so different from each other. I could never do without a single one."

"I know; I'm glad you decided not to change them," said Father Time, as the good old dame followed him to the door. "And now January will be going on duty in a little while. A Happy New

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!" SAID FATHER TIME

Year to you, Mother Year, and to all the precious children! Good night! Good night!"

FRANCES AVERY FAUNCE

NOTE. — And so the clock strikes, the magic circle is run, and the book is ended.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

THE diacritical (distinguishing) marks employed are those used in the latest edition of Webster's New International Dictionary.

The principal accent is indicated by a heavy mark (′), and the secondary accent by a lighter mark (′), at the end of the syllable. Syllable division is indicated by a light hyphen, except where this is replaced by an accent mark, or by a heavier hyphen used to join the members of words written with a hyphen.

ā as in fāte
å as in senåte
â as in câre
ă as in ăm
a̋ as in finăl
ä as in fäther
ȧ as in ȧsk
ȧ as in ȧbound

ē as in ēve
ȩ as in ȩvent
ĕ as in ĕnd
e̋ as in recĕnt
ē as in evēr

ī as in īce
ĭ as in admĭt

ō as in ōld
ȯ as in ȯbey
ô as in lôrd
ŏ as in fŏrest
ő as in cŏnnect
o͝o as in so͝oft

oi as in noisy
o͞o as in mo͞on
o͝o as in wo͝ol
ou as in out

ū as in ūse
u̇ as in u̇nite
û as in fûrl
ŭ as in ŭp
ű as in circűs

K for ch, as in German *ach*
ŋ like ng
N French nasal tone, as in *bon* (bôN)
th as in thin
~~th~~ as in then
' as in pardon (pär'd'n)

VOCABULARY

WORDS are full of color, like rainbows. It is pleasant sometimes to think of only the sounds of words, to say over and over one or two of those we love, and to make up new ones, — secret ones for ourselves alone, to go with a story we have in our heads, — words like *yellow*, *boom* and *spinnaker boom*, or *shadow-purple-drowsy* and *merriweather*.

The vowels give the shape to sounds — a, e, i, o, u. The special marks in the Key to Pronunciation show the different ways the vowels may be shaped and shaded to blend with the consonants and make words that are as full of magic as the tale of Sindbad the Sailor. Would not "Anemone" be a beautiful name for a princess?

absorb (ăb-sôrb′), to drink in.

Acropolis (*ȧ*-krŏp′ŏ-lĭs), at Athens, a steep hill in the city, on which the ruins of some of the marble temples still stand.

Agora (ăg′ŏ-r*ȧ*), the market square in an ancient Greek city, used as a place of assembly.

amulet (ăm′ū-lĕt), a small object worn as a charm.

Androcles (ăn′drŏ-klēz), the famous Roman slave who had a lion for a friend.

Anemone (*ȧ*-nĕm′ŏ-nē), the windflower. This is from a Greek word meaning "wind." Cultivated anemones are large and of different colors. *Anemone nemorosa* is the wood anemone, which comes in the early spring.

Apion (ā′pĭ-ŏn), a Greek man's name.

Ariel (ā′rĭ-ĕl), an airy spirit in the play called *The Tempest*.

Athena (*ȧ*-thē′n*ȧ*), the patron goddess of Athens.

Athenian (*ȧ*-thē′nĭ-*ăn*), pertaining to the city of Athens; a citizen of Athens.

august (ô-gŭst′), majestic, grand. Our month of August (pronounced ô′g*ŭ*st) was named for Augustus Cæsar (ô-gŭs′t*ŭ*s sē′z*ȧr*), a Roman emperor.

Azalea (*ȧ*-zā′lē-*ȧ*), a shrub somewhat like the rhododendron.

bairn (bârn), a Scotch word meaning "child."

barracks (băr′*ȧ*ks), buildings for lodging soldiers.

Beethoven (bā′tō-vĕn), Ludwig van, a great German composer, who wrote some of his most magnificent music after he had become deaf.

blackpoll (blăk′pōl′), a warbler, so named because the male bird has the top of the head black.

Bonheur (bô′nûr′), Marie Rosalie (called Rosa), a French painter of animals.

bouquet (bo͞o-kā′), a nosegay or bunch of flowers.

buckskin (bŭk′skĭn′), leather made of deerskin.

buffet (bo͝o-fā′), a sideboard.

byre (bīr), a cow house.

cairn (kârn), a heap of stones.

Caligula (k*ȧ*-lĭg′ū-l*ȧ*), Caius Cæsar, a Roman emperor.

calyx (kā′lĭks), the outer part of a flower, which is usually green or leafy, and shaped like a chalice or cup.

canticle (kăn′tĭ-k'l), a song or chant.

carpetbag (kär′pĕt-băg′), a traveling bag made of carpet.

carryall (kăr′ĭ-ôl′), a light, covered carriage for four or more persons, drawn by a horse.

castanets (kȧs′t*ȧ*-nĕts), an instrument consisting of two small ivory or wooden shells, clicked together in the hand as an accompaniment to dances and music. They look somewhat like horse-chestnuts.

château (shă′tō′), a French country house on a large estate.

Chilkoot (chĭl′ko͞ot) **Pass**, near Skagway, Alaska; height 3500 feet.

Chippewa (chĭp′ê-wä), another name for Ojibway.

cinch (sĭnch), a strong strap encircling the body of a horse, to hold in place a saddle or pack.

circulate (sûr′kū-lāt), to pass or cause to pass about from place to place or from person to person.

Circus Maximus (sûr′k*ŭ*s măk′sĭ-mŭs), a great stadium in Rome, for games, races, and so forth. *Circus* means "a ring" and *maximus* means "very large."

Comanche (kō-măn′chē), a warlike tribe of wandering Indians.

conch (kŏŋk), a large spiral-shaped sea shell, sometimes made into a kind of horn.

corolla (kō-rŏl′*ȧ*), the petals of a flower.

crinoline (krĭn′ō-lĭn), a kind of stiff cloth used for linings.

diadem (dī′*ȧ*-dĕm), a jeweled headband worn by Oriental monarchs; a crown.

docile (dŏs′ĭl), easily managed.

dower (dou′ēr), that which one owns by special right.

duckweed (dŭk′wēd′), a tiny green floating plant that ducks like to eat.

etiquette (ĕt′ĭ-kĕt), the manners required by good breeding.

frieze (frēz), an ornamental band on a wall, especially that on Greek temples above the tops of supporting columns.

gigantic (jī′găn′tĭk), like a giant.

girt (gûrt), encircled.

hepatica (hĕ-păt′ĭ-k*ȧ*), one of the earliest spring flowers in the northern United States, called also "liverleaf" or "liverwort."

hob (hŏb), a shelf at the side or back of a fireplace, where things are kept warm.

immersed (ĭ-mûrst′), dipped.

incessant (ĭn-sĕs′*ă*nt), going on and on, without stopping.

José (hō-sā′), a boy's name in Mexico.

kine (kīn), cows.

lacquer (lăk′ēr), a beautiful finish for the surface of boxes, trays, and so forth. The best is made with a Japanese varnish obtained from the sap of a species of sumac. It is usually decorated with painting or inlay.

L'Allegro (läl-lā′grō), Italian words meaning "the merry one."

lamplighter (lămp′lī′tēr), a person who lights street lamps. When arc lights need to have the carbon changed, the man draws the lamp down on a pulley. Gaslights are lit by a taper, and the old-fashioned lamp-posts have a step for Leerie.

Latins (lăt′ĭns), the ancient Romans and the modern people whose language was shaped by the Romans. The language of ancient Rome was called Latin, because central Italy was known as Latium (lā′shĭ-*ŭ*m).

league (lēg), a distance of about three miles.

Lisa Maja (lē′sȧ mä′yȧ), a Swedish girl's name.

lore (lōr), knowledge, often passed down from olden times.

Louvre (lōō′vr'), an ancient palace in Paris, now used as a museum of art.

lute (lūt), a stringed instrument having a large pear-shaped body and played by plucking.

Maianthemum (mā-yăn′thē-mŭm) **bifolium,** the two-leaved Solomon's-seal. *Maianthemum* is from two Greek words, meaning "a mountain nymph" and "a flower."

Malemute (mă′lē-mūt), an Eskimo dog found on the northwestern coast of Alaska.

mammoth (măm′ŏth), very large.

Milky Way, the path of light seen across the sky at night, made up of countless numbers of far-distant stars.

mobcap (mŏb′kăp′), a cap with puffy crown and stiff band, such as women used to wear in the house.

Norse (nôrs), of or pertaining to ancient Scandinavia or the language of its inhabitants.

Ojibway (ō-jĭb′wā), belonging to one of the Algonquian tribes of Indians.

page, in olden times, a boy training for knighthood.

Palatine (păl′ȧ-tīn) **Hill,** one of the Seven Hills of Rome. Several emperors had palaces there.

paling (pāl′ing), a fence made of pointed stakes or *pales;* a picket fence.

Pan (păn), the ancient Greek god of flocks and pastures, forests and wild life. He had the legs, ears, and horns of a goat, but was otherwise like a man. The fauns and the satyrs looked like him and were his followers.

parallel (păr′ȧ-lĕl), running side by side, always the same distance apart, like the steel rails of a railway track.

passport (pȧs′pōrt), an official document permitting one to *pass* the *port,* or travel about freely.

perianth (pĕr′ĭ-ănth), the outer envelope of a flower — the part *around* the *anthers* that bear the pollen. *Peri* means "around."

pericardium (pĕr′ĭ-kär′dĭ-ŭm), the sac of membrane around the heart.

petal (pĕt′ăl), one of the leaves of a corolla.

philosopher (fĭ-lŏs′ō-fĕr), one who loves to search into the reason and nature of things.

pistil (pĭs′tĭl), the part of a flower where the seed grows.

poll (pōl), the head. A poll tax is a tax of so much per head, or person.

pomade (pō-mād′), perfumed ointment.

ponderosity (pŏn′dĕr-ŏs′ĭ-tĭ), great weight. *Ponderous* means "heavy." And *to ponder* means "to weigh in the mind," or "to meditate."

proconsul (prō-kŏn′sŭl), the military governor of a province in the days of the Roman Empire.

quagmire (kwăg′mīr′), a marsh or bog.

repose (rē-pōz′), rest.

roundelay (roun′dē-lā), a song in which a simple strain is often repeated.

rue (rōō) **anemone,** a delicate white-flowering plant growing in the spring woods.

rue Rumfort (rōō rŭN-fōr′), the French for Rumfort Street.

scroll (skrōl), a roll of paper or parchment. Books in ancient times were written on long strips of vellum or parchment, which had to be rolled up when not in use.

sepal (sē′păl), a leaf or division of the calyx of a flower.

Sioux (sōō), one of the most important tribes of North American Indians, now dwelling in the Dakotas and Nebraska.

spit (spĭt), (1) a narrow point of land running out into a body of water, or (2) a pointed rod to hold roasting meat.

staccato (stȧ-kä′tō), cut apart by gaps of silence.

stamen (stā′mĕn), the flower part that bears the anther, where the pollen lies.

tablet (tăb′lĕt), a flat surface on which to write. We have tablets of paper. Some ancient people used tablets with a coating of wax, and wrote on them with a stylus, or pointed, pencil-shaped instrument.

tavern (tăv′ĕrn), a public house for travelers.

Thalictrum (thȧ-lĭk′trŭm), a meadow rue. *Thalictrum anemonoides* is a rue that is like an anemone.

thorn (thôrn), any shrub or small tree that bears thorns, especially the hawthorn or blackthorn.

thresh (thrĕsh), to beat out grain from the stalks. When this was done by hand, a flail was used, and the grain was beaten out on a level threshing floor. The modern method uses machinery.

Thuringian (thū-rĭn′jĭ-ȧn), from Thuringia, a part of Germany.

trappings (trăp′ĭngz), ornamental coverings for a saddle or decorations for a horse's head.

travois (trȧ-voi′), a primitive vehicle of the North American Indians, usually two trailing poles serving as shafts and bearing a platform or net for a load.

tripe (trīp), part of the stomach lining of cows and certain other animals.

urchin (ûr′chĭn), a roguish child.

vehicle (vē′hĭ-k'l), that in or on which a person or thing is carried, as a carriage or sleigh or automobile.

vigilance (vĭj′ĭ-lȧns), watchfulness.

wallet (wŏl′ĕt), a bag or sack to be carried about the person.

wampum (wŏm′pŭm), beads of shell used by the North American Indians as money. Belts of wampum were often used to record the history of the tribe, with the strands woven in such a way that their meaning could be read by special interpreters.

wick (wĭk), a loose braid or cord through which a steady flow of oil in lamps, or melted tallow or wax in candles, is drawn up to be burned.

will-o'-the-wisp (wĭl′ô-thē-wĭsp′), a strange marsh light.

yodel (yō′d'l), to sing in a certain way that changes suddenly from chest tones to head tones, in somewhat the same way as a boy calls to his friend. In the Swiss Alps the herdsmen have different yodels, like different songs.

yoke (yōk), a frame of wood by which two animals, especially oxen, are joined at the heads or necks for working together; a pair of such animals that work together.